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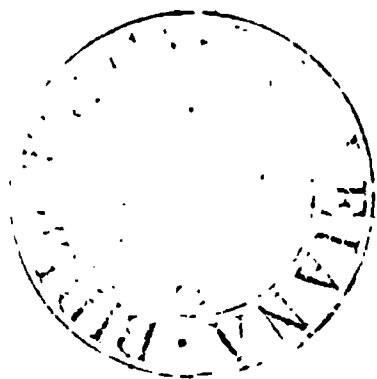
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THERE is a story told of Khusrau Nushirvan, a celebrated king of the East, and a great patron of learning, that has some historical significance in it. Having heard that there was a celebrated book of wisdom, kept with the most jealous secrecy in the treasury of the King of Hindustan, the lettered monarch was seized with a sleepless desire to know the contents of this mysterious volume. Calling to him his minister, the philosopher Barzouieh, he communicated to him his order, that next day, at daybreak, the sage should start for the Hindu court, and endeavour, at all hazards, to secure a copy of this much prized work. Barzouieh, true to his orders, set out at the time appointed, and, after long years of weary absence, at length returned with his prize to his royal master. The book turned out, on examination,

to be no other than the renowned 'Fables of Pilpay,' a work as old as the deluge. The philosopher was permitted to ask his reward; 'for,' said the joyous monarch, 'to the half of my kingdom it shall be granted unto thee.' The wily sage, who on this occasion proved more of the man than of the philosopher, made a request which, from its apparent simplicity and elevation, touched the whole Persian court. 'My request is,' said Barzouieh, 'that the king, whom God exalt, may recommend his minister to write *the history of my life*, and that it may be placed before the chapter of the Lion and the Bull, that I and my family may reach the height of honour, and that our fame may continue for ever wherever this book shall be read.' The petition was granted, and Barzouieh was rendered immortal.

The desire thus directly expressed by the knowing Persian, finds a response in nearly every human breast. We should all like to have our names handed down through time; we should all like somehow to be rendered immortal. No doubt, those who look closely at men's actions, tell us that even history is most part a fable, and all who trust implicitly to what history tells them are exceedingly apt to be deceived. No man can so entirely lose himself in his narrative, as to speak only what Clio, the proclaimer, tells him; for she alone, so went the old fable, knows the truth of things. This used to be, according to Plato in his 'Ion,' the peculiar privilege of poets, whom he represents as robbed of their senses, as smitten by a sort of divine madness, while the fit of inspiration was on them. We fear it is half true of the greater part of history. Truth in anything, indeed, is not to be got hold of every day. Has not the Chaldaic oracle told us that 'the plant of truth is not upon earth,' wherever it may grow? And 'the wisest of poets' has pronounced a more decisive judgment when he says, that we hear things only by rumour—*Ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἶον ἀκουομεν, οὐδετι ἴδμεν*—we cannot in truth be said to *know* anything. This is a perpetual sentiment tossing to the surface of all the great natures that have moved in the world; checking their pride, animating their fervour, and adding an everlasting pathos to what their genius has uttered. Perhaps it was artistic of Goethe to withdraw within the dark curtain of night, and within a high, narrow gothic chamber, the expression by a lone student of a similar sentiment; but

'Dass wir nichts wissen können,'

is as true in broad day in Westminster as it was in the depth of night in Weimar. The thought has even crossed plodding and practical brains. Horace Walpole tells us, that when on one occasion he was trying to amuse his father by reading to him, and chancing to indicate a partiality for history, 'No,' said Sir

Robert, with his accustomed decision; 'read me anything but history, for history must be false.' This was the deliberate judgment of a keen and sagacious observer, if not of a man of very nice conscience, who had possessed very remarkable means, as Prime Minister of England, of becoming acquainted with the men and manners of his time. And, to come nearer our own time, did not Mr Thackeray, only the other day, address the muse of History in this highly reproving tone:—'O venerable daughter of Mnemosyne, I doubt every single statement you ever made since your ladyship was a muse! For all your grave airs and high pretensions, you are not a whit more trustworthy than some of your lighter sisters, on whom your partisans look down. You bid me listen to a general's oration to his soldiers: nonsense! he no more made it than Turpin made his dying speech at Newgate. You pronounce a panegyric of a hero: I doubt it, and say you flatter outrageously. You utter the condemnation of a loose character: I doubt it, and think you are prejudiced, and take the side of the Dons. You offer me an autobiography: I doubt all autobiographies I ever read, except those, perhaps, of Mr Robinson Crusoe, mariner, and writers of his class.' Through all this vein of exquisite banter there runs a perceptible thread of truth, which gives vitality to the raillery, and administers at the same time a wholesome rebuke to her 'ladyship's' *protégés*.

History, says one, is nothing else but a record of the battles of the world; while another, as if in the same strain, though with a deeper if not with a truer significance, remarks, that it is nothing else but a representation of the miseries of mankind. There is much misery and much war in the world,—we grant that to Jacobus Bongars and to Louis Napoleon; and no doubt they appear severally much greater than they actually are to the recluse scholar and to the ambitious ruler. There is no end, indeed, to the twisted views of history entertained by men. But still old Barzouieh's modest wish comes up, and knocks on the head all sorts of scepticism regarding history, whether well or ill founded. Everybody who cares to spend a moment on such doubts, can easily satisfy himself that they are often only too well grounded. And yet, with the knowledge of this staring him in the face, man is so adventurous—no wonder the oracle pronounced him 'the boldest machine in nature'—that he deliberately subscribes to Barzouieh's proposal, and sets himself down composedly to put together the materials of a story. So it has ever been, and so it will continue to be until the end of time. We should not wonder if Adam told stories to his boys, Cain and Abel, of the wondrous earth that surrounded him, and of the close commerce he had with heaven before that sad event happened, which brought in all our woe. And does not Milton tell us, that one

of the most enjoyable pastimes of the angels is, when their tasks are done, to range themselves round the battlements of heaven, and pillowed softly on downiest cloud couches, to amuse each other by narrating the histories of their several adventures? If Intellect alone were to-morrow to proclaim, in most convincing accents, that history was nearly all wrong, and that nobody who had any regard for truth should read it, Passion would immediately start up, trumpet-tongued and triple-mailed, and demand of her severe opponent, what better food he had to offer the children of men. We fear much that Intellect would require to hang his head, and quietly move out of the way.

There always has been, and there always will continue to be, a sort of quiet and not always a well-understood strife, often degenerating into noisy bickering, between Intellect or Science, and Passion or History. Science comes forward, prying into everything, and rejecting much, packing away into groups and classes bundles of hard facts, which he by infinite pains and plodding has got brought together. He shakes his head at much that History chuckles over, preferring, as he says, *scribere historiam* on his own account, and in a way that is rather provoking to the daughter of Mnemosyne. History again goes forth into the market-place and into the council chamber, into the workshop and into the fields, into the camp and into the study: she has her emissaries spread over the world, who bring her news of what is going on in distant places of the earth. She writes of individuals; she writes of nations; she writes of religions; she writes of wars, of commerce, of literature, and (to provoke her old foe) she writes even of science. And she does all this in a right free, high-spirited, royal manner; careless of what Messrs Science and Co. may say of it; but very anxious to know what the majority of men think of her performance. It was rather significant, that Aristotle, while he treated of nearly every conceivable subject, and treated of it too in an exhaustive manner, creating in his way many sciences that had scarcely been thought of before his time, should have entirely omitted to consider the subject of history. Herodotus was born precisely a hundred years before the young Stagirite saw the light; and one can fancy, as Aristotle moved in Athenian society at an early period of his life, he must have been quite familiar with the fame of Herodotus and of his marvellous work. The 'big, babbling child,' as Lord Macaulay has called the father of history, had spoken his history at the Olympic contests many years before. But then such a history as Herodotus has written, does not occur every day; and in Aristotle's twenty years' residence with Plato, he doubtless learned from the lips of his great master himself, and from the numerous guests which his genius and hospitality

assembled at his table, all the particulars of the wonderful historic light which had just gone out in Herodotus. But, sooth to say, the genius of Aristotle was anything but historical.¹ Nothing impresses the reader more with the truth of this, than the semi-historical works which he has left behind him. They are all cast in a scientific mould; and they all bear the marks, more or less distinctly, of having been forged in a systematic workshop. The truth is, Aristotle had not the formative imagination fitted to make him a great historian. Doubtless Sir William Hamilton has told us, that it may fairly be questioned whether Homer or Aristotle had the greater imagination, or the more capacious representative faculty. But this does not touch the present question. It is of a peculiar kind of imagination that we are speaking, and not of the faculty in general.

It is somewhat remarkable that these two ways of viewing things should, until the present hour, be considered antagonistic. The remark of Coleridge, that every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian, amounts to almost the same thing. The progress of discovery, which is destined, we believe, to bring all forms of knowledge into harmony, has made so very considerable strides since the times of which we have been speaking, that the physical sciences of to-day are as unlike the same sciences as taught in the Academian Grove, as the Athens of to-day is unlike the Athens of Pericles. And there is no country of any note in modern Europe less entitled to be behindhand in this respect than England. Is not this the land where Bacon wrote and discovered? Was it not here that that more complete *induction* was first heard of, which has since his time nearly changed the face of Europe? And this is the very method, so far as any progress can be made in scientific discovery, that all men, whether they labour in a moral or in a physical field, must employ. In Germany, men have long professed to believe in the possible scientific treatment of history, as Vico, an Italian, was the first to broach the subject. Herder, in his *Ideas towards a Philosophy of History*, says, that no complete system of the philosophy of history can at present be elaborated; yet, nevertheless, he tried to put it into shape. And Hegel, who wanted both the wisdom and the caution of Herder, in his *Philosophie der Geschichte*, only finds in the various stages of the world's progress fresh manifestations of his *Logische Idee*. In France, likewise, the systematic treatment of history has been in vogue for the last twenty years at least; and the Parisians have had a number of specimens of history done in the scientific way, which we hope they enjoyed. In England, again, the idea

¹ He even goes so far as on one occasion slightly to call Herodotus 'the legend-monger' (μυθολόγος). See *On Animals*, III. 5.

of sciencing history has never been received with favour; and the person whose name we have placed at the head of this article, in his denunciations of all who propose to treat history in a scientific manner, is as loud and as vehement as we could imagine him were a couple of policemen energetically endeavouring to place him innocently in jail. In his *Lectures on Modern History*, delivered at Oxford in 1859–61, three of those discourses, specially on the ‘Study of History,’ are devoted to an exposition of the theoretical views of the writer on the mode of investigating historical questions, and on the manner in which historical inquiries ought to be conducted. These lectures, which should have contained at least a tolerably satisfactory discussion of the various aspects of which the question essentially consists, are deficient alike in close analytic skill, and in that comprehensive handling which one might naturally have expected from so high an authority as an Oxford professor. But to do these discourses justice, they are written in a most engaging style. They are often brilliant, always luminous, frequently energetic. The argument is conducted usually with wonderful force, often rising into eloquence, and with a power and beauty which almost atones—if anything could atone—for the absence of those more recondite qualities in which they are conspicuously deficient. The writer is obviously a man of a vigorous and cultivated mind, a lively imagination, and an enthusiasm and fervour of spirit which oftentimes hurries him into eloquence. But there is false eloquence as well as true. When he gets hold of a sound argument, he sends it home admirably; but when a false one comes in his way, he bestrides his mock-Pegasus like a veritable rhetorician, and caracoles it out in as jaunty a manner as the most veritable village orator. His mode of putting a thing is so exceedingly clear as sometimes to be chargeable with apparent shallowness, where no such accusation can legitimately be made against him. Depth and clearness are not contraries. He often invalidates his reasoning by starting with a false assumption, or by allowing some lurking error quietly to take the place of truth in the progress towards the conclusion. This arises, in many cases, from defective observational power. He can depict a grand scene much better than a simple one, where more heed is required. To tell a simple story simply, needs very peculiar gifts. He is not a profound reasoner, though a very vigorous one. Admirable little bits of writing occasionally turn up in those lectures; but they are too frequently marred by too much rhetoric, by too great an anxiety to say something impressive, when nothing really impressive can be said. They are exceedingly rash besides. Were it not for the elegance of his mind, and the obvious delicacy and moral beauty

which he throws into almost every picture which he draws, we should be inclined to describe him as a wild bull let loose among a field of diligent cricket-players. He runs right amuck at Comte, who deserves a goring; he trips up Mr Mill; he is in the neck of Mr Mansel; he sneers contemptuously at poor Buckle, and has a thrust at Mr Darwin,—always anonymously and in nearly as many words as we have occupied in the telling of it. He slashes the men of science, and pities the moral philosophers; he denounces the necessitarians, and triumphs over the 'positivists.' Now, even though all those acts were quite legitimate and praiseworthy, Mr Goldwin Smith has gone about the matter in so reckless a way, that we fear he has brought a nest of hornets about his ears, that are likely to do more than buzz. Yet he has many and various excellences.

Mr Smith says much on the philosophy of moral conduct and character; much also on a more sacred subject—theology, which, with all due respect for the Professor, had much better not have been said. The fervid excited way in which he plunges and flounders about in the bottomless spaces of those tracts of knowledge is more amusing than edifying. After belabouring the ethical philosophers soundly, he asks them the question, 'Is it not rather in *character* than in *action* that morality lies?' and we hope that he will get a decisive answer to his question, though probably not one quite to his mind. Would it not have been as well if Mr G. Smith had taken the trouble of acquainting himself with what ethical speculators had written, before he began to malign them for an omission which turns out to be no omission at all? He should recollect that no man can make any progress in moral inquiry who is always looking into 'society' for his examples of moral life. Unless he has the power of silently taking to pieces the fibres of his own heart, he never will be able to go into a crowd to gather up illustrations or modifications of his pre-established theories. Morality is like anatomy: there is no progress to be made in it, in the first instance, by mingling night and day with crowds of human beings, seeing them in all manner of postures, and in all sorts of moods; but let either one or the other of those inquirers get into the inside of a man for a time, and after he comes out—armed with his knowledge of bone and muscle, of blood-vessel and nerve-centre, of brain and limb and hand, or of justice and unfairness, of joy and sorrow, of excitement and equanimity—take him into a crowd and see then what he can make of it. But patient observation, we remarked a little ago, is not one of Mr Smith's best qualities. Where 'the essence of morality' lies, he confesses at last, 'history must wait to be taught by ethical science.' Indeed! And have these lectures, that

opened so boastfully, and have been conducted so magisterially, in which a new 'philosophy of history' and a new 'philosophy of progress' were to be disclosed to the eyes of wondering humanity, actually come to this? But we have weightier charges to bring against this new 'philosophy of progress' by and bye. In the meantime, we would conclude this portion of our subject with two remarks. The broad earth and the wide heavens are open to every man who is worthy to enter in and take either for the purposes of illustration or of argumentation. There is just one little caution, which we think a wise man might ponder with safety, in the remark of La Motte's sun-dial: *Quand je ne voir pas clair, je me tais.*

'The philosophy of history, in its highest sense,' Mr Smith informs us, 'is the offspring of a great truth which has but recently dawned upon mankind. That truth is the moral unity of the human race!' We should fancy it would startle a good few of our readers to be assured, for the first time, that the Hottentot, the Patagonian, the South Sea Islander, are human beings and have souls. Yet this is the substance of this 'great truth,' which has recently dawned upon the mind of the Oxford historian. We purpose briefly examining his statements regarding history. He alleges that it cannot be treated scientifically; that men who adopt the scientific view of history are all necessarians without exception, while he rejoices in the dignity of free will; that a 'positivist' and a historian are or ought to be mortal foes; that, while physical science is bound by causation and 'laws,' moral science or history knows of no such thing as 'laws,' and it rests simply upon some mysterious entity called 'connection.'

Mr Goldwin Smith, all through his principal lectures, argues very eloquently, and indeed very convincingly, that the sense of right and wrong, that the feeling we experience of justice, of benevolence, of temperance, of fortitude, rule the world more truly than physical laws do. But does not this writer seem to forget that behind these laws, moral, or even physical, there resides a mysterious agency, which regulates all their outgoings, which avenges their violation often in the most terrible manner, and which rewards their observance often in a very silent and very emphatic way? As a single instance of what we mean, does not all human effort to explain reasonably to one's self the apparent justice on which the world is governed, end in comparative failure? and does not this fact seem to point, in a not very undecided fashion, to some higher principle than mere ordinary morality, which presides sublimely over us, yet so high that no one of mortals has ever been able to reach it, and of which we occasionally catch the rapid and brilliant quiverings and coruscations as we do the Aurora Borealis in the northern

heavens? Mr Smith's attempts to explain the general justice of the world are praiseworthy; but nothing that he has said—indeed, nothing that any man yet has said—can reconcile to one the prodigious waste of individual human life over the face of the globe. Pestilence, earthquakes, the elements, and fortune even, spare nobody. 'The way of Providence,' says a quaint writer, 'is a little rude.' It has a strange incalculable road to its end; and there is no use trying to palliate or to apologize for its vast, complex, incomprehensible agencies. We shall best get into the secret of the government of the world by quietly trying to obey its laws, not by going about retailing weak pleas for the general justice of that government, which are sure to be wrong. Every wise man believes that all things are ruled and watched over by an infinitely more knowing and just Power than he, in his poor way, can conceive of. And does not every wise man, whether he knows it or not, gain from his fellow-man the largest portion of his attribute of wisdom by simply obeying this divine code, which occupies a higher platform than mere morality or mere physics? Some men are inclined to designate this higher system of things by the name of Nature, in a high and abstract manner; others, such as Emerson, apply the word Fate to it, which must not be confounded with the old dark fate of the schools. We would fain call it by a softer name, and by one which brings it nearer the apprehension of the heart of humanity, as doubtless it is wielded by One who is very near and yet very far off from man. Hence it is that men say, probably with more truth than they often think of, that what is right, and good; and true, shall abide and be; and what is wrong, and bad, and vile, shall be utterly swept away. And is not this the real and lasting idea that guided the old Greek poets, who said, in their dark fashion, that even Zeus himself could not escape from the all-embracing entanglements of Fate? What they in reality meant, if they had had language capable of expressing their meaning—which only came upon them vaguely and left them vaguely—was, that even Zeus himself, and all the major and minor deities of high Olympus, owned a subtle and mysterious sway to the Almighty Governor of the universe, and to His laws.

The proper way, we take it, to look at things is not, either to regard, with the 'positivist,' physical laws and physical phenomena as the only real phenomena, of which all else are but the shadowy developments, and to which all else must mysteriously conform, or to regard, with the moralist and Mr Goldwin Smith, the moral world as being next thing to the only real world, and of which the physical one is in a manner the outer clothing. Neither of these views we regard as anything like

the truth. The contemplation of the former tends to degrade man to low enough levels, while the constant survey of the latter is apt to foster pride in him. The moral as well as the physical world are but 'the garment thou seest Him by;' and no good can come of the advocates of either the spiritualistic or of the materialistic view of things so strenuously insisting on the isolated views of each, as if they were so certain that there could be no two questions about them. The old entities of Mind and Matter, so far as science has yet been able solidly to penetrate, are as dual as they appear to be to the rudest hind; but still we must cling hopefully to the possibility of finding that these two apparently diverse realities are only at bottom but a single reality, different probably from both mind and matter, fashioned and unfolded in some infinitely mysterious way, into which no mortal eye has yet been able to look, by the almighty Designer and Architect of things. We should be inclined to regard the question rather as a foolish one than otherwise, as to whether history admits of scientific treatment, were we not aware how many wise men have entered into this contest with more than the ordinary degree of heat. Mr Goldwin Smith hammers away at this question, making the air resound with the fury of his strokes; but we fear that he hits the thin plate which his own unsettled fancy has raised (and which may partly account for the noise), rather than that rock of adamant on which, in truth, the question ultimately rests. The proposition reduces itself, at the first move, to this other one, as to whether all knowledge is capable of scientific treatment. Is not science the unifying of knowledge, so far as it is possible to gather it up into harmony? If our minds were only capacious enough, for aught we can tell, there are few occurrences in the world that would not yield some fruit or other to science, properly understood. We have all heard of 'a chapter of accidents;' we have never heard of a science of accidents, and yet we think that few persons of sense will be inclined to say that such a science is impossible. The fall of a so-called meteoric stone, or the birth of a dog with three heads, as if it owed its paternity to Cerberus, are extraordinary occurrences enough; yet he would be a bold man who would say that the industry of science would never be capable of throwing any light on such events. Such incidents do not certainly come within the sphere of any science of the present, or, indeed, of any perceivable future time; but to higher intelligences than man, there is probably no *lusus naturæ*. But it is one thing for certain facts to be alleged capable of scientific treatment, and quite a different thing to say that the body of knowledge, to which those facts adhere, is in a well advanced scientific condition. Geology, for example, though popularly called a science,

is hardly worthy of the name, by reason of the fewness of the properly verified and established facts which it contains, and by reason also of the very limited area over which *prediction*—the ultimate test of the soundness of a science—can be carried in it. Meteorology, too, is in a very unsatisfactory scientific condition, partly arising from the limited range of years over which atmospheric observation has been carried, and partly also by the perplexing nature of its phenomena, and by the necessary limitation, no doubt, of the human powers brought to bear upon it. It hence appears, that while all knowledge is potentially capable of scientific handling, some special tracts of this knowledge are actually found to elude the iron grasp of this potent instrument. This arises as much from the nature of the knowledge itself, as from the peculiar conformation of the faculties employed upon it. What, then, is the character of this knowledge, which science cannot overtake, and what are the difficulties that beset it? Before answering these questions, we must make a *detour* on the great Liberty and Necessity question, necessitated more, we are sorry to say, by Mr Goldwin Smith's rash statements and positive mistakes, than by any desire on our part to go voluntarily into such bottomless quagmires.

It will have appeared to most of our readers by this time, that Mr Smith stands forth rather as a theorizer on history than as a writer of it. Except his *Lectures on Irish History and Irish Character*, which are highly meritorious, and one or two other stray papers in out-of-the-way Magazines and Reviews, he has given the world exceedingly few specimens of his talent for historical composition. The few specimens which he has favoured us with are very promising; and we are confident, if he pursue this course rather than that of speculating on history, in which he is not at all qualified to shine, he may build up his reputation on a solid and immoveable basis. It is much more agreeable to hear him tell, in his fervid way, of the fortunes of a certain 'Mayflower' that once crossed the Atlantic, bearing the hearts and hopes of a few Puritan men, 'whom small things could not discourage,' than to learn from him that science is little better than gambling, and the laws of induction than the rules of the ring. Familiarity with the betting-book has the advantage, it is said, of communicating a practical turn to its cultivators, and the laws of the 'Fancy' give a 'bottom' unknown to Bacon; yet these facts contain no reason why an Oxford professor, in treating of the theoretical aspects of history, should not treat them skilfully, and with power. And we should much prefer hearing him try to gossip with the old chronicler, about the occasion on which Scotus Erigena replied to the query of Charles the Bald, at whose table he was a familiar guest, as to how far a *Scot* was

removed from a *Sot*—‘The breadth of a table,’ replied the witty Irishman,—than witness him falling out with physical science and maligning ‘laws,’ giving the ‘positivists’ a sound drubbing, and then sitting down uneasily to refresh himself by hugging his darling free will. Not that we would object so much to these feats of strength, if they displayed no other character; but where something very like weakness protrudes itself often, instead of the other quality, one is apt to lose all interest in the performance. His sword is like the hero’s weapon of earthly temper, with which Beowulph slew the mother of Grendel—that ‘haughty she-wolf’ of the lake—in her subterlacunar abode. Though this was an ‘old gigantic sword, doughty of edge, the dignity of warriors,’ yet so hot was ‘the poisonous stranger,’ that no sooner had it tasted her blood, than it melted like ice before the sun, and nothing was left in the hero’s hand but the hilt! It would require an instrument of finer temper than any in Mr Goldwin Smith’s armoury, to do effective service in these subterranean realms in which he has chosen to fight.

To come closer to the question. Does the unsolved and insoluble problem of liberty and necessity enter at all into the discussion of any historical question? Is not every occurrence, before it can be made a subject of history, a real, patent, enacted fact, which no power in the world can ever deprive of its vital reality? Now the question of free will and necessity is wholly a *speculative* question, detached entirely from the bounds both of history, which deals with *realities*, and of science, which deals with *realities*. We hope that speculative inquiries are not conducted with an entire disregard to fact; but any one who knows aught of the history of that branch of knowledge, knows well enough how frequently mere fiction has taken the place of fact, and inflamed the brains of the professed truth-seekers, so that they were neither in a fit state to seek truth, far less to find it. And let it not be supposed that we limit the term Speculative exclusively to metaphysicians: nearly all the great physical discoverers have been as really speculative as they were truly scientific. And they did not always keep their speculative and scientific labours apart, as they undoubtedly ought to have done. Witness the vortices of Des Cartes, the phlogiston of Stahl, and the all-pervading ether of Newton. Those who are inquiring at the present day regarding the vital principle, regarding the generating force that lies behind heat, light, sound, electricity, are as genuine speculators as were Des Cartes and his vortices, or Newton and his all-pervading ether. All honour and success to such speculators. If speculative inquiry can throw up any well-established fact to the surface of knowledge, it will then become the common property of the

historian or the man of science ; but unless this be done, we cannot see that either historian or man of science, properly understood, have anything to do with the matters of speculation. The term Science is often used in so loose a manner, that speculative men have frequently the epithet scientific applied to them ; but this is merely through courtesy, or exclusively from the ignorance of those who employ the term. Speculation is akin to poetry in this respect, that it treats of much that has no scientific reality, of which half the beauty lies in the brilliancy rather than in the strictness of the thought, and of which much of the charm resides rather in the genuine originality of the conception, than in its original genuineness and truth. Hence it is that all the higher poets and speculators have felt that they occupied kindred spheres, and many distinguished poets have been first-rate speculators. Dante, and Shakspeare, and Goethe, were as great magicians in the one realm as in the other.

It matters very little, accordingly, whether we hold the theory, that human actions start forth from the human soul free and original, or bound and necessitated by certain inevitable chains which are supposed to gird the universe. It is not with human transactions, before they exist as patent, external facts, that history has properly to do at all. If one is to occupy himself about the *becoming* of actions and events, he certainly must remove to a considerable distance from the province where the historian labours. History is nothing but a record of events as they are supposed to have transpired in the world ; and no bare supposition or conjecture can be handed to the historian, if he adequately knows his task, nor anything but a completed fact, which he after his fashion will grave either in letters of adamant for time to admire, or on sand for the next gust to wipe out of existence. The facts of history lie before all historians equally, provided they have the industry to exhume them ; but the *writing* of history, where the accidents of individual genius and the peculiarities of individual human temperament come into play, is as unlike the field containing the raw material of history, as a rude, treeless, mining neighbourhood is to a glorious landscape full of clumps of wood, green fields, stately mansions, and a noble city in the distance. The competent historian *will* always show you a glimpse of a noble city in the distance, occupying mostly the shadowy background of his great picture, whose turrets, and domes, and steeples of sapphire, glitter and glow in the eternal sunlight.

Now, we can fancy we shall be told, that while the external occurrences on which history operates, are no doubt accomplished facts, the historian has to do more than merely chronicle those facts ; he has to investigate their causes, and see into what Mr

Goldwin Smith, in his refined way, calls their 'connection.' No doubt. But does it matter very much whether one who inquires anxiously about the causes of human affairs, be a libertarian or a necessarian in principle? Do we find, in our ordinary intercourse with men, that they are all divisible into two classes—that they are saints if they embrace the free-will doctrine, and that they are fiends if they indulge in the necessarian one? Have not all of us known excellent men who maintained either of those views, and some men equally good, who held no views at all on the question of human freedom? Of course, we do not speak here of 'positivists,' and of those who refer all things human and divine to physical causes. In matters of speculation, it would make a material difference, whether a man maintained the freedom or the bondage of the human will; but with a historian, inquiring diligently into the causes of real events, we think it matters little whether he be the one or other of those entities. On the other hand, and assuming that men are free, cannot the actions of free men, whatever this may mean, be classified as free actions, as really as those fortuitous ones of which no rational account can be given? Mr Goldwin Smith seems altogether to forget that man, though free, is nevertheless under the government of providential moral laws, which hedge him in on every side, so that, turn where he will, they face him; and, nevertheless, he believes he is free to choose one course or another, in any scheme of meditated action. When once we or a community have taken part in any form of human activity, is not our conduct ever afterwards as rigidly bound by law as if we had been mere machines, and had performed our necessary task after the most mechanical rotation? Man, in this respect, is like the spider; he projects out of *himself* the law which will bind him until the world's end. Any one, then, who would try to trace the meritorious sources from which our actions have sprung, would be perfectly justified, nay, he could do it in no other way, than by assuming that moral laws existed, and that human conduct must invariably conform to those laws. Human nature is much like what Bacon has said of nature—'*Natura enim non imperatur nisi parendo*'—she cannot be commanded, unless she is first of all obeyed. It accordingly appears, that whether the historian maintain the necessary or the free view of human actions, he must still act in nearly the same way in inquiring into the causes of human conduct, as if he maintained the ultimate freedom of those actions, or their essential, necessary bondage. It will be remarked by the attentive reader, that we do not say a word of the ultimate practical consequences to a community, or to a nation, of adopting one or other of those views of human conduct. We all know well enough that the

necessarian views have often in the world's history been so inconsistently and tenaciously maintained, that men have gone to Hades or to Walhalla with remarkable equanimity. What we insist upon is, that the historical theorizer may either be a necessarian or a libertarian, so far as being either will affect the determination of the causes of actions that have already transpired.

We cannot admire the wisdom of those who give forth physical laws as the only real laws in the universe, and physical phenomena as the only real phenomena in the universe. Without waiting to hazard an attempted explanation of such erroneous ways of thinking—which, after all, might not be the right explanation—we would beg to say, that the advocates of these opinions are no doubt earnestly convinced of their truth. You would think, to read the violent magisterial admonition which Mr Goldwin Smith administers to unsuspecting and exclusive advocates of physical science, that they were little better than 'returned convicts.' There is no use in the world in condemning wholesale the materialistic explanation of things, as if its defenders were not likely to be as devoted lovers of truth, after their fashion, as those who maintain the opposite view. These materialistic opinions we hold to be exceedingly erroneous, and contain only a very partial glimpse of the truth. But still, it is a real glimpse; and as such let it be accepted. While Mr Goldwin Smith vociferously rejects their theory, he occupies this unfortunate position, that he places no other in the stead of that which he dethrones. Let him speak:—

'That the actions of men are, like the events of the physical world, governed by invariable law, and that, consequently, there is an exact science of man and history, is a theory of which, even in the attenuated form it is now beginning to assume, we have still to seek the proof. But a science of history is one thing; a philosophy of history is another. *A science of history can rest on nothing short of causation; a philosophy of history rests upon connection*,—such connection as we know, and in every process and word of life assume, that there is between the action and its motive, between motives and circumstances, between the conduct of men and the effect produced upon their character, between historic antecedents and their results.'

The history of philosophy and the history of science have yet to indite this grand moral discovery of Mr Smith's, that between an action and its motive there exists a 'connection,' but no cause. We have always been inclined to regard every thought and every thing, either as the result of an operating cause, or as the consequence of some preceding or succeeding reason. Cause and effect, reason and consequent,—the former presiding over physical, moral, and metaphysical philosophy, and the latter governing all the forms of logic,—we had been inclined to fancy

(in our ignorance, it seems), was the sum of human discovery regarding the phenomena of the world. Some years ago, we had the pleasure of perusing a history of Causation, by probably the greatest philosopher who has appeared in these islands since Bacon; and, curious to say, he omitted altogether—as how could he notice a fact which did not then exist?—in his eight forms of the various opinions to which the views of causation naturally reduced themselves, the view to which we have just drawn attention as the discovery of Mr Goldwin Smith. It will be comforting for men in general henceforward to understand that, if they break their health either by study or by excess, they are only responsible in an exceedingly trifling degree—to the extent that a certain ‘connection’ between themselves and their conduct can entail. If I am knocked down and robbed by a ruffian in the next lane, it will console the heart of that much-wronged individual to know, that the diabolical action of which he has been guilty has no cause at all—that there was only a certain ‘connection’ between the deed and the actor. Why haul up the thieves, the pickpockets, the burglars—the quarrelsome, the noisy, the drunk—the gamblers, the swindlers, the bankrupts, before the magistrate, if this foully-wronged generation are only instruments in the hands of some Quixotic law of ‘connection’? Why have criminal law? why have civil law? why have political law? why, in short, have moral law? We have often heard it debated, whether the real cause of an action lay with the motive or with the agent; we have never heard the theory broached, that moral causation is a myth. We have always understood that here lay the capital difficulty for the advocates of free will, in the inevitable necessity that there was always to posit a certain cause, not only of every act, but of every mode of mind. We were not aware until now that moral causation is a fiction, and that moral ‘connection’ is the real bond which ties my actions to my will. It will be all plain sailing henceforward with the moral philosophers; but their course will be to the bottom, not to a distant haven. As a concrete physical example of this fanciful moral ‘connection’ theory, take the popular joke of Tenterden steeple being the cause of the Goodwin Sands. The Sands and the steeple, it was alleged, both appeared during the *same* year, and thus a ‘connection’ existed between the steeple and the Sands, which the ancient worthy construed, in his way, into the one being the *cause* of the other. So far Bishop Latimer. But every story has two sides, and so has this one. It is alleged by T. Fuller, that the ancient individual who was publicly examined by the magistrate, gave the answer he did in a curt sort of way, quite common among country people not given too much to talking, inasmuch

as the Bishop had recently diverted the ancient monies payable by the inhabitants of Sandwich and its neighbourhood, as a tax for the embankment of the coast in those parts, to the erection of Tenterden church and steeple. This is said to have caused the inundation which ultimately led to the formation of the Goodwin Sands. The old man wished to express the real cause, and, instead of that, he only expressed an exceedingly vague 'connection' between the two facts, which has proved a standing joke ever since. And it will remain a standing joke too. Now, according to Mr Goldwin Smith, *we* are all such standing jokes as the celebrated Tenterden steeple story. There was only a slender 'connection' established between the steeple and the Goodwin Sands; and there is only such another connection existing between our actions and ourselves. But enough of this. Mr Goldwin Smith, we hope, feels by this time the utter untenableness of this phase of his new 'philosophy of progress.' We thought histories made men wise, according to Bacon.

It should never be forgotten by men who wish to philosophize on history, that the great law which guides the inquiries of the moral philosopher, and of the historical theorizer too, is the identical law which regulates the researches of the advocates of physical science. The great difference between the two parties is not so much the diversity of their several modes of investigation, as a difference in the entire polarity, so to speak, of the observers. Both the realms are subject alike to the laws of induction, and no scientific progress will be made in either tract without the employment of observation and experiment. Yet Mr Goldwin Smith nearly always forgets this. The worshipper of physical science looks *out*, while the moral inquirer looks *in*. The one looks down mainly, and the other looks up and around him. The one observes matter in its thousand and one curious and beautiful combinations, and in its thousand and one disagreeable and disgusting revelations; while the other ceaselessly watches the yet more curious and beautiful disclosures which humanity reveals, as well as the yet more grovelling and degrading forms of life which the weakness and worthlessness of man invariably throw to the surface of his path. Yet we should not forget, as men in their heat are often tempted to forget, that both of those classes of phenomena, the physical and the moral alike, are presented for our inspection by the same Hand, as both of the classes of observers are fashioned by the same Hand; and it is more than possible that He sets a value on each of them, in some degree proportioned to the genius with which He endows men for their exploration. Physical science is, we believe, if not quite so elevated a sphere as moral science,

altogether as legitimate a one. The only mistake of a glaring kind its exclusive advocates have fallen into—and how many blunders have exclusive advocates of all kinds committed?—is that very common one, from which none of us is free, of supposing that the side of the mountain on which they labour, and which, by the nature of the case, they alone see, is the entire mountain, and that the wild honesty of an Achilles, the big generosity and fierce jealousy of a noble Moor, the Mephistophelean circumvention of a Faust, are but the poetical dreams of such crazy brains as Homer, as Shakspeare, as Goethe,—they have no foundation in truth and in fact. Their mountain, in short, is like a shield, and has but *one* side.

The noise and clangour of the colossal hammerers as they swing their gigantic strokes, whose cling-clang resounds through the universe, is apt to arouse Mr Goldwin Smith and other drowsy historic watchmen, who rub their eyes wrathfully, as drowsy slumberers will; but the wise man, who is wide awake the while, and who sees and knows the possible limits of things, will receive with equanimity, nay, with a certain joy, the news that Thor's sons are at work, with rasp and hammer, with drill and rivet, seeking order in the apparently orderless universe. Ah! but cry frantically these slumbrous watchmen, Don't you hear how the fiends are at work forging chains to bind the wills of men, and carry them captive, like Faust, to grace the triumph of Mephistopheles! To all which, your sleepless individual quietly answers that there are workmen of finer mould and of more ethereal frames, who are plying their work as ceaselessly and as effectually as these grimy blacksmiths, who are really bringing the world into a finer order than these swart giants have dreamt of, who are comforting the afflicted, who are rewarding the noble, who are encouraging the good, who are consolidating a reign of justice in the world more enduring than all the giants in Jötunheim. But it is not every one that has the gift of seeing and hearing these noiseless workmen, whose work goes on as silently, steadily, and harmoniously as the fabled music of the spheres.

It has been already hinted that the more difficult it is to predict any fact in any province of knowledge, the more difficult it will be to science that province. As there is no foretelling with any approach to accuracy where the ærial currents will bear a shower, whether it is to lash the 'barren sea,' or to pour out its treasures on some thirsty field, so there is no getting near scientific treatment in much that concerns the weather. So, we fear, it is also in much that goes to make up the sum of human life. Who will choose to predict the various sentences, spoken and unspoken, which pass through a man's mind in the course of a single day? The thing is quite beyond human

power, not to speak of human science, which represents certainly a material portion of that power, but far from the whole, or even the most vital portion of it. In truth, it is only the *generalia* of affairs that science can deal with; but it must draw its materials from a very wide range of observation and experiment. The sphere from which history draws its facts is coextensive with the field of real knowledge itself; and there is no power in the world that can so guard these golden historical apples, that the heartless giants of science may not break in and reave them of all their fascination. There is no triple-mailed dragon to guard this garden of the Hesperides, which old Hesiod wisely placed afar beyond the ocean. Mr Goldwin Smith, we would fain think, might be persuaded to forego such a labour, particularly as we think no such labour exists. Let every one who chooses, be he historian or be he man of science, put in his sickle at whatever portion of the field of knowledge he chooses; only he must take care—for this is his own look-out—that yellow grain falls before his reaping-hook, and not mere weeds and *simulacra*. If any man of science is so foolhardy as to imagine he has got a fine new country, altogether unexplored, in this historical region, into which no vulgar scientific foot has ever entered, fenced in and guarded from the roaming beast of the desert, let him not holla till he is out of the wood. A wary man of science would think twice before planting his enginery in such a field. But your rash man,—what is it he won't do?—he will down with his huge borers, and will force with his big machinery the earth's centre out, ere he finds his rich coal seams in *that* district.

'How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embraced by the strumpet wind!

How like a prodigal doth she return,
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind!'

—*Merch. of Venice*, Act ii. Sc. 6.

Some cautious men of science, such as M. Quetelet, who are content to move forward in any field by the slow but sure locomotives of observation and classification, have found a good deal of matter for scientific treatment in this precise historical sphere. 'Everything,' says the Frenchman, 'which pertains to the human species, considered as a whole, belongs to the order of physical facts. [He means, belongs to an order of facts resembling those of physical ones.] The greater the number of individuals, the more does the influence of the individual will disappear, leaving predominance to a series of general facts,

dependent on causes by which society exists and is preserved.'¹ And this is but a splinter of the tremendous bands of adamant which the new science of Statistics is slowly throwing over society. Whether Mr Goldwin Smith will listen to it or not, it is just as true as that he occupies the chair of Modern History and Modern Languages at Oxford. Now, we question very much whether a disciple of this new science would require to renounce any convictions respecting the ultimate causation of human actions which he might entertain, as to whether they were free or fortuitous, or rigidly bound and necessitated as by fate. If he be a man of sense, we should say, he would hail either one or the other of these supposed permanent states with an equal mind; for even on the assumption of his maintaining the ultimate freedom of the human will, unless he held at the same time the infinite multiplicity of the directions in which human actions were to go forth, and the infinite variety of the complexion which they would assume when they did go forth, he could never dream but that, sooner or later, the cunning of man would ultimately seize upon those actions, and compel them to yield more or less for the benefit of science. There are but seven primary colours in the rainbow, according to Newton; and the variety of combinations to which those colours are subject are by no means innumerable. So the actions of an individual man for a day, for a month, for a year, or for a lifetime, if exactly chronicled, would no doubt appal by their extraordinary multiplicity; and how much more the actions of all the men in the world, who have ever lived and moved in it! But still we must not be frightened by numbers, particularly as much fewer than the whole of the actions of humanity will suffice for the basis of a solid induction respecting human character. For a perfect induction, no doubt, we should require the whole of the facts before us; but since Bacon's day, and indeed much earlier, man has been inclined to strike a shrewd average as quite sufficient for his purpose in life. Has not Shakspeare, in his marvellous way, not only exactly stated this fact respecting history, but actually employed the very phraseology of modern science to designate that which, in his day, must at least have looked like an exercise of the prophetic gift? Warwick says to the King, in Henry IV.—

‘There is a history in all men's lives
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which *observed*, a man may PROPHECY,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things

¹ *On the Theory of Probabilities as applied to the Moral and Political Sciences*, by M. A. Quetelet; translated from the French by O. G. Downes. London, 1849.

As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time.'

—*Henry IV.*, iii. 1.

There is obviously a limit in this direction to the capacity of the human faculties, or at least to human observation, so imperfectly conducted as it has hitherto been, if there is no possible bounds to the potency of the organon of inquiry, or none to the possible phenomena which indefinite ages may unwind to its operation. We are not able yet to tell when we shall have another Shakspeare, or another Newton; but, as we are reminded by our statistical friends, 'the science of Statistics is still in its infancy.' What may not the next *million* years accomplish! There is likewise a limit to the thoroughgoing scientific treatment of history, arising from the indefinite, the incalculable, the insuperable multiplicity of the objects from which a wide and solid scientific observation would require to be made respecting character. To do the thing thoroughly, we should require to have professional chroniclers in every city, town, village, parish, in the world; and, as so often happens, the history likely to be reared on the labours of those patient scribes would run a great risk of having a professional flavour about it, which we in these islands don't relish at all. 'Speaking generally,' says M. Quetelet, 'statistics relate to the present, leaving the past to history, and the future to politics.' But what would M. Quetelet think of a contemporary history, of one which narrates the events which transpired during 'the memory of men still living?' There is no doubt that, in this ingenious manner, the statisticians contrive to steer tolerably clear of history; but the device, though we believe it to have some foundation, is more ingenious than sound. If history be the genus, of which statistics and politics are the species, as M. Quetelet says somewhere else in his book, the exclusion of statistics from history is merely a logical exclusion, and has no foundation in reality. The scientific man, no doubt, if he were sufficiently ingenious and ingenuous, might avert in this way the point of the sarcasm aimed at him by the indignant historian, when he asks, 'Can you men of science *predict* to me when the present civil war in America will end?' but a candid man of science, and a candid historian too, would reply, that that has not been given to man to know. In a dispute like the present, where so many rival interests are involved, the good, old, simple plan is clearly the best. The preferable way to meet the difficulty, if difficulty there be, is manfully to stand by what is true, and let who will take charge of the consequences. If science, as we verily believe, is not only destined to plant its enginery in the province which history calls peculiarly its own, but has already

actually begun its mining operations in this very field, with very fair results, then, in the name of that truth that we all profess to seek, let us give over our shameful bickering, and let the miners quietly proceed with their labours. We should not forget that supply and demand have their influence in this field as elsewhere; and if, while mining industriously for gold, nothing but mere granite boulders and lumps of dirty earth always come up, human nature is not so far left to itself as steadily to continue the process. 'Raum für Alle, hat die Erde.'

History, unless we are very greatly mistaken, will hold its own against science for a good while to come; and Mr Goldwin Smith and the rest, who profess anxiety respecting the result, need give themselves no manner of alarm. If they will promise to write history as it has already been written by Lord Macaulay and by Mr Carlyle, they may rest assured that mankind will read their productions, and give them a niche in their Temple of Fame beside Herodotus, and Thucydides, and Tacitus. They will bestow upon them that immortality which Barzouieh so much coveted,—the highest honour man can confer upon man.

The alleged antagonism between the historical art and the more recondite processes of science is not likely to rest with these lectures on the Study of History, or with this article. The confounding of 'science' with 'physical science,' and especially with the 'positivism' of Auguste Comte and his disciples, has done much to deepen the embroglio of the strife. For this confusion, there is not the very shadow of an apology. Geometry and logic are purer sciences than any that the materialistic philosopher knows of. Indeed, the most perfect specimens of sciences are always those whose material is simplest and most general; for what can be simpler than pure space, or more abstract than pure thought? The question around which this discussion turns is much more likely to gain a solid solution in practical England than in dreamy Germany, or in rhetorical France. In Germany, the question was debated and solved, to the satisfaction at least of one man in it—Hegel—before many men that are now growing grey were born. In France, again—that country which follows so nimbly in the wake of her big Teutonic neighbour in nearly every question of weight—the problem has been long discussed by the St Simonians, and more recently, and to abler purpose, by the Comteists. It is a good few years now since it was transplanted into England, chiefly by the labours of certain English disciples of Comte,—as far back at least as to include the time when Mr Goldwin Smith was a schoolboy. Though England has thus been tedious—as, indeed, she ever is in such matters—in giving her answer on this vexed question, which seems at present to be perplexing the heads of one or two of

her historical professors, we have little doubt but that she will ultimately give it the wisest consideration which it has yet received. As we think, and have tried to show, it is, or should be, an intensely practical question, removed to a great extent from the doubtful territory over which speculation rules with undivided sway. And if it be such a question, there is no nation in the world better qualified than the one in which we live to give a satisfactory solution to it. Meanwhile, Mr Goldwin Smith and the rest of us, who have any interest in this dispute, will require contentedly to wait till this explanation arrives; for nothing that the Professor has put forth on the subject is calculated to do anything else than deepen the darkness, and add to the strife.

We have now done with Mr Goldwin Smith on the Study of History. If our treatment has, on any occasion, seemed to trespass the bounds of fairness towards this writer, we regret it very much; for, although the Professor himself is one of the rudest critics a man can have, yet we believe him to be uniformly actuated by the most generous motives towards his opponents. Some allowance should always be made for a person of warm temperament, though his heat must frequently get him into trouble.

We come now, in conclusion, to weigh his pretensions to be considered a philosopher, or a critic of philosophers. In a 'Postscript' which he appended to one of his lectures on the Study of History, in the course of last year, he directly challenged Mr Mansel, Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in the same university, for having misrepresented the divine and human morality in his *Bampton Lectures* of 1858. Mr Mansel replies to the charge in a '*Letter*' of 50 octavo pages, and Mr Goldwin Smith returns to the assault in a considerable volume of some 160 pages, entitled *Rational Religion, and the Rationalistic Objections of the Bampton Lectures for 1858*, to which Mr Mansel duly rejoins in a '*Second Letter*' of 80 pages, published during the spring of the present year. Thus the matter rests at present, so far as the public are concerned. And what is the drift of this great Oxford dispute? The main substance of the quarrel, so far as it has been made public, as of nearly every literary feud, turns mainly on a misunderstanding, as John Locke long ago observed, on the part of the combatants, of the meaning of each other's words. Let Mr Smith speak:—

'The doctrine of Clarke as to the identity of human and divine justice, to which I have subscribed, and without which it seems to me that history and the whole moral world would be reduced to chaos, is controverted, in the supposed interest of revealed religion, by the learned and distinguished author of the *Bampton Lectures for 1858*, who (p. 206, 3d ed.) comes to the conclusion that "human

morality, even in its highest elevation, is not identical with, nor adequate to measure, the absolute morality of God." If this be so, I venture to submit, with Clarke, that the "morality of God" is an utterly unmeaning phrase; or that, if it means anything, it means the *immorality* of God: human morality and human immorality being the only two ideas which our mind can possibly form upon the subject, or which our language can possibly express.—P. 1 of *Rational Religion*.

To which Mr Mansel replies:—

'The entire sentence is as follows:—"To human conception, it seems impossible that absolute morality should be manifested in the form of a *law of obligation*; for such a law implies relation and subjection to the authority of a lawgiver. And, as all human morality is manifested in this form, the conclusion seems unavoidable, that human morality, even in its highest elevation, is not identical with, nor adequate to measure, the Absolute 'Morality of God.'" . . . The moral nature of man bears direct witness to the existence of a moral God; but it does so because it points to One who is above man; because it is manifested as an obligation emanating from a Lawgiver who has authority over us. If, therefore, the moral nature of man is *identical* with the moral nature of God, the latter, too, must imply the existence of a being superior to God, and having moral authority over Him. The absurdity, not to say blasphemy, of such a conclusion is sufficient to show that the correspondence between God's nature and man's, whatever it may be, does not amount to complete identity.'

Thus we see that Mr Smith maintains the identity of human and divine morality, while Mr Mansel as strongly affirms that they are not identical. 'Identity' and 'non-identity' are hard words to reconcile.¹

It will be well to begin by trying to ascertain the mutual points of view of the two disputants. We shall attempt to do this with as little technicality as possible. Mr Mansel, in his Bampton Lectures, tried not only to transport himself safely into the domain of theology, but endeavoured besides to carry with him the great mass of his philosophy into this guarded region. It seldom happens that a good philosopher makes a very successful theologian; and some of Mr Mansel's friends would as soon he had remained in the Academian Grove rather than pushed his way adventurously into the Via Sacra. This we may safely maintain without going the length of Professor Hoffman of Helmstadt, who held that truth was twofold, philosophical and theological; and that what was *true* in the one department, was *false* in the other! It is consolatory to know that this worthy flourished at a very early period at Helmstadt—in the 16th century it was. It is not our sphere to follow either Mr Mansel or Mr Smith into the theologic region, but the question can be

¹ Identity is defined by Cotgrave as 'the being almost the very same.'

sufficiently ventilated on the outer wall of that sacred enclosure. Like the illustrious author, to whom Mr Mansel confesses himself so much indebted, his mode of looking at everything is almost exclusively scientific. The definite, the accurate, the exact in knowledge, is what he peculiarly loves; and he dislikes as peculiarly the vague, the incorrect, the illusory. Mr Goldwin Smith, on the other hand, who is obviously a man of much more passion than Mr Mansel, and who has devoted much less time to the study of exact thought of any kind than the philosopher has done, comes forward brandishing his weapon with much force, but, as the experienced observe, with no 'science.' If he succeeds in giving a thrust to his opponent, he may thank his strength, but not his skill. He looks at everything very much from a practical point of view, throwing the entire weight of his argument into the fervid, passionate form, which the undisciplined usually adopt. Mr Mansel, who is armed *cap-a-pied* on all points of thought, of learning, of discipline, conducts himself with much more of the calm assurance of strength and of probable victory than his fiery opponent. To illustrate these positions. Mr Mansel, both from nature and from long experience and discipline, instinctively looks at every question proposed to him in a scientific light. Even when he comes to view the various questions which the Bible proposes, he at once puts on his intellectual glasses which he has used so successfully in another field, and tries to survey this one by their aid. There can be no doubt in the world that, so far as it is possible to science any body of knowledge, Mr Mansel's way of looking at things is altogether sound. Whether or not religion is a subject to be brought within the sphere of strict, logical reasoning,—whether or not there can be any 'Philosophy of Religion,' properly so called, we are not at present called upon to pronounce. Mr Mansel plants himself right in the centre of his 'consciousness,' and endeavours to ascertain what this condition of all thinking implies. The first condition that he can discover, is the distinction which it makes between one object and another, which implies in itself limitation. Its second distinction likewise implies limitation; for it is that of the relation of the mind thinking, and the object which it thinks about. The essential finitude and relativity of the third condition is obvious; for it is that of succession and duration. And the obvious limitation of the fourth condition, that of Personality, needs no exemplification. Now all these essential conditions of consciousness he finds to be directly exclusive of the very idea of a Deity as Infinite and Absolute.¹

¹ Sir William Hamilton defines those terms as follows:—'*Infinite* is the unconditional *negation* of limitation; whereas *Absolute* is the unconditional *affirmation* of limitation.' (See *Discussions on Philosophy*, pp. 13, 14.)

The first and the last conditions clearly exclude the notion of the Infinite, and the two middle conditions exclude the possibility of thinking of Deity as an absolute existence. It is to be observed that, in the meanwhile, he is moving on strictly comprehensible grounds. Now, let man try to overleap those barriers, which are thus shown to enclose him. He may make the attempt; many have done so. Spinoza, Schelling, and Hegel, and their disciples, have tried it; and what have they left us? Only gigantic failures. Mr Mansel pronounces the attempt altogether illegitimate. And any one who will acquiesce in the above conditions, which he has assigned to consciousness, will be of the same opinion. He will hold that Theism, and Theism alone, can content man's nature, because it springs from his own individual personality. Such are the limits of man's thoughts; such are the bounds of human science. But what is to become of the whole supersensible world? Is man to be cut off from it, to dwell alone, hugging this darling science to his breast? We cannot form to ourselves definite notions, in the strict logical sense, of God, or of any of His attributes? Is there, therefore, to be henceforward no God? No one would deprecate more the blasphemy of such notions than Mr Mansel. He says, Where science stops, faith begins; where reason can no longer soar, belief carries man up to the Divinity. It is impossible, he reminds us, by magnifying human morality to any extent, to make it account for and reconcile many phenomena occurring in the ordinary providence of the world. Hence man cannot reconcile 'the ways of God to men.' He cannot account for the existence of physical suffering, the permission of moral evil, the adversity of the good, the prosperity of the wicked, the crimes of the guilty involving the misery of the innocent, the tardy appearance and partial distribution of moral and religious knowledge in the world. Religion, he says, affords the only explanation of these difficulties. Thus, we see, his method is purely speculative.

It is not a difficult thing to illustrate Mr Goldwin Smith's point of view as rather a rhetorician than a logician; and yet it is hard to do it fairly and satisfactorily. While Mr Mansel is eminently the man of thought, Mr Smith is eminently the man of feeling. Nothing shows this better than many of his replies. When he is pressed by his rigorous opponent for an exact answer to some apparently obvious question, Mr Smith, true to his character, instead of steadily looking at the question, gets into a big rage, and does precisely what he should not have done, begins talking about something which has little or no connection with the demand of his opponent. Look what a puzzled air Mr Smith assumes, when Mr Mansel presses him to say *precisely* what he means by human and divine morality being identical. But the

best specimen of his rhetorical treatment of grave scientific questions, is seen in his answers to the alleged difficulties of his opponent, which we have just quoted. And lest we might not do him full justice by a condensation of his language, we shall let him speak for himself. At p. 56 of his *Rational Religion*, these words occur :—

‘As to physical pain, we can discover that it is a widely different thing from moral evil, and that, in fact, it is to a great extent productive of moral good. As to moral evil, we can discern, that if there were no obstacle for the soul to contend against, there could not be that moral excellence which is the result of effort, and which is the highest good conceivable by our minds. The adversity of the good, and the prosperity of the wicked, are difficulties of which the ordinary sense of man relieves itself, by assuming that God is, in an intelligible sense, just, and will redress hereafter all that is unjust here; though, by proving metaphysically that God is not, in an intelligible sense, just, we shall bring them back upon ourselves.’

And so on.

Now, we can fancy Mr Mansel perusing this passage with considerable amusement. What he wanted very much, was a rational explanation of those difficulties which are here narrated; and instead of that, he is here treated to certain moral considerations, which he could no doubt have very well supplied himself, if this was what he had been in search of. Mr Smith will pardon us, but this we take to be a fair specimen of his treatment of the entire question. His method is not speculative; it is altogether practical.

Let us see what ground we have gained. We have ascertained the starting-point of the two opponents: we have found out their several methods of inquiry. We have now to see what each says of the great question at issue, the identity or non-identity of the human and the divine morality. We assume that both would agree as to the identity of human morals. That is to say, that this, that, and the other man, had the same moral nature. And if we ask Mr Smith if he would assign to Deity precisely the same moral nature as he assigns to man, his answer is an unqualified negative. ‘The immeasurable and overwhelming difference in degree which, we all feel, must exist between the divine attributes and human qualities,’ is his language on this point. And yet we see he designates the human and divine morality as *identical*. But we must recollect the flag under which he sails, and not expect quite a marvellous precision of language from him; for a vagueness of language belongs to his practical and passionate way of treating any subject. With Mr Mansel, on the other hand, it is entirely different. Whatever he *says*, that we may be assured he *means*, so far as words can

convey the intelligence of any man. Clearness, precision, exactness in his use of words, is one department of the function of the man of science; as definiteness, accuracy, vigour of thought, is the other department. What, then, does Mr Mansel mean, when he says, the human and the divine moralities are *not identical*? Is it anything more than 'the immeasurable and overwhelming difference in degree' of Mr Smith? or is it something much more recondite and abstruse than that? In his second Bampton Lecture (p. 39, 3d edition), he deprecates the proceeding of those who make 'the attributes of God differ from those of man in degree only, not in kind.' Now there need be no question as to whether this is his precise meaning in dealing with the moral attributes of God. For, as we observed before, what he means he always contrives to say. And when he predicates a given quality of those attributes in general, we may make up our minds that he intends this assertion to hold for the whole of those attributes in particular. Mr Mansel maintains, then, that the divine morality differs from the human morality in *kind*; that man can never be certain, apart from Scripture, in laying any case which has distressed him sore before the great Throne that he is coming before One who will sympathize with him as only a Father can. All that he can be sure of is, that *perhaps* this great Deity may listen to what he is to say, and perhaps not; for the natures of the two beings, the finite and the Infinite, are so entirely different in *kind*, that poor humanity never can tell the sort of offering to bring to Him. And nevertheless men, as St Paul reminds us, have 'the law written in their hearts.' This is one way of looking at this 'difference in kind' of Mr Mansel's; but there is another way. Everybody knows how the sentences of the moral reason are affected by the natural judgment: how a father, for example, will very likely pronounce upon some piece of immorality which is brought before him in a very different way from his son, who is still a stripling: how the inferior magistrate is constantly apt to slide into error in his judgments of criminals, where the superior one will give very likely an entirely different sentence, with precisely the same facts before him. Indeed, so much does the intelligence and position of the individual judge affect his sentences, that on every occasion on which a judge is appointed, this circumstance is, or ought to be, taken seriously into account. Knowledge or ignorance of facts often *alters totally* the moral complexion of an act. Yet nobody would dream of ranking the moral natures of this father and son, of these superior and inferior magistrates, as anything like different in *kind*. This, we admit, is but an example on a small scale; but will the same argument not hold, though we carry it up indefinitely? Now, does Mr Mansel mean that

God's moral judgments differ from man's, in that He possessed infinite knowledge anterior to forming them? The possession of such knowledge, as we have seen, would materially alter or modify the moral sentences that were pronounced in the light of it. Or does he mean that these judgments differ from human ones, because His moral nature is different in its own essential character and complexion? We must let him speak for himself here. At p. 25 of his pamphlet he says:—

‘Let us then suppose two men, both perplexed by the same difficulty in the declaration of Scripture concerning the ways of God. They read, for example, “God sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” The first exclaims, “I cannot believe this: God’s justice must be identical with man’s justice; and man’s justice requires that every one should suffer for his own sins, not that the innocent should suffer for the guilty.” The other says, “I am not able to judge by this criterion: there may be facts of which I am ignorant, which, if I knew them, might show the apparent injustice to be really just; or there may be other attributes of God, whose action I can but imperfectly understand, which, if I understood them better, might perhaps explain this apparent anomaly.”’

The latter individual he applauds as a pious man, whereas the former he sets down as impious. Now, it is manifest from this statement, that this ignorance of facts, or ignorance of other attributes of the Deity, makes up the sole difference between our moral judgments and His. What will now become of his scientific language regarding a difference in *kind* between the divine attributes and the human qualities? For the statement obviously finds no room in the above concrete example. But would not the actual state of the case warrant the use of such language? From a practical man *yes*, and from a scientific man *no*. Let us explain. Do not the infinite knowledge and infinite wisdom of Deity give Him such an advantage over man in pronouncing His moral judgments, that it would not be wrong to speak of man’s moral judgments in relation to His as quite different in *kind*? The two judgments, if examined apart, would be found to differ so widely, that all men would think themselves justified in saying that the difference was really more in *kind* than in *degree*. But the man of logic, of rigorous definition, would scout the idea of entertaining any notion on such probable grounds as are here introduced by the practical man. Probability has no place in exact science, Mr Mansel would doubtless say. Unless a man can fully comprehend, legitimately conceive, what he is to deal with, it must be excluded from the sphere of exact science. The foundation-stone of his philosophy is, that the consciousness, and what it implies, is alone to be trusted; nothing else is. Can man form a distinct conception,

say of divine justice, or of divine wisdom? Can he frame to himself a comprehensible notion of those attributes? These modes must be *infinite* in all their aspects, and inconceivably free from every kind of limitation. But at the first step in the process, man finds himself always breaking down; and he will continue to break down until the end of time, should he be so foolish as to persist in the experiment. For consciousness is conditioned on all sides, which is just saying that all its judgments are limited. But if it is impossible to form a conception of the divine morality, how can any man declare what that morality is? And if he does not know of what kind it is, how can he compare it, according to the rules which logicians know of, with the moral condition of man? Human morality he can form a conception of, because it lies entirely within his sphere; but divine morality defies him to form any distinct notion of it, being manifestly beyond his sphere. How, then, is he to bring two notions together for comparison which do not exist? The notion of human morality he has, but he has no notion of divine morality whatever. And if these two notions do not exist, how, in the world, is he to know that they disagree in *kind*? Indeed, as the man of science, he can only speak of the divine attributes as such and such negations, he can never bring them within the category of positive thoughts. In the language of logic, the morality of God can only be spoken of by man, on this theory, as 'a privative conception.' Man is moral, and God is non-moral.

Thus it seems that Mr Mansel has committed something like an error in his analysis, and that where we could least have expected to find any mistakes. He says the Deity differs from man in His morality in kind as well as in degree; whereas, on his own showing, or at least on that of his philosophy, he can only speak of the Deity in relation to man in negatives. As soon as he condescends to employ a single positive term to designate that which he cannot comprehend, he is stripped at once of his cap of knowledge, of his shoes of swiftness, and of his invisible cloak, which have erewhile rendered him more than mortal.

It is abundantly manifest, we think, besides, that Mr Goldwin Smith's interpretation of the word 'identical' is not particularly strict or scientific. This appears as much from his estimate of the divine and human morality, as differing in an 'immeasurable and overwhelming' degree, as from Mr Mansel's representation, in the concrete example which has just been referred to, of the impossibility of reconciling the providence of God with man's sense of justice on the assumption that the morality of the Creator and the morality of the creature were identical. Not only so, but when the words, 'facts, of which I am ignorant,'

escape Mr Mansel, in connection with this point under dispute, a flood of new light seems to dawn upon the mind of Mr G. Smith, or, as he phrases it himself, 'the question is put upon an entirely new footing' (p. 62, *Rat. Relig.*). 'That it is necessary to know all the facts of a case,' Mr Smith continues, 'before we can form a moral judgment on it, whether in matters human or divine, is a position which no one will venture to impugn.' Thus it appears, if Mr Mansel had been so fortunate as to have introduced those words, 'facts, of which I am ignorant,' at the proper place in his Bampton Lectures, all this fervour on the part of his assailant, and all this interest on the part of his readers, might have been entirely spared. Mr Mansel, in his *Second Letter to Professor Goldwin Smith*, p. 19 (1862), has this important statement:—'Nor, on the other hand, can I see nothing but error in the assertion of the identity of God's nature with man's. I believe that that assertion would not have been made by the men who have made it, had it been a mere error, and not the exaggeration of a truth; and I believe that truth to be, that the manifestation of God to human beings must be made in a form adapted to human apprehension, and that spiritual things can only be apprehended by man in so far as they are *analogous* to the operations of the human spirit within himself.' We have convicted Mr G. Smith of using his words in an unwarranted manner, and pointed out specially his employment of the word 'identical' as illustrative of this point. We have just found Mr Mansel guilty of what seems a misemployment of terms in his use of the word 'kind,' where nothing of the sort, according to his own express teaching, could by any possibility have been meant. Mr Smith, besides, accuses him of not being sufficiently explicit respecting the peculiar signification of his expression, the non-identity of the divine and human moralities, and declares that his explanation of those terms places the matter 'upon an entirely new footing.' Thus it appears that while Mr Smith would say that the divine and human morality are 'identical,' he nevertheless means, by so terming it, that Deity and man regard moral actions in a *moral* way, although Deity, by His infinite knowledge, is placed on an 'immeasurable' vantage-ground, in giving His moral decisions, to what man is. Are we wrong in supposing that this would satisfy the severe scientific taste of Mr Mansel? or does he still insist on some negative and unmentionable attribute, which serves Deity instead of what poor humanity in its ignorance calls a conscience? If we are not wrong, may not the opponents, then, come forward without farther ado, and shake hands on the matter, and express their sorrow for having consumed so much valuable time and labour on what turns out at last to be an exceedingly simple affair?

This, we believe, is what they ought to do, if they are wise men, as we have no doubt both of them are. The whole matter might readily, by a little friendly conversation, have originally been arranged; and all this noise and ill temper about the 'two moralities,' and about 'rational religion,' have been quite effectually got over, and the public have been nothing the worse for it. There can be no doubt, as Mr Smith observes, that 'when a controversy about an important question has once arisen, it is best, in the interest of peace as well as of truth, that it should be brought to a definite result.' There can be no question of it. But to all who read this remark, the question will naturally occur, Who raised the controversy? The disciple of the 'Philosophy of Progress,' we fear, cannot clear himself of it.

Lest we have been too hasty in supposing Mr Mansel's entire acquiescence, we have a remark or two to offer on the general subject of dispute. Mr Mansel may still insist on saying, that the morality of man and the morality of God are different in kind as well as in degree. We will not contradict him; but we would ask him to consider the following reflections. He will pardon us if he has done so already. We wish at present to appeal to the common opinion of mankind on this question, and to the common opinion of philosophers.

All men, in their ordinary judgments respecting such matters, invariably *assume* that, if there be a Deity in the universe, He must think and feel in some kind of way not altogether different from men. Both in our rational reflections and in our moral cogitations respecting Deity, we constantly fall back on this essential assumption. This 'Nessus shirt,' which will stick to us all, at least, until our funerals, is the insuperable ending of all ordinary opinion regarding Deity.

But again, Does not all philosophic opinion run in the same direction? We hope we respect too much the value and importance of individual research, and of individual genius, not to attach too much weight to an opinion, merely because men of reflection have always held it. There is a limit to reverence for historical authority, as there is a limit to philosophizing. This we admit. But still we must attach some importance to it, as Mr Mansel knows much better than we can tell him. Curious to say, he has a much greater reverence for the history of opinion than his fervid opponent, the advocate of historical progress, has. (See p. 24 of *Rational Religion*.) Mr Smith even goes so far as to accuse Mr Mansel of tendering rhetoric instead of philosophy to his readers. Think of Mr Goldwin Smith, one of the most rhetorical writers of the present day, saying so! But this by the way.

We may state, for the information of Mr Smith, a fact of which Mr Mansel is well enough aware, that the present discussion is one which, in one form or another, has engaged the attention of writers of nearly every age. Ancient, mediæval, and modern books are to be had on the subject, whether they may come Mr Goldwin Smith's way at Oxford or not. And there are one or two books we could mention, both English and continental, in which nearly the same doctrines published in the Bampton Lectures occur, only in another form, a considerable while previous to their appearance there. The discussion had engaged the attention of men a considerable while before it agitated the Episcopal Bench of England and Ireland. It took, no doubt, with these prelates the same shape that it has assumed in the recent Oxford controversy. This is the reason why Mr Mansel has provoked Mr Goldwin Smith so sore, by firing old arrows at him from behind the capacious proportions of certain deceased bishops, which had been spent a long while ago in the blood or on the armour of their opponents. We cannot help admiring the humour of this device; although we think it would have been more respectful to Mr Goldwin Smith, as it would no doubt have gratified him much more, had his opponent come out into fair field and openly assailed him. The bishops of last century, as might naturally be supposed, laid more stress upon the moral aspect of this discussion, than upon the intellectual. For it forms quite as legitimate a sphere of speculation to inquire into the relation of the human reason and the divine, as to inquire into that of the divine and human moralities. The alleged difference in *kind* between the human and divine mind has this weighty difficulty to get over, in the estimation of all philosophers, that the entire *à posteriori* evidence for the existence and attributes of Deity rests on the virtual assertion of their resemblance in kind. No doubt, Mr Mansel may say, that our knowledge of Deity rests on a much more secure foundation than this

‘Great world’s altar-stairs,

That slope through darkness up to God;’

but very many persons may be of a different mind. Of course, we assume here that Kant’s ‘antinomies’ broke the back, for ever, of every form of the *à priori* argument. While Mr Mansel and others might obviously occupy a very secure and quite impregnable position, by saying that we have an intuitive knowledge of the divine existence, yet the world, he may rest assured, is not to give up so cheaply its Natural Theology, which has cost it so much toil and pains in the rearing. The position under review takes up Natural Theology by the root. It is curious how extremes meet; for this is a great subject with

the 'positivists,' and they come to exactly the same conclusion. If the reason of man differs from the divine reason in kind, there is an end to all argument from 'design;' because all such are founded on the express consideration of their close similarity. There is an end, likewise, to all arguments regarding the moral attributes of God; for if man's conscience differs so entirely from the divine conscience as to be spoken of as different in kind, we can never know anything, of ourselves, regarding the moral attributes of Deity. And if man cannot, in admiring the delicate adaptation of means to ends in a plant or in an animal, restrain his thoughts from taking their natural course, and leading him up to that most cunning Workman, who most wisely adjusts every end, and most intelligently shapes every means, it becomes a matter worthy of a grave man's consideration, whether he is to respect this voice from the innermost heart of humanity, declaratory, in no un mistakeable tones, of the Hand who has fashioned us all, or whether he will persist in adhering to the scientific chains forged perchance by his own blind logic. We should recollect, after all, that if this 'design' argument, as it is called, be a real argument, it springs up directly from the hearts of men whom God has made; while all philosophies are merely of human formation, and what is false in them will one day be swept away, with everything pertaining to earth. When both the *à posteriori* and the *à priori* argument for the existence of Deity are expunged, we should like to know how His existence is to be defended. The intuitional theory is the only one left for us; but few men, we fear, will be satisfied with it. But it is exceedingly seldom that any error is found so extensively to affect humanity as this natural reflection, which, when elaborated, men call 'the argument from design,' is notoriously known to do. Is not the assumed similarity of the human and the divine reason, of human morality and of divine morality, the load-star of all devout discovery both in science and in speculation?

In the remarks which we have been led to make on Mr Smith and Mr Mansel,—distinguished, each in his way, by very peculiar excellences,—we hope we have not trespassed the bounds of candour or of honest feeling in what we have been induced to write.—*Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.*

ART. II.—*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Vols. I. and II. Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman Periods. London: Bentley. 1860–1862.

IN these goodly volumes Dr Hook has addressed himself to a task alike honourable to himself and the church to which he belongs, and which he values so highly. Hitherto we have had no continuous history of Christianity in England, save in the venerable pages of Jeremy Collier. In fact, it is only lately that it has been possible to deal in an accurate historical manner with the early period of this history. Access to the original authorities was extremely difficult—in some cases impracticable; and the student was left to grope unassisted amid dim, and frequently inconsistent legends. Now, however, the publication, by her Majesty's command, of the 'Monumenta Historica Britannica' has placed within easy reach, as gratefully enumerated by Dr Hook, 'the writings of Gildas, Nennius, Bede, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Asser, Florence of Worcester, Simeon of Durham, Henry of Huntingdon, Gaimar, and the Annales Cambriæ.' The publications under the sanction of the Master of the Rolls, and the combined labours of such Anglo-Saxon scholars as Mr Thorpe and Mr Kemble, have also contributed largely to aid the task of the Church historian of this early time. It is now possible to trace the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church and institutions with a clear and intelligent insight, such as was unattainable by the laborious non-juring historian, even if his vision had been more open and candid than it naturally was.

Of the two volumes before us, the first is devoted to the Anglo-Saxon period, beginning with St Augustine's mission, and terminating with the Conquest. The second comprises the Anglo-Norman period, from the Conquest to the close of the primacy of Stephen Langton, in the reign of Henry III. Dr Hook has wisely not attempted to penetrate the darkness that continues to overhang the ancient British Church, traditionally planted by one of the apostles, and distinguished beyond question from its Roman successor by greater simplicity both of government and worship. The subject is one that would well reward the application of some modern antiquarian of the critical school; but it presents too many difficulties and uncertainties for the general historian. One point, however, is clear; and Dr Hook has done well to set it forth, both for the sake of accuracy and of historical contrast. The primitive British Church was a branch of the great Celtic Church, which, planted

in the first ages in the south of Gaul, rapidly extended into Ireland, Wales, the Western Isles, and many parts of South Britain,—the Church of Columba, and of Columbanus, the no less famous missionary to the Franks, with whom the former is sometimes confounded. ‘The few facts which are historical,’ says our author, ‘are satisfactory as to the learning, zeal, and piety of this Church, comprising the Irish or Scots (for the latter was the distinctive name of the inhabitants of Ireland at this early period), the Caledonians, the Welsh, and the British. The Celtic Church in Ireland was, indeed, so renowned for the excellence of its institutions, and the piety of its clergy and monks, that the island received the title of *Insula Sanctorum*, the Isle of Saints. The piety of the Irish monasteries was as a refreshing stream overflowing for the fertilization of all the surrounding country.’

The title of Dr Hook’s volumes suggests, it may be observed, something more limited than a history of the Church of England. He is careful, however, to vindicate the claim of his undertaking to be regarded as such a history. ‘The history of the Archbishops of Canterbury,’ he maintains, ‘must be in point of fact a history of the Church of England. The validity of this assertion is not impeached when it is alleged that it does not include the history of the northern province, and of each particular diocese. On that ground, it might be contended that Hume and Lingard, in writing their history of the Kings of England, are not historians of the British Empire, because a history of England does not include the history of Scotland or Ireland. In the history of the Primates of all England, the general history of the northern metropolitans is included. Any special notice of the Archbishops of York and of the suffragans of either province is seldom required; and when required, will be found either in the notes or in the appendix.’ We do not mean to quarrel with this pretension, although we might question the force of the analogy which our Church historian suggests betwixt his own work and the histories of Hume and Lingard. The plan of both these histories is obviously of a more general and comprehensive character than that suggested by the title of the present volumes, or which they actually follow. The biographical element is professedly much more conspicuous in Dr Hook’s plan. The successive archbishops are not merely, like Hume’s Kings of England, ‘central personages,’ around which cluster the varied appropriate events and principles of the age to which they belong; but their ‘Lives’ designedly form our author’s subject. He is, therefore, not exactly in the same position for doing justice to the whole subject as either Hume or Lingard. We are far, however, from objecting to his plan. The very prominence of the biographic and

personal element has its own advantages. It serves to concentrate attention, and give life and character to the narrative. It preserves the interest, which would be apt to be broken down and dispersed amidst a multitude of details, and a less select arrangement. In these early volumes, at least, a sufficiently wide survey is presented of the general history of the Church of England from the standing ground of the life of each successive primate; and if it be more difficult to comprehend such a survey as Dr Hook's work advances, the author will yet, we have no doubt, do what he can to embrace all the complexities of his subject.

His special qualifications for the task of historian of the Church of England are considerable. To those who merely knew Dr Hook as a laborious parish minister and social philanthropist, or even as the author or editor of the 'Church Dictionary,' we fancy that some of the characteristics of the present volumes must have been a surprise. If there is one more marked than another, it is the open-minded candour with which he deals with the events, institutions, and characters that pass under his review. His own opinions are never concealed; the 'principles,' which give such an air of unreasoning and unhistorical dogmatism to many of the articles of the 'Church Dictionary,' may be even here and there apparent; but there is everywhere much more apparent in these pages the traces of a questioning, critical, and somewhat sceptical mind. There is almost a judicial discrimination in weighing facts and estimating character. Neither sentimental nor ecclesiastical predilections seduce our author. Whatever may be thought of his judgments, they are clearly the result of his own investigation or his own reflection, and no halo of sanctity nor pretence of right deters him from looking everything straight in the face, and closely scrutinizing its lineaments. This rigorous spirit of inquest—keen, severe, occasionally hard, but, so far as we are able to see, perfectly impartial—pervades the volumes. Impartiality, combined with an evident industry of research, and a clear, calm, and masterly power of stating a case and arranging a narrative, constitute the chief excellences of these volumes.

In the higher qualities of either philosophical or artistic power they are wanting. With a mind sharp, clear, logical, and, above all, sensible, Dr Hook lacks the comprehension which vividly seizes and sets forth principles, or the imagination which apprehends and powerfully reproduces character. His narrative seldom rises above an ordinary level. His introductory chapters in both volumes are full of knowledge, and show how diligently and earnestly he has laboured at his subject, and how well he comprehends it from his own point of view; but they also, in the very attempts at generalization which they present, show strikingly the limits of his powers,—his inability to forget

the Present, and to realize in broad and powerful vision the course of the Past. Without some strength of historical imagination, it is impossible to do this ; and while it is quite true, as he himself hints, that the exercise of this imagination may sometimes verge upon romance rather than history, it is also true that it often sheds upon the latter a rich and gleaming light ; while the want of it may leave many facts, if not unexplored, yet uninterpreted. They may be set forth in an orderly manner, but they fail to rise into a living image. And so it is with Dr Hook's 'Lives.' They are descriptive analyses, rather than life-like portraits. Actions are clearly recorded, and opinions are faithfully reported ; but the 'Lives' are not presented. In many cases, we are aware, there were not materials for doing more than he has done ; but in other cases the materials are abundant ; and, notwithstanding that he seems to speak rather contemptuously of this function of the historian, we must believe that if historical biography has any special function at all, it is to enable us to understand and appreciate, as far as we can, the great characters of former ages.

Connected with this view of Dr Hook's general qualifications as an historian, there is one point deserving special remark and condemnation : we mean his frequent allusions to recent and present events and controversies. Some of his critics, if we mistake not, pointed out how these allusions marred the historical character of the introductory chapter of his first volume ; but he has introduced them with scarcely less frequency in his second volume. It is unfair to the reader and unfair to the subject, that, in considering the events and features of the Church History of England, we should be continually reminded that Dr Hook himself has been an active and keen observer of the history of his own times, and a zealous participator in many of its discussions. The dark persecutions of the early ages recal the 'same malignant passion in modern controversialists, who dip their pens in gall, or sharpen the arrows of a poisoned tongue to wound another's feelings ;' the holydays of the Church suggest the 'Ten Hours Act ;' the schemes of Hildebrand, the idea of Mr Cobden—'one of the most consistent and philanthropic of our statesmen'—that war might be avoided, and order maintained, 'by the establishment of a universal referee.' The Crusades open up the whole question of the Crimean War, and its consequences, in the excitement of the decaying spirit of chivalry, and the opening the fountain of benevolence in the rich, so that 'the once fashionable word economy, a very good word in general, was buried in the grave of Joseph Hume !'

This course of allusion bespeaks the habit of mind of the pamphleteer and practical philanthropist rather than of the historian.

It must be admitted to be beneath, not only the gravity—for this has long since departed,—but even the natural dignity, of the historic muse. It intrudes upon the associations of the time, without imparting liveliness to the narrative, or even pointing any moral of compensatory utility. It is a fault, therefore, which Dr Hook would do well to avoid in the remaining volumes of his work.

As a whole, however, these two volumes are highly creditable to the author's industry and mental accomplishments, while they supply, so far, what has been hitherto a desideratum, a readable, if not exactly popular, history of the Church of England. Every chapter presents evidence of accuracy and extent of research, and of painstaking earnestness to exhibit the truth. There are the marks of an acute, and vigorous, and comprehensive mind everywhere; and if the style be deficient in picturesqueness, subtlety, or glow, it is at the same time free from all affectation. Dr Hook does not seize the aspects of Christian history with the vivid imaginativeness of Dr Stanley, nor reproduce them with the same graphic and poetic touches; nor does he display any of the width and grandeur of comprehension, philosophic richness of idea, or elaborate if somewhat rugged power of scenic description, which place Dr Milman in the highest rank of our Church historians; but he has excellent qualities of his own, in which neither of his contemporaries can be said to rival him. He is pointed, accurate, and practical; never deficient in the requisite knowledge of his subject; and shedding into every corner of it, if not the light of a highly imaginative or reflective mind, that dry light of common sense, which, though it may sometimes disenchant the past, renders it for the most part intelligible, and brings it near, in not unfamiliar guise, before the reader.

Dr Hook's first volume, we have said, opens with the mission of St Augustine. The history of this mission,—the character and plans of Gregory the Great, who conceived it, and of Augustine himself, and his companions, Laurentius, Mellitus, Justus, and Honorius, who carried it out,—are set before us in a very clear, honest, and interesting manner. Dr Hook's practical sense and plain insight are nowhere more conspicuous than in his treatment of this great epoch in the Christian history of England; and the reader will find something to learn in his pages, and a fresh meaning shed here and there over the obscurities of the Italian mission, even after Dr Stanley's interesting lecture in his '*Historical Memorials of Canterbury*.'

Both writers are freely inclined to credit the good old story of the three English youths, seen by Gregory exposed for sale in the slave-market at Rome. The fair complexion, light flaxen

hair, and expressive countenances of the youths, struck the monk of St Andrew as he passed on his way. They presented a striking contrast to the swarthy visage and dark hair of the slaves from the coast of Africa or of Syria, to which he was more accustomed. Gregory seems to have had all his life great love for children, and a peculiar tenderness of heart. He stopped and inquired who they were. He was told that they were Pagans, and he sighed that 'faces so full of light and brightness should be in the power of the Prince of Darkness.' He was further informed that they belonged to the nation called 'Angles' or English; and he joyfully responded, with that love for a pun which seems to have been an inveterate characteristic of the worthy ecclesiastic, 'Well are they called Angles, for they have the faces of angels, and they ought to be fellow-heirs of the angels in heaven.' His further inquiries only increased his interest in them, as they fed his love for verbal pleasantry. He was told they were Deirans,—natives of the district between the Humber and the Tyne, then known as Deira. 'Rightly are they so called,' he said, 'plucked as they are from the anger of God (*de ira Dei*), and invited to the mercy of Christ.' The name of their king, 'Ella,' suggested that they would yet sing 'Alleluia.'

Whatever truth there may be in the details of this story—and these details, strange as they may seem, are not inconsistent with the character of Gregory—there can be no doubt that the attention of the Roman monk, long before he had advanced to the chair of St Peter, had been excited towards the Saxons in England, and the means of converting them to the faith of Christ. He had even himself set out, with a few of his monkish brethren, to undertake the work of their conversion. The populace of Rome, however, by whom he was greatly beloved, raised a wild commotion at his departure, and the Pope was forced to send messengers to recal him. Many years¹ elapsed before he was able to do anything to carry out his wishes. In the meantime, he had been himself elected Pope; his cares had become enlarged; but he did not forget his early desire. He employed an agent to procure him English slaves, whom he intended to emancipate, and train for the work of missionaries to their own countrymen. But this plan did not succeed; and, returning to his old monastery on the Cælian Hill, he selected one of the brethren, with forty companions, to form a band of missionaries to go forth to conquer England to the Cross.

Augustine, the leader of this 'Italian band,' is by no means a hero as he stands depicted in Dr Hook's pages. Perhaps our author has dealt somewhat hardly with him, as with all the early

¹ The mention of 'Ella,' Dr Stanley remarks, fixes the date of the story before 588. The mission of Augustine took place in 597.

Italian bishops. Their lack of courage, their insolent and high-handed intrusion of their own customs upon the British Church, and their personal assumption of superiority over the bishops of the latter, are all exposed by him with a somewhat unsparing hand. The imagination scarcely finds any aspects of magnanimity or sacred grandeur to rest upon in his picture of the persons and characters of the founders of the Anglo-Catholic Church.

Augustine and his companions, having set out on their journey, and crossed the Gallic Alps into Provence, began to fail in their purpose. They were disappointed in their reception by the Church in the south of Gaul. Difficulties and dangers seemed to surround them on all sides; and their leader, instead of emboldening them by his example, suggested the cowardly thought of return. He himself did return to Rome to pray Gregory to release them from their vows, and to relinquish a project which they regarded as hopeless. But Gregory was not a man to be moved so easily from his long-cherished purpose. He mildly but firmly admonished his faithless disciple, and sent him forth once more on his journey, the bearer of the following very sensible letter:—‘Gregory, the servant of the servants of God, to the servants of the Lord.—Forasmuch as it were better not to begin a good work, than to think of desisting from that which has been begun, it behoves you, my beloved sons, to accomplish the good work, which, by the help of the Lord, you have undertaken. Let not, therefore, the toil of the journey nor the tongues of evil-speaking men deter you; but with all possible earnestness and zeal perform that which, by God’s direction, you have undertaken, being assured that much labour is followed by greater eternal reward. When Augustine, your Provost, returns (whom we have also constituted your Abbot), humbly obey him in all things, knowing that whatsoever you shall do by his direction will in all respects be profitable to your souls. May Almighty God protect you with His grace, and grant that I may in the heavenly country see the fruits of your labour, inasmuch as, though I cannot toil with you, I may partake in the joy of the reward, because I am willing to labour. God keep you in safety, my beloved sons. Dated the 10th of the Kalends of August, etc. (23d July 596).’

Thus fortified by the faith and encouragement of one to whom all Christendom looked with respect, the missionaries pursued their way from Aix to Arles, from Arles to Vienne, and onward by Tours to the coast. In autumn they landed on the Isle of Thanet, although at what spot exactly—Ebbe’s Fleet or elsewhere—is matter of doubt. They sent forward their interpreters to the King, Ethelbert, and awaited his message in great anxiety.

Ethelbert was not only King of Kent, but he had, moreover, extended a kind of imperial authority as far as the Humber. He

was married to Bertha, a French princess and a Christian. On her marriage, it had been stipulated that she should enjoy the free exercise of her religion; and she had accordingly brought with her, as her chaplain, Liudhard, a French bishop. A small chapel outside of Canterbury, which had been used as a place of Christian worship by the Britons, had been assigned to her, and consecrated afresh by the name of St Martin. The fact of the Queen being a Christian, is no doubt the turning-point of the whole history. The mind of the King had been prepared, if not to welcome the strangers, yet to receive them courteously, and to listen with respect to what they had to say. He returned a message, that he would grant them an interview; and Augustine, if neither a very intrepid nor highly enlightened man, at least knew how to make the most of his opportunities. The King desired that the meeting should be in the open air; he had some suspicion of magical arts, and wished to see everything clearly with his own eyes, and form his own calm decision. He was a man of strong sense and sound judgment, as his words will immediately show. Augustine arranged his monks in procession, and placed himself at the head,—his tall and commanding figure conspicuous among the rest. He was ‘higher than any of his people, from his shoulders and upwards.’ There was carried before him a silver cross, and a large picture of Christ, painted and gilded according to the fashion of the time; and as the missionaries slowly advanced, they chanted, under the guidance of Honorius, Gregory’s own pupil, one of those deeply solemn litanies known to after ages as Gregorian, and which, heard for the first time by Barbarian ears, must have deeply impressed them.

The King gave them a respectful welcome; invited the missionaries to be seated; while Augustine himself, under the shadow of the ancient oak which canopied the royal retinue, proclaimed by his interpreters ‘how the merciful Jesus, by His own passion, redeemed this guilty world, and opened to believing men an entrance into the kingdom of heaven.’ The answer of the King was a very memorable one, and well deserves to be quoted for its rare sense. It almost merits the commendation of Dr Stanley, ‘that it contains the seeds of all that is excellent in the English character.’ ‘Very fair,’ said he, ‘are the words you have uttered, and the promises you make. But to us these things are new, and their full meaning I do not understand. I am not prepared to give my assent to them, and renounce the customs which I have so long observed with the whole Anglo-Saxon race. But you have come from far. You are strangers. And I clearly perceive that your sole wish and only object is to communicate to us what you believe to be good and true. You shall not be molested. You shall be hospitably entertained.

We will make provision for your maintenance. And we do not prohibit you from uniting to your society any persons whom you may persuade to embrace your faith.'

It was impossible that Augustine and his companions could have made a fairer beginning. They were allowed to settle peacefully; the Queen's Church of St Martin was assigned to them, where they might worship; and the King's heart was already disposed towards them. In this time of trial they conducted themselves with consistent simplicity and right judgment. They devoted themselves to the instruction of the people in the Gospel, and laboured affectionately and without ceasing to win them to Christ. Their labours were soon rewarded. On the 2d of June 597, Ethelbert openly declared himself a Christian, and was baptized. In this great crisis, however, his moderation and his sense did not forsake him. He caused it to be announced, that he did not intend to compel others to follow his example; for he had learned, says Bede—a lesson which so many in later ages have found it so hard to learn—'that the service of Christ ought to be voluntary.'

The example of Ethelbert, whatever might be his toleration, could not fail to spread widely. Without the intervention of the miraculous agencies which, by the time of Bede, had become associated with the event, there was enough in the natural circumstances of the case to account for the rapid conversion of the people. The Witan assembled, and passed the laws, known as the Doms of Ethelbert, which recognised Christianity and the establishment of the Church in the kingdom of Kent. Crowds flocked to be baptized. Gregory states, in a letter to the Patriarch Eulogius, that ten thousand were baptized in one day. Nothing, so far, could have been more successful than the mission; and the heart of the gentle Gregory must have been moved when he heard of the accomplishment of his long-cherished purpose. The missionaries, with others who came from Rome to join them, were established within the walls of Canterbury. The King even gave up his palace to Augustine for a residence; and on the adjacent ground the foundations of the first cathedral were laid.

The Church not only prospered in Kent, but it spread into Essex. The King of Essex, who was Ethelbert's nephew, sought the aid of the missionaries; and Mellitus and others were despatched to preach and organize the Church there. Mellitus was consecrated Bishop of London, and restored the Churches of St Paul's and Westminster, which had been formerly consecrated by the Celtic bishops. Augustine himself became Archbishop, and received the pallium from his friend and master Gregory.

The difficulties of Augustine only began when he found himself exalted to this high position; and the capacities not merely of a faithful and zealous preacher, but of an ecclesiastical superintendent and politician, were demanded of him. His first perplexity was a slight one. He was at a loss as to what liturgy he should use in the newly erected churches. There were, it is well known, four principal liturgies in the early Church,—the liturgy of St James, which was followed generally in the Eastern churches,—the liturgy of St Mark, which was followed in Egypt and Abyssinia,—the Roman, claiming the authority of St Peter,—and the Gallican, derived probably, through Irenæus, from Ephesus and St John. In the small Church of St Martin, reserved to the Queen, the Gallican liturgy had been hitherto observed. Augustine—a genuine Roman—liked neither the Gallican liturgy nor the Gallican bishops, although he had been obliged to seek consecration at the hands of the Bishop of Arles, who alone amongst them remained in direct communion with Rome. At the same time he did not care to displease the Queen, by the summary substitution of the Roman instead of the Gallican liturgy. In his difficulty he consulted Gregory, who gave him, as he always did, sound and catholic advice, the spirit of which it would have been well for him to have followed, not only on this, but on subsequent occasions. He advised him, in arranging the service of the English Church, ‘not to tie himself down to the Roman ritual, or to the Gallican, or to any other, but to select out of every church what is pious, religious, and right, and so to form a new liturgy for the Church of England’—an English liturgy; for, he added, in allusion to Augustine’s too narrow attachment to everything Italian, ‘things are not to be valued on account of places, but places for the good things they contain.’

Augustine’s chief difficulties and failure regarded his treatment of the surviving bishops of the British Church. It would have required not a little wisdom and gentleness, mingled with firmness, to harmonize the relations between the new Italian and the old Celtic ecclesiastical elements. Augustine mistook obstinacy for firmness, and an assertion of his personal supremacy verging on insolence for the appropriate dignity of his position. The results were what might have been expected. The British bishops assembled twice with him in conference. They seemed disposed, if not to surrender their peculiar customs,¹ yet to unite under his primacy, if he had only treated them with considerate regard. But he insisted on the recognition of his primacy, while as yet the subject was only under discussion. He refused

¹ The observation of Easter and the form of the tonsure were the two main usages of the Celtic Church, distinguishing it from the Italian.

to rise up to meet them when they appeared. They were justly indignant. They would concede nothing. They positively refused to receive him as their metropolitan. 'If, while they were equals,' they said, 'he would not treat them with respect, what were they to expect if they elected him their superior, and took the vow of canonical obedience?'

Augustine, by his rudeness and arrogance, lost a great opportunity, and balked the full hopes of his master, who had contemplated the conversion of all England, and the establishment of two metropolitans with four suffragans. His own primacy was not destined to extend beyond London and Rochester. His letters to Gregory, and the puerile questions to which he seeks answer, show the limits of his mind, and the weakness of his character. Yet withal there are few who have been permitted to do such a work as he did,—a work with which his name will stand immemorially associated.

After Augustine's death, the Italian mission passed through various vicissitudes, attaining a temporary success as far north as Northumbria; but ere long sinking into weakness, and almost verging on extinction. Laurentius, who had been one of Augustine's companions from the beginning, succeeded to the see of Canterbury. He was a man of more conciliatory and gracious spirit than his friend, and he laboured faithfully to repair the errors which the former had committed in his intercourse with the Celtic bishops. But the opportunities of Augustine could not be recalled. His arrogance and indiscretion had left bitter traces. The Churches of Ireland and Gaul made common cause with that of Britain, and deeply resented the insults to which its bishops had been subjected. To such an extent was this carried, that when Bishop Dagan arrived in the island from the Gallican Abbot Columbanus, he refused not only to hold church communion with the Italian missionaries, but even to accept of their hospitality, and to eat with them in private. Laurentius did what he could, issued a conciliatory pastoral letter, and refrained from all attempts to intrude the Roman 'customs' upon the reluctant Britons. He did not accomplish much himself, but he paved the way for future union.

Difficulties of a more pressing kind speedily assailed him. The good and wise Ethelbert was gathered to his fathers; and his son and successor, Eadbald, for a time abjured the faith, and laid a persecuting hand upon the Church. A pious deception of the Archbishop, however, restored him to the faith; or, at any rate, the circumstance, as related by Bede, involves a deception, which may, perhaps, be only the invention of later credulity. The manner in which Dr Hook deals with this event may be cited as a specimen of his candour and plain-speaking sense, as

well as of his method of treating the miraculous element, so largely pervading the ecclesiastical authorities on which his 'Lives' are based. Laurentius, according to Bede, was about to fly from his post, encompassed as it had become with dangers. Many of his associates had already departed. 'But on the night preceding his departure,' Bede continues, 'exhausted by weeping and praying, he threw himself upon his bed, which he had expressly desired to be strewed for him in the Church of St Peter and St Paul, and fell asleep. In the dead of the night the Prince of the Apostles appeared to him, and having scourged him much and long, demanded of him with apostolical sternness what he meant by deserting the flock which he had himself committed to his care, and to whom he meant to consign those sheep of Christ that he was leaving in the midst of wolves. "Are you," he said, "forgetful of my example, who endured for the crown of Christ, bonds, stripes, imprisonment, tortures, yea death itself, even the death of the cross, from the hands of infidels, the enemies of Christ?" Animated by these stripes and wounds, as soon as it was morning, Laurentius repairs to the King, and, uncovering, reveals to him his lacerated body. Overwhelmed with astonishment, the King demanded who he was who dared thus to treat so great a man. When he was told that for his own soul's sake the Bishop had suffered these things, and had been so severely chastised by the apostle of Christ, he was greatly terrified, and straightway anathematizing all idolatry, and renouncing his unholy marriage, he accepted the faith of Christ, he was baptized, and in all things from that time, by word and by deed, he laboured to promote the well-being of the Church.'

'I treat this,' continues Dr Hook, 'as I treated Bede's account of Augustine's miracle. Bede recorded very properly the tradition of the church of Canterbury as he received it, but many years had elapsed before what had been gaining strength by oral tradition was consigned to writing. As the statement here stands, it was no miracle, but simply an imposture and a lie. If Laurentius had intended to impose on the credulity of Eadbald, he would hardly have ordered his bed to be made in the church; he would have lacerated himself, or caused some monk to lacerate him in private. But nothing is more natural than that he should require the straw to be strewn in the church, and that there, near the grave of his friend, he should desire to pass the last sad night of his sojourn in England; nothing more likely than that, with a reproaching conscience, he should imagine himself to receive the castigation he deserved; and few things more probable than that, through the energy of his eloquence, when repeating the fearful dream to Eadbald, he should

convert a king, whose own conscience was reproaching him for having violated the precepts and forsaken the example of an honoured father.'

Laurentius did not long survive the re-establishment of Christianity in Kent. He had saved the mission from destruction, with or without a miracle, by his timely visit to the King; but it made no progress, neither under his own primacy nor that of his successor, Mellitus, who was advanced to be metropolitan after his death. Both their primacies only extended to twenty years. The incumbency of the fourth primate, Justus, although he was scarcely himself a more distinguished person, was destined to be more illustrious. Justus had accompanied Laurentius, when he returned from Rome in 601, to join the Canterbury mission. He had been appointed to the see of Rochester, and during the temporary persecution by Eadbald he had disgracefully fled, along with Mellitus, to France. This did not, however, interfere with the advancement of both to the see of Canterbury. The necessities of the times did not leave much choice even for so high an office.

The great event which marked the primacy of Justus was the extension of the Kentish mission to Northumbria. The course of the event is not very clear, although the agents stand out distinctly enough. Every one knows the story of Edwin of Deira,—how he was persecuted by his predecessor on the throne of Northumbria, and fled in his straits to the court of Redwald, King of the East Angles. Here he encountered Paulinus, one of the Italian missionaries, who had been invited to the court of East Anglia, although the King had turned from the faith into which he had been baptized to his old idolatry. Entreated to deliver up Edwin to the vengeance of his enemy. Redwald hesitated what to do; while Edwin, desiring shelter, but ready for flight, sat sad and solitary on a stone seat at the palace-gate. As he sat there, Paulinus found him out, and, professing to foretell the decision of the King, communicated to him the assurance of his safety. He ventured also to hint that an illustrious destiny awaited him, and took him bound that, should the prophecy prove true, he would then give heed to the prophet who had mysteriously comforted him.

In due time Edwin regained his rights, and married Ethelburga, the sister of Eadbald of Kent, in whose train Paulinus came to Northumbria as her chaplain. Seizing a favourable opportunity, he reminded the King of his promise to the unknown prophet as he sat at the palace-gate of Redwald. Moved by the event, Edwin assembled his Witan, and the subject of the introduction of Christianity was fully discussed. Bede has preserved an account of the proceedings; and they are deeply interesting,

both in themselves and their results. The first speaker on the subject was Coifi, the chief priest of the Northumbrians. It is likely that he had been already tampered with by the missionaries; but he appears to have been a man of easy, worldly turn of mind, to whom the only use of religion was to secure worldly good. He had not found the old religion serviceable in this way. 'If the gods were good for anything, they would assist him, who had been most careful to serve them,' he argued; 'but he had not found much good from them in his own experience. If, therefore,' he addressed the King, 'you find these new doctrines which are preached to us more efficacious, it only remains for us to receive them without delay.' The speech of another of the ancient men of Northumbria is of a far nobler tone, and deserves to be quoted for its expressive significance. It seems to open a glimpse into the deeper thoughtfulness of those Saxon times, and to show what profound sadness there was felt to be in human life then, not less than in more reflective ages. 'The present life of man upon earth, O King,' says this Saxon sage, 'seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter with your ealdermen and thanes,—a good fire having been lit in the midst, and the room made warm thereby, whilst storms of rain and snow rage abroad: the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm; but a short space of fair weather soon passed over, he immediately vanishes out of your sight into the dark winter again. So this life appears for a short space; but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed.'

This was the general tone of the assembly. All seemed moved by the spirit of change. None stood up earnestly for the old faith. On the motion of Coifi, Paulinus was introduced, and preached to them the Gospel: 'That they should turn from these vanities unto the living God, who made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein.' The King declared himself a believer; Coifi made himself conspicuous as an iconoclast of idolatry; and Christianity was declared to be the established religion in the north as in the south of Saxondom.

The fabric thus hastily raised, however, was as hastily demolished. King Edwin was baptized at York on Easter-day 627; and before the close of the year 633, he had lost both his kingdom and his life at the fatal field of Hatfield Chase, not far from Doncaster. The pagan Penda hated the Christians and their God; and, by his ruthless cruelty, soon extirpated the infant Church of Northumbria. Paulinus, with that lack of devoted-

ness characteristic of all the Italian missionaries, fled into Kent with the widowed Queen and her children, and there was glad to hide his diminished greatness in the small see of Rochester.

The conversion of the Northern Saxons was destined to come, not from the Roman mission, but from the despised Celtic Church. Everywhere in the west the Celtic missionaries, with Columba at their head, showed a persevering courage and high-hearted faith superior to the Italians. Extending themselves from Scotland, they colonized Lindisfarne, as they had done Iona, and gradually spread the truth once more throughout Northumbria. Aidan, a disciple of Columba, was the great apostle of this movement. As if to show his determination to have no connection with the Gregorian missionaries, he established his see at Lindisfarne, and not at York.

It is very remarkable to what extent the stream of Christian evangelization spread into England from the north, rather than from the south,—from the holy islands of Iona and Lindisfarne, rather than from Rome or Canterbury,—by Celtic, rather than by Italian agency. Middle Anglia was converted by Celtic missionaries, and Lichfield established as the seat of a bishopric, without any reference to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Essex was regained to the Church, after the flight of Mellitus from London, by Finan, a disciple of Aidan. And even Sussex, so close to Kent, owed the Gospel to a north-countryman, Wilfrid, acting independently of the Canterbury mission, although espousing its side in the rivalry between the two churches.

But notwithstanding the higher activity and zeal of the Celtic Church, there was an inevitable tendency in favour of the supremacy of the Church at Canterbury. It grew stronger, in some respects, by virtue of the very weakness of its personal representatives. So soon as they ceased to provoke opposition, the natural influence of Rome, which they represented, began to tell everywhere throughout England. There was a general desire to look to Rome with respect; the assumption, upon which all its pretensions rested, that St Peter was the Prince of the Apostles, and that the Bishop of Rome was St Peter's successor, was rapidly gaining ground even in the Celtic Church. When this was in any degree admitted, there remained little to fight for. It may be added, moreover, that the tendency to political centralization throughout England favoured the idea of Church unity. The appointment of a Saxon, Frithona—who assumed the Latin appellation of Deusdedit—to the see of Canterbury greatly hastened the natural course of events. Deusdedit put himself into direct communication with the Celtic party, and laboured with such success in the work of conciliation, that he is found presid-

ing at the dedication of Saxulf's monastery at Peterborough, surrounded by prelates and princes of all shades of opinion, and all looking with respect to his authority.

This change advanced, it may be imagined, more slowly, and amidst more difficulties, in the north than in the south. So long as Aidan or Finan lived, it made no progress. They were stoutly resolved to maintain their peculiar customs and ritual, and to yield in nothing to the see of Canterbury. But when Colman succeeded to the see of Lindisfarne, the famous conference or synod at Whitby—then known by the name of Streanesheale—was held, and the whole subject brought under discussion. Kemble calls the assembly a Wittenagemot. Wilkins, in his 'Concilia,' regards it as an ecclesiastical synod. It probably united both characters. The King presided. Churchmen and nobles, and even ladies—Hilda, the celebrated Abbess of Hartlepool, and then of Whitby, is mentioned—were present. The question discussed was, virtually, Iona or Rome. Colman defended the customs of the Celtic Church, as derived from St John the Evangelist. Wilfrid, a young Saxon—of whose activity in spreading the Gospel in Sussex we have already heard, who had been educated in the Celtic Church, but had become a violent partisan of everything Roman—conducted the debate on the opposite side. He was gifted with great powers of subtlety and eloquence, and speedily overwhelmed the good, but not very clever, Bishop by his arguments. Especially that argument as to the priority of Peter among the apostles—based on a misapplication of the famous text, 'Thou art Peter,' etc.—made a strong impression. The King could not withstand its force, and inquired, 'Is it true or not, Colman, that these words were spoken to Peter by our Lord?' Colman could not deny this. 'Then,' said the King, 'can you show any such power given to your Columba?' Colman was forced to confess he could not. 'Then,' said the King, 'I tell you plainly, I will not stand opposed to the doorkeeper of the kingdom of heaven.' The cause of Rome, as on many future occasions, triumphed by ungenerous misrepresentation and false logic. Colman retired from the contest, resigned his bishopric, and left the field in the possession of the partisans of the Roman Church. The see was transferred again to York, as in the days of Paulinus; and the country soon became united ecclesiastically, as well as politically. Neander mourns over this issue of the Whitby conference. 'Had the Scottish tendency prevailed,' he thinks, 'England would have obtained a more free Church constitution.' But this is doubtful. Rome was destined, sooner or later, to prevail. The Celtic Church, with all its excellences, sank ere long into inactivity and ignorance, and was supplanted, centuries after, even in its primi-

tive seats, by the more aggressive and less pure form of Roman Christianity.

We have dwelt thus long on the establishment of Christianity in England in connection with the Canterbury mission. The story has many elements of interest; and, as we have said already, we do not know that it has ever been told before by such critical discrimination, and plain, forcible power of narrative, as by Dr Hook. There is no part of his two volumes more interesting. We must now hurry, however, over the remainder of his first volume.

The annals of the Anglo-Saxon Church present, subsequently to the conference at Whitby, three important stages of development, respectively signalized by the names of Theodorus (668), Alfred (877), and Dunstan (959).

It was particularly fortunate for the Church of England, that as soon as it presented the appearance of consolidating into a single system, it should have secured the service of so distinguished a metropolitan as Theodorus of Tarsus, a man not only of great scholarship, but of high administrative ability, and clear appreciation of the wants of his time. He had been educated in the subtleties of the Antiochian theology, and had preserved his orthodoxy amidst all the heats of the Monothelite controversy. At the instigation of the Roman Bishop Vitalian, to whom the appointment had been committed, he accepted the see of Canterbury, with no wish but to do his duty as he best could; and to his mingled zeal, wisdom, and prudence the Church of England owes not only its parochial organization, but the commencement of that higher education, which Alfred, and afterwards William of Wykeham and King Henry VI., established on such broad and lasting foundations. Hitherto there had been nothing of the character of parishes. The clergy lived in the monasteries established at Canterbury, Lindisfarne, and elsewhere; and from thence went forth to preach the Gospel to the towns in the plain, or the villages among the mountains. They would be absent for weeks on these missionary errands, and frequently be exposed to great perils by land and water. It was the hardihood and devotedness of the Celtic missionaries in these excursions that gave them such great success, and contributed to the spread of the Gospel in various quarters where the Italians could find little or no footing. But the same qualities were by no means so serviceable in guiding and ordering the Church where it had already been established. The political ability and the more cosmopolitan learning of the Italian, or as, in the case of Theodorus, of the Greek Christians, were the accomplishments most needed for this purpose. And the Anglo-Saxon Church had now reached this point in its career.

So soon, accordingly, as Theodorus was settled in his see, he resolved to make a tour of inspection throughout England, and reduce its diverse dioceses to such order and unity as he could. This he did with great judgment upon the whole. In the course of his visitation, he found, besides those in the monasteries, many clergy established as private chaplains with the great thanes. His discerning eye at once detected here the rudiments of the parochial system, with which he had been familiar in the Greek Church. 'He persuaded the thanes and landed proprietors to assign to their chaplains an independent position, and by placing a church in the centre of their estates, to secure a constant intercourse between the minister of the Gospel, the inmates of the castle, and the serfs. The endowment consisted probably of grants of land, or fixed charges upon persons and property; but of tithes no mention is made in Bede.' He moreover encouraged the formation of parishes, 'by adopting the principle laid down by the Emperor Justinian in the laws which he published in 541 and 543; according to which, the right of patronage was conceded to the founders of churches and their heirs, provided that the church had a specific income for the maintenance of the minister.'

In addition to this great work, Theodorus, as we have said, laid the foundation of English scholarship. He converted St Augustine's monastery at Canterbury into a school of learning; and in Hadrian, a learned African who had accompanied him to England, he found an active coadjutor. Hadrian is described by William of Malmesbury as a 'fountain of letters and a river of arts.' Under the influence of these great men, 'all the larger and better monasteries were converted into schools of learning, in which the laity as well as the clergy imbibed a respect for literature, and in many cases a love for it. Even the monasteries belonging to the fair sex were converted into seminaries of learning; and the Abbess Hildelidis and her nuns were, in the next generation, able to understand the Graecisms of Aldhelm, in his Latin treatise, "De laudibus Virginitatis," written for their special edification. In the time of Bede, as the historian himself informs us, there were scholars of Theodorus and Hadrian who were as well versed in the Greek and Latin languages as in their own; and when literature was almost extinguished in France, Alcuin could boast of the learned men and the noble libraries of England.'

It was one of the chief merits of Alfred's reign, that he not merely carried forward the work of education which Theodorus had begun, but that he gave it a new and independent impulse. Theodorus converted the monasteries into schools; Alfred established schools independently of the monasteries—laid the founda-

tion, in fact, of what has proved so great a benefit to England, its public school system. In other respects, Alfred deserves a special niche in the history of the English Church. He improved and re-arranged the ecclesiastical laws, and re-opened the communication between the Anglo-Saxon and the Eastern Churches, even with the churches in India. What led him to take the latter step is unknown; but Dr Hook says, 'It is interesting to be able to trace back the first intercourse between England and Hindostan to the year 883, and to know that it consisted in an interchange of Christian feeling. In the same spirit, an interchange of kind offices and of Christian feeling took place between the King of England and the Patriarch of Jerusalem.'

The ecclesiastical changes associated with the name of Dunstan are by no means of so salutary character as those that have been now mentioned. Dunstan stands about a century later than Alfred; and the spirit of ecclesiasticism which was destined to culminate, in the two following centuries, in Gregory VII. and Innocent III., had already begun to work powerfully in the Church. Of its broader political developments we shall immediately hear more, in connection with Anselm and Thomas à Becket. These had scarcely as yet shown themselves so far west as England; but the spirit of ecclesiastical pride which tended to raise the clergy into a separate caste, and isolate them, as a distinct governing influence, from the social life around them, had already strongly set in. Hitherto, while there had been numerous monasteries in England, there had been no regular monastic systems. Each monastery had its own rules and regulations. 'The living in community was not yet practised in England, and no one yielded, or pretended to yield, his own will to the will of a superior'—so says Dunstan's biographer. In not a few of the monasteries, the monks were even married. The parochial clergy married as they pleased. Not only in England, but over a great part of the Continent, many of them, probably most of them, were married men. But the growing spirit of ecclesiasticism had begun to frown upon this state of things. A married priest, it was already apparent, could never attain to the same position and authority as one who denied himself the privilege of matrimony for the sake of the Church. The tide had strongly begun in favour of the celibacy of the clergy, as of the virginity of maidens who consecrated themselves to religious service. The latter—and indeed the former feeling also—had long prevailed in the East, and the same spirit was now overspreading the West.

Dunstan appears before us as the significant representative of this spirit. Trained in the already famed monastery of Glastonbury, lying

‘ Deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,’

—a lovely, saintly place,—he discovered a singularly versatile and commanding genius. Injuring his health by his devoted application to his studies, he repaired for a while to the court of Athelstane; and there became a great favourite with the royal ladies, who were wont to consult his taste regarding the elaborate embroideries, in the execution of which they spent their time. He had great artistic skill, not only in such things, but in music, as the well-known story of the Eolian harp, by whose pathetic sound he inspired the ladies with terror, serves to prove. Southey supposes that, among his other gifts, we are to include ventriloquism. Certain it is that his remarkable endowments were sufficient to fill the court with alarm, and,—accused of witchcraft,—he had to fly from it to save his life. After doing so, he was plunged into the deepest dejection; for among the ladies there had been one who had engaged his affections, and whose loss he passionately deplored. Hastening to Winchester, over which see his kinsman Elphege presided, he gave himself up to melancholy reflections; but gradually he was roused by the entreaties and exhortations of Elphege. The latter, already a strong partisan of the ecclesiastical movement against marriage, discovered Dunstan’s great powers, and determined to enlist him in the same movement. After many arguments, Dunstan yielded, overpowered, if not by the logic of his friend, by the strong current of the times. His ambition was awakened, and he saw that of all the paths to power, that of an ecclesiastic was the only one open to him. He embraced the cause, when once his will was subdued to it, with all the energy of his impulsive nature. Assailed by the most frightful suggestions of the evil One, who was wont to assume a human face and look in at the window of his cell, disturbing him with impure and wanton conversation, he fasted till he had well-nigh lost all sensation. He wearied himself by labouring at the forge, and in every way sought to kill his animal nature.

The character developed by such a training as this, is well known in ecclesiastical history. Dunstan became a bigot against marriage—a fanatic in favour of the establishment of the Benedictine rule in all the monasteries. Appointed to the head of Glastonbury, he expelled the old monks and the married clergy, from whom he had received the first rudiments of his learning, and set up the rigid discipline of Monte Cassino. We cannot trace his career, or enumerate the varied political movements in which he was engaged. During forty years, and amidst many changes—some of which drove him into temporary exile—he was the most powerful man in the kingdom. Under the reign of Edgar

the Pacific, who was a mere creature in his hands, he exercised the government with the utmost vigour and effect.

‘Northumbria was divided into earldoms instead of kingdoms; the Danes were either subdued or conciliated; the sovereignty of the Anglo-Saxon king over the Scots was established; the navy was placed in such a state of efficiency, that no enemy ventured to attack the coast; English pirates, who had infested our ports, were restrained and punished; while at home trade was encouraged, family feuds were suppressed, and men were compelled, instead of taking the law into their own hands, to submit the decision of their quarrels to the magistrate. Regular circuits were established for the administration of justice, forming a court of appeal from the inferior judges. Steps were taken to annihilate the wolves which still infested the country. Even to trivial matters could the mind of Dunstan descend: finding that quarrels arose very frequently in taverns, from disputes among the toppers as to their share of liquor respectively, when they drank out of the same cup, he advised Edgar to order gold or silver pegs to be fastened on the pots, that, whilst every man knew his just measure, shame should compel each to confine himself to his proper share.’¹

The remaining history of the Anglo-Saxon Church, as of Anglo-Saxon England, is a somewhat troubled one. After Dunstan’s death, his vigorous hand in the administration of the country was sorely missed. Siric, his successor, within a few years counselled peace with the Danes, even at the cost of bribing them. The result of this fatal policy was but too certain. They gradually established themselves in the possession of the sovereign authority, and, by the disorganization which followed their invasion, prepared the way for the great Norman revolution which followed in the next century. Several of the archbishops in the interval were men of some note, particularly Elfric, the supposed author of the Anglo-Saxon Homilies, and Stigand, during whose primacy the invasion of William the Conqueror took place. None of them, however, invite us to dwell upon their history. The three great prelates who illustrate the early history of Norman England, and whose lives occupy the main part of Dr Hook’s second volume, claim some attention from us.

In an introductory chapter to his second volume, Dr Hook has explained the chief characteristics of the Second, or ‘Anglo-Norman,’ Period in the history of the Church of England. The whole period was one of struggle for power. Popes and emperors, kings, and bishops, and barons, alike strove for the mastery. The ecclesiastical principle reached its fullest development, and attained to its most astonishing results, within this period. The

¹ Hence, says our historian, ‘the expression still in vogue, of being a peg too low.’

feudal principle was equally rampant; and in England especially, the tyrannic strength of feudalism broke out into the wildest excesses. 'The feudal lord exercised, within the boundaries of his estate, almost all the rights of sovereignty. Although legal forms were not entirely set aside, yet, practically, his will was the only law to himself, his word the only law to which his retainers gave heed. If by anarchy we mean the triumph of might over right, the country, and Europe generally, were now on the verge of the worst kind of anarchy—the lawlessness of armed men living among a people unable to obtain weapons for their defence. The eleven hundred castles which are said to have existed in the time of Stephen, were, in fact, little less than eleven hundred different states.' In the midst of all this civil contention, the power of the Church, although frequently unjust both in its principle and application, was yet, practically, a power for good, because a power which recognised and professed to be guided by moral considerations. It was exercised generally in the interests of the people. 'Priests and bishops were foremost among the demagogues of the day; and in the contention between the primates and kings of England, the people invariably took the side of the Church. Every Church movement was a popular movement.'

For the same reason, the monastic institutions must be regarded as great blessings during this period. Save for them, it scarcely seems, as Dr Hook says, that Christianity could have survived. The monasteries stood forth in contrast to the feudal castle, as the asylum of moral rights, and the representative of the peaceful virtues. In direct opposition to the mere assertion of might as the ground of human rights, the Church proclaimed—if not always consistently—the brotherhood of all Christians. In the language of Elfric's Homilies, to which we have already referred, and which may be taken to represent Anglo-Saxon Christianity, just as the language of the later Homilies represents the sentiments of the early Reformers,—'Christian men are brothers, whether high or low, noble or ignoble, lord or slave. The wealthy is not better on that account than the needy. The slave might as boldly call God his Father as the king. We are all alike before God, unless any one excels another in good works.' The civilising influence of such ideas as these, however imperfectly realized, could not fail to be immense, amidst the violent confusion and anarchy of the time; and when to the influences thus exercised by the monasteries we add all the valuable services they have rendered to knowledge, as the only depositories of literature during these 'dark ages,' we must acknowledge how widely beneficial they then were, whatever may have been the character of their later corruptions.

The Crusades Chivalry, with all its graceful and frequently irrational accompaniments,—the growth of the great European universities, Bologna, Paris, Oxford,—but, above all, the Papacy, at length matured into its highest form of aggressive activity—mark the remaining influences which were most powerful during this period. In the lives of Anselm and Thomas à Becket we shall come across the last of these influences, as the one potently disturbing element of English history. The great idea of a spiritual aristocracy, of which Rome was to be the centre, became the dominating idea not only of Hildebrand, but of minds far less ably fitted than his was to grasp and wield it with effect. And, more than anything else, this idea may be said to meet us throughout this period of Church history, and of English Church history in particular. In the English Church it is more conspicuous and disturbing, for the simple reason, that, on the one hand, it found here such powerful defenders, and, on the other hand, encountered such a vigorous opposition. One has only to advert to such names as Anselm and Thomas à Becket to be reminded of this.

The first of the great Norman prelates, however, was a man of very different spirit from either of these. Not without a certain bigotry of his own, and a violent obstinacy and narrow-mindedness, which detracts greatly from his reputation as a theologian, in the matter of Berengarius, Lancfranc was yet eminently wise and sound-hearted as a churchman. He knew when to defer to the Pope, and when to preserve his own rights and privileges, and those of his sovereign, with equal courtesy and firmness. He was, in truth, more of the politician than of the theologian; and, churchman as he was to the core, he was in all his sympathies and interests an English churchman, and not, as we would now say, an Ultramontane.

He was born at Pavia, in Lombardy, in 1005, of high, if not of noble rank; and was educated as a lawyer. It seems difficult to account, as Dr Hook says, for his transmigration from the 'sunny banks of the Ticino' to the less genial climate of Normandy; but the disturbed condition of his native province, and the reputation of William of Normandy as a patron of letters, may serve to explain his resort to the latter country, where, in 1039, he established a school at Avranches, which soon became famous, and attracted crowds of scholars. His learning and eloquence carried abroad his name far and wide. 'Athens itself,' says the admiring Ordericus Vitalis, 'in its most flourishing condition, would have honoured Lancfranc in every branch of eloquence and discipline.' The clergy of Normandy were among his applauding hearers, and his relations to the Church appear to have been cordial and happy. But Lancfranc had not yet

himself awakened to a true sense of his spiritual interests. Suddenly he was aroused to seek for his soul's salvation. 'Like another Plato,' says the same admirer, 'he learned to philosophize in exile. The love of the light eternal flashed into his mind, and the love of true wisdom enlightened his soul.' Determined to seek refuge in one of the strictest monastic seclusions he could find, he fled in search of a lonely convent in the Forest of Ouche, where he was met and pillaged by robbers, and left, bound naked to a tree. Discovered in this piteous predicament, he was guided to the monastery of Bec, as unpretending and secluded a spot as he could desire. The Abbot of this monastery was Herluin, a noble by birth; in feast and on battlefield he had been among the first and most popular, until, conscience-stricken by the gross immoralities that surrounded him, he had sought a refuge from the pollutions of the world. He could find no monastery simple and austere enough for his purpose: so he built a few huts in a sequestered corner of his own estate, and constituted himself the abbot of the rude establishment. He was himself but a rude man, unable even to read, but simple-hearted and devout to enthusiasm. When Lancfranc met him, he was 'in worn and tattered garments, with uncombed hair, and an uncut beard.' 'God save you!' said Lancfranc. 'God bless you!' replied the Abbot, who had recognised the Italian pronunciation of the stranger; and added, 'You are a Lombard.' 'I am.' 'What do you want?' 'To be a monk.' The Abbot paused from his toil—he was busy making with his own hand what was to be the public oven or bakehouse of the convent—and invited brother Roger, who could read, to show the stranger the book of rules. They were few, but austere. Lancfranc read them and vowed to keep them. 'The Abbot consented to receive him as a brother; and instantly the proud scholar was prostrate at the feet of the illiterate recluse.'

The relation which thus sprung up between Herluin and Lancfranc is a touching one. The simple-hearted Abbot soon came to admire the great scholar, and Lancfranc in his turn learned to love and prize the devout scriptural enthusiasm of the Abbot. As he heard him pour forth the treasures of scriptural knowledge that he had acquired by memory, and quote the passages most fitted to warn and then console the sinner's heart, he was astonished and affected beyond measure, and was more than once heard to exclaim, 'Spiritus ubi vult, spirat.'

The hiding-place of the famous magister of Avranches could not, of course, be long concealed, and ere long Bec became a resort for numerous scholars. The simple and rude monastery had to be enlarged; Lancfranc became its prior; and his fame, no longer merely as a scholar, but as a religious recluse, went abroad. It reached the ears of William Duke of Normandy,

who had contracted a marriage within the degrees of consanguinity prescribed by the canon law, and who was therefore like to get into trouble with the Church. He had heard that Lancfranc disapproved of his marriage, and he sent his chaplain, accompanied by an embassy of courtiers, to win the good opinion of one so influential. Lancfranc, however, rather made light of the embassy; and, to the amusement of the scholars who surrounded him, could not refrain from exposing the ignorance of the royal chaplain. In a paroxysm of retaliatory rage, William ordered the 'insolent Lombard' to quit his dominions. Before doing so, however, he appeared before the Duke at Rouen; and the result was not only a reconciliation, but the commencement of a cordial understanding between them, which never experienced any interruption. Lancfranc's objection to the Duke's marriage related only to the fact of his not having obtained for it the dispensation of the Church; and he now undertook to procure this from Rome, where, at any rate, he had business of his own to transact at this time.

This business concerned the only part of Lancfranc's conduct that will scarcely bear defence—his connection with Berengarius. He and Berengarius had been early friends. A common love of learning had united them. But the great truth associated with the name of Berengarius was fast becoming darkened to the general consciousness of the Mediæval Church. The spiritual presence of Christ in the Eucharist was giving place to the dogma of transubstantiation, in conformity to the growing tendency to harden and sensualize all the mysteries of religion. Lancfranc, although learned, was not a theologian. He was probably ignorant of the earnest defence which Scotus Erigena had made a century and a half before of the old catholic doctrine against the incipient sacramental materialism of Paschasius Radbert. He was inclined, therefore, to fall in with the prevailing tendency of the Church. When Berengarius heard this, he addressed a somewhat contemptuous letter to his old friend, unpleasantly reminding him that his attainments in theology scarcely warranted him in pronouncing a judgment at all upon the matter, and still less in pronouncing heretical the opinion of such a man as Johannes Scotus. The result of this was an angry feud between the two scholars. Lancfranc threw himself vehemently into the controversy, and became the champion of the great Sacramentarian heresy as to the Corporeal Presence. His treatise, '*De Corpore et Sanguine Domini nostri*,' in which he elaborated the new doctrine, and attacked Berengarius with a successful, if coarse, vigour, was his most famous publication.

Having obtained the good graces of William of Normandy, Lancfranc was not allowed to rest in peace in his quiet retreat at

Bec. At the earnest entreaty of his new patron, he became Abbot of St Stephen's, and settled at Caen as preceptor to the royal children. Then he was pressed to accept the archbishopric of Rouen; and having declined this, the King would at last receive no refusal, when he invited him to become Primate of all England. For long he held out against the solicitations of the Queen, the nobles, and even his old friend the Abbot Herluin, who was persuaded to exert his influence with him. He set out for England in the hope of persuading William that his retired habits as a monk were not those fitted for such a position. But the King met all his scruples with kindness, grace, and dignity, and at length induced him to accept the office.

He was consecrated on the 29th of August 1070. The occasion was an imposing but melancholy one. The cathedral had been destroyed three years before by fire, and still lay in ruins. The Saxon inhabitants looked on with undissembled dislike at the Norman stranger. The country around was a scene of desolation: the Normans lurking in their castles for fear of the Saxons, and the Saxons disposed to insurrection, but incapable of systematic action. Lanfranc could not but look with regret to the happy and beautiful home that he had left in Normandy. He has himself with great vivacity described his position and its difficulties in a letter addressed to Alexander III.: 'In vain did I plead my own incapacity, my ignorance of the language, and of the barbarous people. They would not admit my plea, and why should I say more? I gave my consent—I came—I took the burden upon me; and such are the unmitigated cares and troubles to which I am daily exposed,—such the perturbations of mind caused by parties pulling in opposite directions, the harrowing cases, the losses, the harshness, the avarice, the meanness, the filthy conduct which I see and hear around me,—such the danger to which I see the Holy Church subjected, that I am weary of my life, and lament that it has been preserved to witness such times. But bad as is the present state of things, when I look around me, I fear that the future will be still worse.' He desired the interference of the Pope even at this stage to relieve him from the official burdens he had undertaken; but the Pope would not of course interfere, and nothing remained to Lanfranc but to set himself earnestly to the discharge of his duties, and to repair the waste places of the Zion over which he had been appointed to preside.

Accordingly,—having in the first instance made a visit to Rome, and obtained the pallium,—he began energetically the work of reorganizing the Church. He obtained royal authority to recover the alienated Church lands, even from the clutches of the imperious Odo, William's brother. He rebuilt the cathedral, and

established a Benedictine monastery in connection with it. The higher skill of the age in architecture enabled him to perform this work on a scale of more magnificence than before. The Normans had been forced to become architects from the exigencies of their position, both in Normandy and England, as conquerors holding possessions amidst a hostile people. They had learned to build strong houses and imposing churches. Yet it is a mistake to suppose that they were generally more advanced in civilisation than the Saxons. In the decorative arts and other processes of internal embellishment, the Saxons were their superiors; their houses and their churches were better furnished, in some cases with very rich and elaborate ornaments. In external architecture, however, they were greatly inferior; their houses were low and irregular in shape, and their ecclesiastical edifices were for the most part only log structures, built of the trunks of trees. The construction of the few stone churches they erected was of the rudest character, consisting of what is called 'long and short work,' bearing such analogy to wooden buildings as to have been called 'stone carpentry.'

Lancfranc knew at once how to vindicate the privileges of his position, and how to harmonize them with the royal authority. This was the great secret of his success. He was a churchman, but an English and not a Roman churchman. He laboured for the restoration of Church property; he vindicated his supremacy over the see of York; but he also concurred heartily with the King in laying down what may be called the fundamental principles of the constitution of the Church of England, whereby the royal power was recognised as supreme in Church as well as in State. No Pope was to be recognised, and no letters published from Rome without the royal consent. No laws or canons were to be passed by the Church of England in council assembled under its primate, and no ecclesiastic was to exercise judicial authority, or leave the country without the royal sanction. Thus broadly were the constitutional foundations of the Church of England laid at the very time that Gregory VII. was on the Papal throne. Lancfranc not merely assented to what was done, but himself guided and inspired the royal policy.

The ecclesiastical policy of William and Lancfranc was greatly marred, however, by one serious error. Hitherto there had been no distinction between lay and spiritual jurisdiction in England. The County Court was a spiritual as well as a temporal tribunal, where on the same bench sat the Bishop and the Ealdorman. The continental system was now introduced, and the ecclesiastical and civil court separated,—a mistake out of which the most serious conflicts and disturbances were destined to arise.

The relations between Lancfranc and the Anglo-Saxon clergy

were friendly upon the whole. He was, it is needless to say, a decided partisan of the Norman sovereignty, and where he thought it necessary he could act harshly in the assertion of Norman rights; but he was naturally a just and impartial man, and his conciliatory prudence and wisdom did much to smooth over the difficulties that were apt to arise between the Anglo-Saxon and Norman bishops. Hulfstan, the Anglo-Saxon Bishop of Worcester, was one of his most cordial friends, and next to himself stood highest in public estimation.

The conflict between the Anglo-Saxons and Normans extended throughout society and among all classes of the clergy. An attempt, by an imperious Abbot of Glastonbury, to change the service-books and tunes in use in the abbey, led ultimately to a revision of the ritual and offices of the Church, and the introduction of some degree of uniformity into them. Hitherto each bishop had arranged the rubrics of his diocese as he pleased, and the abbots claimed a similar authority within their monasteries. But, with the view of preventing such scandals as had happened in Glastonbury, the Bishop of Salisbury now drew up an order of service, or a 'custom book,' which was approved generally, and, under the name of the 'Use of Salisbury,' was wholly or partially adopted in various parts of the kingdom, especially in the south. With several interpolations introduced from time to time, this became the model ritual of the Church of England until the reign of Philip and Mary, when many of the clergy received licenses from Cardinal Pole to employ the Roman breviary. In the reign of Edward VI., and in that of Queen Elizabeth, the 'Use of Salisbury' became the basis of our present 'Book of Common Prayer.'

This took place in 1085; and Lancfranc showed his cordial approval of the plan by appointing the Bishop of Salisbury to act as Precentor of the Episcopal College, and to conduct the services whenever the prelates assembled in synod,—a title which the occupant of the see of Sarum retains to this day. Two years later William died, after giving instructions to the primate to anoint his second son, William Rufus, as his successor. The now aged primate soon followed his friend and master to the grave. He died on the 24th of May 1089, and was buried in Trinity Chapel, in the east end of the cathedral. No trace of his resting-place now remains, 'nor is there any monument extant erected to the memory of this consistent assertor of the liberties of the Church of England.'

The connection between Lancfranc and his successor is well known. The same monastery trained both to the same high office. We know little of Anselm till we find him a pupil under Lancfranc at Bec. Born in the north of Italy, like his teacher,

he inherited a more meditative and profound genius, and more tender religious susceptibilities. His heart was early inflamed with pious ardour by the example of a devoted mother, and the magnificent scenery which surrounded his birth-place. 'While yet a child, he dreamed that on the summit of one of those mountains, which taught the youthful dreamer to look from nature up to nature's God, he saw enthroned the King of kings. As he approached the throne of glory, he heard a still small voice asking the child's name. Unintimidated, Anselm approached his heavenly Father, and narrated every remembered incident of his short life. He received a piece of pure white bread, and departed strengthened and refreshed.' He resolved to devote himself from his youth to religion; but his father, a tyrannical and profligate nobleman, refused his assent; and the result was, that, following his mother's death, Anselm forgot his early impressions of piety, and plunged for some time into immoralities, which he afterwards deeply deplored.

It is at the monastery of Bec that we next hear of him; and it is needless to say how much Lanfranc appreciated his high abilities. But Anselm was ambitious, and did not care to occupy a merely secondary position at Bec. He thought of opening a school to be supported by his own resources, and he also contemplated connecting himself with the celebrated Abbey of Clugny. Lanfranc, however, persuaded him to settle as a monk at Bec, and on his own removal to Caen he succeeded him as prior. In this capacity, and subsequently as abbot, to which office he was promoted on Herluin's death, he was chiefly distinguished by his gentle manners, and thoughtful, studious habits. He was an earnest devotee and student, but an utterly unpractical abbot; so that the monks were in despair sometimes as to the very means of subsistence. He invited all and sundry to share his hospitality, and would forget to make any provision for them. When the poor 'Cellerarii and Camerarii' approached him, asking what was to be done, he would exclaim, 'Trust in the Lord: He will make provision for us.' 'He neglected his own meals while he sat absorbed in his books; seated at the common table, he would forget the food before him, in the ardour of his attention to the lector who was appointed to read a chapter of the Bible.' But he was easily interested in conversation, and, in mere absence of mind, he would swallow anything that might be placed in his way. It was a friendly amusement on the part of the monks with whom he was intimate, to push towards him first one piece of bread and then another, until he had made for him a tolerable dinner. But, though abstemious to a fault in himself, he had no moroseness about him: he was a man of wit, '*homo jucunditati prae-*

tissimus;' and when persons apologized for partaking of the viands from which he abstained, he only smiled and said, 'I hope your food will do you good.'

We mention these traits in Anselm's character because they readily give the clue to many parts of his subsequent conduct. They show a man unversed in the ways of the world, without any of the practical sagacity and administrative skill which distinguished his predecessor; and when we add to this unpractical character the effect of those ecclesiastical principles proceeding from Rome which, in common with his age, and unlike Lancfranc, he had abjectly adopted, we can at once understand his subsequent career, and the collisions into which he came with the royal authority. 'Anselm,' as Dr Hook says, 'was simply a Papist. He believed that St Peter was the prince of the apostles; that as such he was the source of all ecclesiastical authority; that the Pope was his successor; and that, consequently, to the Pope was due from bishops and metropolitans, as well as from the rest of mankind, the obedience which a spiritual suzerain had a right to expect from his vassals.' It was little else than a misfortune that such a man, whatever might be his ecclesiastical and theological eminence, should have been appointed to the primacy of England. More especially was it so that he should have been appointed to this position after having so long lived as a monk,—'an object of adulation, whose sayings were received as the dictates of wisdom, whose word was law. The men revered him, the women loved him, the religious world honoured him, the profane world regarded him as endowed with virtues more than human.' All the circumstances of his appointment helped to intoxicate his pride, and prepare the way for his future miscarriage. After the archiepiscopal see had been vacant for four years, William Rufus fell sick, and, under alarm of conscience for his harsh treatment of the Church, he nominated Anselm to the see. The announcement was received with a cry of exultation. Anselm, who had come to England professedly for other purposes, was sought out, and the crosier thrust into his reluctant hands amidst one of those scenes of 'nolo episcopari' celebrity which, from the time of Ambrose, mark the page of Church history.

Such a scene, if it really took place as represented, was far from a wise beginning; and Anselm's misunderstandings with the King date almost from the commencement. It was customary to present the King with a pecuniary present on appointment to such an office; and even this small affair Anselm could not manage with discretion. He deeply offended William, who rejected with contumely his inadequate offering. Anselm distributed the offering to the poor, and returned self-satisfied to

Canterbury. Nothing could move his deep self-complacency. He could not realize the dark resentment of such a nature as that of William Rufus; and from one thing to another, it came to an open rupture between them. When William wanted his benediction before departing to Normandy with his army, Anselm added a sermon to it, rebuking him for his vices, and his tolerance of so many ecclesiastical abuses. 'You have your own estate and rank,' he urged; 'they should suffice for your expenses; let the Church enjoy her own.' 'This conversation,' replied the King, 'is offensive to me. You know very well that your predecessor would never have dared to speak thus to my father. Go! I can do nothing for you.'

This was not a very hopeful relation between Primate and King; and instead of things mending they got worse, as increasing complications arose in the state of the kingdom, and the state of Christendom. Various Popes were contending at the time for supremacy. Anselm solicited permission to go to Rome to obtain the pallium. 'From which Pope?' asked the King. 'Urban II.,' was the reply. 'But him I have not acknowledged,' William fiercely responded. Anselm beyond all question was here in error. It was, we have seen, a fundamental principle of the English Church constitution, that the clergy were not to recognise any Pope without the royal sanction. The breach in such a cause was urgent and important. A meeting of peers and prelates was held on the 11th March 1095, to take the subject into consideration; and they decided unanimously, that Anselm, 'having violated the law of the land, should make an unconditional submission to the King.' But this was exactly what Anselm would not do; while the King, on the other hand, was reluctant to proceed to extremities against him. By the help of the papal legate the breach was patched up for a time; but similar causes soon brought a revival of ill-feeling. Anselm determined on a visit to Rome. The King persisted in refusing him permission to leave the kingdom. 'I shall go naked and on foot rather than desist from my undertaking,' said the obstinate Primate. He even ventured into the presence-chamber to reassert his determination, after the King had threatened that, if he carried out his intention, he would take possession of his office, and never receive him as archbishop again. 'I go, my lord,' he said, smiling, and with that strange unconsciousness of offence which he betrayed in his most offensive communications with the King; 'however sorry I feel on your account at what you have determined, on my own I bear it gladly. Your welfare does not the less affect my heart; and not knowing when I may see you again, I now, as a spiritual father to a son, as an Archbishop of Canterbury to the King of

England, offer you my benediction, if you do not reject it.' 'Your benediction,' said the King, 'I do not reject.' He bowed his head. The Archbishop with his right hand made over him the sign of the cross. They never met again.

Our space will not permit us to dwell on the remaining incidents of Anselm's career,—his visit to Rome—his eloquent defence of the Latin doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost in the Council of Bari, which was vigorously disputed by some Greeks who were present—his relations with Pope Urban, now flattered and now deceived—his return to France, and quiet devotion to his studies in the society of his friend Hugo of Lyons, until, three years from the date of his leaving England, messengers came to announce to him the death of William. He set out for England immediately: a messenger from King Henry met him on his way, who apologized for the King not having deferred his coronation till his return; and everything seemed to promise the re-establishment of friendly relations between him and the Crown. But this fair promise was soon belied. Anselm had tasted too long of the sweets of arbitrary power. He had no skill, as we have seen, to appreciate circumstances, and adapt himself to them. He could contentedly, or at least with resignation, forfeit everything, and spend his days gladly in quiet study, as he had done during the last three years in France; but place him once more in authority, and he must have his own will, irrespective of sense and reason. And so he had no sooner returned to England than he defied Henry, as he had done his brother. Henry announced his wish to restore the forfeited property of the church of Canterbury by reinstating Anselm in his barony, and for this purpose devised measures to be taken for his investiture. To the surprise of all, and the regret of the ecclesiastical no less than of the other peers, Anselm refused investiture at the hands of the King, a layman. This had come of his residence at Rome, and his increased sympathy with the ambitious pretensions of the Papacy. The right of investiture had become a subject of bitter feud between the Emperor and the Pope; and a synod, held at Rome in 1075, had forbidden ecclesiastics to receive investiture from the hands of emperor, king, or any layman. But no such prohibition had been hitherto recognised or heard of in England. The right of the King to confer all property had never been disputed; the whole feudal system rested upon it. It was impossible, therefore, that Henry could yield to Anselm; and the rupture between the head of the Church and of the State seemed likely to become as wide as before. Henry, however, was more patient and adroit than his brother. He proposed to Anselm that an embassy should be sent to Rome: not that he had any intention of abandoning his

privileges, but with a view to delay; and, in the meantime, he carefully cultivated the friendly feelings of the Archbishop.

The dispute underwent various phases. The King sent representatives to Rome; so did Anselm. Messengers returned with fair and flattering words to each: the Pope, pressed on the one hand by bribes and fears, and, on the other hand, by the professed principles of his office, did not know how to resolve the difficulty. Anselm even made a journey himself to Rome without obtaining a decision in his favour. And probably the matter would have remained unsettled, had not Henry proposed a compromise, to which Anselm at length assented. He waived the ceremony of investiture, on condition that the Archbishop should do homage and take the oath of fealty. He retained, in short, the substance of power, while yielding the form of it.

Anselm's remaining days were spent in peace, cheered by the friendship and devotion of the Queen Matilda, daughter of Malcolm of Scotland and the sainted Margaret. Matilda inherited her mother's ardent religious feelings and attachment to the Church. When Anselm landed for the last time at Dover, after the compromise had been arranged with Henry, she appeared, with her husband's permission, at the head of the procession by which he was met; 'and she personally superintended the arrangements which were necessary to provide for him the comforts required by his severe illness and his advanced years.'

We could have wished to direct the attention of our readers to Anselm as a theologian; and especially to the two chief works by which he has left an impress on all later theology, viz., his *Proslogion Seu Alloquium de Dei Existentia*, and his *Cur Deus Homo*. To these two works Christian literature may be said to owe the *a priori* argument for the being of a God, and the theory of satisfaction as explanatory of the atonement,—two fertile ideas, which have borne abundant fruit in after times. It is impossible for us, however, at the close of this paper, even to approach such a subject. We are also reluctantly compelled by our diminishing space to forego any detailed notice of the third, and in some respects the most remarkable, of the three great Norman prelates—Thomas à Becket. His life is in itself an epoch in English history, and has been largely treated in our recent literature by Canon Robertson, Dean Milman, and Dr Stanley.

Becket was the natural sequel to Anselm, although personally a man of quite another character: the one worldly, showy, and self-seeking; the other spiritual, moderate, and self-forgetting. But these very differences of character only prove the more strongly the strength of that ecclesiastical spirit which

Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman Christianity.

so strongly shared, and which moulded such contrasted natures to the same form of resistance and usurpation. Both alike the creatures of their times. The idea of the Church which they had been raised up to represent so dominated in them as to destroy every other interest, right, or feeling. They were carried along in the swell of the hierarchical tide, which rose to its highest mark.

Yet they were not only different men; but they played their parts differently, although to the same end. Anselm believed in the Church as the child in its mother. He had a simple faith in her claims and powers, which cost him no reflection and no calculation. In defying William Rufus and his brother, he followed an instinct which he could not help, rather than an idea which deliberately ruled him. It is impossible to credit Becket, at least, with any such faith. He had never been a monk; he had never even been much of a student; he had lived in the Court and in the camp. 'A pretty saint!' he had said of himself, pointing to his gay attire, when Henry first proposed to create him Archbishop. His intellect, unlike that of Anselm, had not been moulded to the ecclesiastical tendencies of his time. With him, therefore, the policy which he adopted was a clearly considered and well developed policy. When he yielded to the prevalent ecclesiastical spirit, and placed himself, to speak, at the head of the religious world, he was carried along by the stream; but he also knew very well what he was doing. He obeyed no blind instinct—no mere religious faith—but a clear and well defined plan of interest. Once Archbishop, to do him justice, he did not covet the position—he ceased to be Chancellor. He felt he had chosen his side, and that it was a different side from that of the King, which he had formerly shared with all the zeal natural to him in whatever he did. There is no evidence that this gave him any distress; that he had any thought of ingratitude to Henry, or of the pain of breaking the old friendly relations between them. The King was moved by the thought; but not so Becket. He was a partizan; and as he had served the King's interests without scruple while he was his Chancellor, so he resolved to serve the Church without scruple when he was her Archbishop. In all cases he obeyed the impulses of a narrow but intense nature, of a mind acute, versatile, tenacious, and powerful, yet without elevation or comprehension. And the spirit which he manifested in his life he consecrated by his death. It was the spirit which was so rich, rampant, powerful, and self-asserting, rather than humble, patient, and bearing the cross, which sought the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket to worship there.

- ART. III.—1. *On the Connection between the Distribution of the Existing Fauna and Flora of the British Isles, and the Geological Changes which have affected their Area, especially during the Epoch of the Northern Drift.* By Professor EDWARD FORBES, F.R.S., etc. (From the Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. Vol. I. London, 1846.)
2. *Cybele Britannica; or, British Plants and their Geographical Relations.* By HEWETT COTTRELL WATSON. Longman and Co. 1847.
3. *The Botanist's Guide to the Counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine.* By G. DICKIE, A.M., M.D. Aberdeen, 1860.
4. *Various Papers descriptive of Excursions among the Highland Mountains, in the Transactions of the Edinburgh Botanical Society.*
5. *The Vegetation of Europe—its Conditions and Causes.* By Prof. HENFREY, F.L.S. London: Van Voorst. 1852.
6. *G. Wahlenberg's Flora Lapponica.* Berolini. 1812.
7. *Bentham's British Flora.* Lovell Reeve. 1858.
8. *Grundriss der Pflanzengeographie.* Von F. J. F. MEYEN, Ph.D. Berlin, 1836.
9. *Fr. Schouw Grundzüge einer Allgemeiner Pflanzengeographie.* Berlin, 1823.

OF all the departments into which the science of botany has been subdivided, confessedly the most interesting and delightful is that which received from its founder, Baron von Humboldt, the expressive name of Botanical Geography. This branch of the science investigates the apparent causes by which the contrasts and diversities of the characteristic plants of different countries have been produced, and answers, in a way that had been impossible less than sixty years ago, many of the most interesting and complicated questions regarding the production and distribution of vegetable life on the surface of the globe. As might have been expected, from the novel and charming nature of the study, it has attracted many enthusiastic students, whose labours, conducted in a true philosophical spirit, have contributed greatly in raising the whole science of phytology from the domain of dilettanteism into a more intellectual sphere. The works whose titles are placed at the head of this article—and the list might have been greatly extended if every important and valuable publication on the subject had received a place in it—may give some idea of the zeal with which this department has been cultivated, and the rich results it has yielded in so short a space of time. We have selected these works, not be-

cause they are better than those omitted, but because they refer more particularly to the section of British Alpine Botany which it is our special purpose to review in the following pages.

Mountains exercise a peculiar and powerful fascination over the imagination. They transport us out of the fictitious atmosphere of civilisation, and the cramping air of the world of taskwork, into the region of poetry and freedom. Among their serene and quiet retreats, the fevered, conventional life, brought face to face with the purity and the calm of nature, reverts to its primitive simplicity, the mind recovers its original elasticity, and the heart glows with its native warmth. Every individual finds in them something to admire, and to suit the tendencies of his mind. To the patriot they are the monuments of history, which have attracted to themselves, by kindred sympathy, some of the most remarkable events that have diversified the life of nations,—guardians of liberty whose high, embattled ridges form an impenetrable rampart against the invading foe, and nourish within their fastnesses a hardy race, free as their own wild winds. To the poet they are the altars of nature, on which the golden-robed sun offers his morning and evening sacrifice—footstools of God, before which his soul kneels, hushed in awe and reverence. To the philosopher they are the theatres in which the mightiest forces of nature are seen in intensest action,—the storehouses in which are treasured up all the sources of earth's beauty and fertility; while to the devotional mind they are types of the stability of the Christian promises,—emblems of the Infinite, the Eternal, and the Unchangeable.

The fascination which mountains exercise extends to all that is connected with them. Their own sublimity and grandeur are reflected, as it were, upon all their productions; and the lowliest object that hides under their shadow, or is nourished by their soil, acquires from that circumstance an importance which does not intrinsically belong to it. Hence the peculiar charm which all botanists find in the pursuit of alpine botany. The plants which grow upon the rugged sides, and the bleak storm-scalped summits of the mountains, cannot generally be compared, in point of variety and beauty of colouring, and luxuriance of growth, with the flowers of the plains. They are, for the most part, tiny plants, that, among their leaves of light, have no need of flowers—harmonizing in all their characters with their dreary habitats, and claiming apparently a closer affinity to the grey lichens and the brown mosses among which they nestle, than to their bright sisters of the valleys. But by their comparative rarity, by the magnificent and almost boundless prospects obtained from their elevated haunts, and by the exhilarating nature of the mountain breezes and scenery, they are surrounded by a

halo of interest far exceeding that connected with woodland flowers; and a glowing enthusiasm is felt in their collection which cannot be experienced in the tamer and less adventurous pursuit of lowland botany.

The British mountains—whose vegetation we have to describe—occupy but a very subsidiary position among the great mountain ranges of the earth. The highest peak in which they culminate does not reach the line of perpetual snow; no avalanche thunders over their precipices to bury the villages at their base in ruins; no glacier brings eternal winter down from his elevated throne into the midst of green corn fields and cultivated valleys, or yawns in dangerous crevasses across the traveller's path; and no volcano reddens the horizon with its lurid smoke and flame. Ages innumerable have passed away since the glacier flowed down their sides, and left its polished or striated marks on the rocks, to be deciphered by the skill of the geologist; and those hills which once passed through a fiery ordeal, and poured their volcanic floods over the surrounding districts, now form the firmest foundations of the land, and afford quiet, grassy pasturages for the sheep. Our mountains, indeed, possess few or none of those awful and sublime attributes, which invest the lofty ranges of other lands with gloom and terror. Their very storms are usually modified and subdued, as if in harmony with their humbler forms. Though they tower to the sky, they seem nearer to the familiar earth; and a large share of the beauty and verdure of the plains do they lift up with them in their everlasting arms for the blessing of heaven. Every part of their domains is free and open to the active foot of the wanderer; there are few or no inaccessible precipices or profound abysses to form barriers in his way; he can plant his foot on their highest summits with little expenditure of breath and toil; and a few hours will bring him from the stir and tumult of life in the heart of the populous city to their loneliest and wildest recesses. Well do we love our native hills; for we have spent some of the happiest days of our life in wandering amid their solitudes, following our fancies fearlessly wherever they led us. We have seen them in all seasons, and in all their varied aspects. In the dim dawn, when, swathed in cold dark clouds, they seemed like 'awful countenances veiled,' yet speaking in the tongues of a hundred unseen waterfalls; in the still noon-day, when, illumined with sunshine, every cliff and scar on their sides stood out distinctly and prominently against the pure clear sky; at sunset, when, amid the masses of burnished gold that lay piled up in the west—'the glow of fire that burns without consuming'—they seemed like the embers of a universal conflagration; in the holy twilight, when they appeared to melt into the purple beauty of a dream,

and the golden summer moon and the soft bright star of eve rose solemnly over their brows, lighting them up with a mystical radiance; and in the lone dark waste of midnight, when from lake and river the long trailing mists crept up their sides without hiding their far-off summits, on which twinkled, like earth-lighted watchfires, a few uncertain stars. We have gazed on them in the beauty of summer, when the heather was in full bloom, and for miles and miles they glowed in masses of the loveliest purple; in the changing splendour of autumn, when the deep green of the herbage gave place to the russet hues of the fading flowers, the rich orange of the ferns, and the dark brown of the mosses; and in the dreary depth of winter, when storms during the whole twilight day howled around them, or, when robed from foot to crown in a garment of the purest snow, they seemed meet approaches to 'the great white throne.' In all these aspects they were beautiful, and in all they excited thoughts and emotions which no human language could adequately express.

Offering such facilities for search, it is not surprising that the vegetable productions of the British mountains should have been thoroughly investigated. Long before botany became organized as a distinct science, our alpine flora attracted a large share of the attention of scientific men. In the days of Linnæus—stimulated by the enthusiastic impulse communicated by that remarkable man to every department of physical research—a band of devoted botanists undertook the exploration of the Highland mountains,—a task by no means so easy then as in this age of steamboats and railroads. The whole of the northern districts encircled by the mighty ramparts of the Grampian range was a *terra incognita*—virtually almost as remote from the civilised regions beyond as the wilds of Labrador. There were no roads, no conveyances, or other means of communication with the south. The adventurous men who first opened up this wild territory to the researches of science were peculiarly adapted for the task of practical scientific pioneers. Endowed with vigorous frames and strong constitutions, they could endure a great amount of privation and fatigue with impunity. The names of Menzies, Lightfoot, Dickson, Stewart, and Don must be familiar to every botanist as those of men who contended with innumerable obstacles in the prosecution of their favourite science, then in its feeblest infancy, and popularly regarded with indifference, if not with contempt. The memory of the last mentioned botanist especially is firmly engrafted in botanical literature, in connection with his great services in this department. Such was his enthusiastic love of alpine plants, that he spent whole months at a time collecting them among the gloomy

solitudes of the Grampians ; his only food a little meal, or a bit of crust moistened in the mountain burn, and his only couch a bed of heather or moss in the shelter of a rock. Before the storms of winter were over, and while the snow still lay far down on the sides of the mountains, he began his wanderings in search of his favourites ; and often did he linger on till the last autumn flower withered in the red October sunlight, and the shortening days and scowling heavens warned him of the universal desolation fast approaching. The whole of western Aberdeenshire and northern Forfarshire and Perthshire—where the loftiest mountains of Britain have congregated together, storming the sky in every direction with their gigantic peaks, and filling the whole visible scene with themselves and their shadows—was almost as familiar to him as the circumscribed landscape around his native place. Nothing of any interest or importance on these great ranges escaped his eagle eye ; and from his numerous visits, and his lengthened sojourn among them, he was enabled to make many interesting discoveries, and to add an unusually large number of species to the flora of Britain. His discoveries were speedily followed up by others. Professors Graham and Hooker, year after year, conducted their pupils to the summits of the Highland hills ; and, not satisfied with a mere cursory visit, they carried tents and provisions with them, and encamped for a week or a fortnight in spots favourable for their investigations. So frequently within the last few years—particularly under the able leadership of Professor Balfour and Dr Greville, whose annual class excursions are well known throughout Scotland, and highly prized by all who have the privilege of sharing in them—have the vegetable productions of the principal mountain ranges been investigated, that the most lynx-eyed botanist can now scarcely hope to do more than add a new station for some of the rarer plants ; the discovery of a new species being regarded as a very improbable event. We ourselves have spent years in botanizing over almost every part of the Central and Western Highlands, without discovering a single new species, not even a moss or lichen, before unknown. Indeed, we are satisfied that no portion of country anywhere else of equal extent, and presenting the same irregularity of surface, has been so minutely examined and so thoroughly exhausted of its floral treasures. We are, therefore, in a position to give a pretty accurate and definite idea of our alpine vegetation.

The botanist who takes a comprehensive view of the plants of Great Britain, will find that, excluding exotic species derived from other countries by direct human agency, they may be included in four tolerably distinct groups, which, from their relations to the flora of other parts of Europe, point to a diver-

sified origin. By far the largest portion of our vegetation is composed of forms which are abundant over the whole of Central and Western Europe; and from their common occurrence on both sides of the German Ocean, have received the name of Germanic plants. In the south-western and southern counties of England, especially where rocks of the cretaceous system prevail, we find a numerous assemblage of plants which are seen nowhere else in the British Isles, and which, from their close relation to the flora of the north-west of France and the Channel Islands, have been denominated plants of the French type. A small but very distinct group of hardy and prolific species is confined to the mountainous districts in the west and south-west of Ireland. These plants, hardly numbering a score, belong principally to the saxifrage and heath families, and are forms either peculiar to, or abundant in, the peninsula of Spain and Portugal, and especially in Asturias. Their co-existence in spots now so widely separated by sea, is, according to Professor Forbes, owing to the geological union, at the close of the miocene epoch, between the west of Ireland and the north of Spain. This peculiar group, of which we have a familiar example in the common London Pride of our gardens—originally a native of the Irish hills—is therefore supposed to be the oldest living vegetation in Britain. Lastly, we have the Highland type, which comprehends the species limited to the mountains and their immediate vicinity. This class embraces all the alpine plants, and contains about a fifteenth of the whole flora of Britain—the number of distinct species amounting to upwards of a hundred. To the most superficial observer, viewed as a whole, they will appear strikingly different from the plants which he is accustomed to see beside his path in the low grounds. The Laplanders and Esquimaux are not more unlike the inhabitants of England and Scotland, than the alpine flora is unlike that of the plains. Their most prominent peculiarity is their gregarious or social habit—covering the barren turf with dense uniform tufts, composed of innumerable individuals, whose short and strong, or crooked and prostrate stalks, are profusely covered with branches, leaves, and flowers in one tangled mass. Their roots are usually very woody, or, like those of bulbous plants, wrapped up in membranaceous coverings; and their stems are strongly inclined to form buds. They are almost all perennial, the number of annuals being exceedingly small. A considerable number of the British alpine plants are not distinguished for their gay colouring; but, considering the tribe as a whole, they are specially remarkable for the large size of their flowers in proportion to that of the foliage, and the light and beautiful colours with which they are tinted. White is perhaps the most

common colour of the flowers on the Highland hills ; but on the Alps, the Andes, and the Himalayas—where the skies are freer from clouds, and the sunlight more brilliant—the intenser hues, such as blue, yellow, violet, and red predominate. In all these typical peculiarities, which, it may be remarked, are special adaptations to the unfavourable circumstances in which they are placed, they bear a very close resemblance to the plants of the Polar Zone ; and this similarity in the character of the vegetation may be traced from the Arctic regions to the Equator, if we compare, on the mountains of the different zones, the corresponding higher regions, where the isothermal lines are the same, with each other. It must be understood, however, that, except in cases where the plants were originally derived from one centre of distribution, through migration over continuous or closely continuous land, the relationship of alpine and arctic vegetation in the southern hemisphere, under similar conditions with that of the northern, is entirely maintained by representative, and not by identical species,—the representation, too, being in great part *generic*, and not *specific*.

A very interesting question here arises,—What is the origin of these plants on the British hills ? We can hardly suppose them to be indigenous ; for they evidently maintain their existence, in the very limited areas to which they are confined, with extreme difficulty, and are comparatively few in number, and poor and meagre in appearance. For these reasons we are fairly entitled to conclude that they are members of specific centres beyond their own area, and these centres must be sought in places where the physical conditions are most favourable for their growth, and where they attain the utmost profusion and luxuriance of which they are constitutionally capable. Now, if we examine the flora of the Lapland and Norwegian mountains, we find that it is not only specifically identical with that of the British Isles, but also that the species of the former are more numerous, and exhibit a greater development of individual forms, than those of the latter, constituting in many places the common continuous vegetation of extensive districts. This fact seems to indicate the Scandinavian mountains as the geographical centres from which we have derived our alpine plants ; and, as might have been expected, allowing this supposition to be true, their gradual migration southwards may be very distinctly traced by the species left behind on numerous intervening points. On the Faroe Islands, for instance, we have three plants of the Scandinavian type which have stopped short there—viz., *Saxifraga tricuspidata*, *Kœnigia islandica*, and *Ranunculus nivalis*. In the Shetland Islands, the *Arenaria Norvegica*, a common plant on the mountain plateaus of Norway, reaches its southern

limits. On the northern shores of the mainland, the beautiful Scottish primrose appears and ceases. A rich assemblage of northern forms is found on the loftiest Highland mountains, distributed apparently from north-east to south-west, in such a manner as to indicate the line of migration. Several species were left behind on the Braemar mountains; while an unusually large proportion is confined to the Breadalbane range, and does not occur further south. Upwards of a score of plants found on the Scottish Alps do not reach the English mountains; while several species are to be met with on Skiddaw and other hills in the north of England which do not extend to the Snowdonian range—Ireland receiving only a few sporadic species. We find the last representatives of this peculiar vegetation on the Alps of Switzerland, at various elevations from 6000 to 10,000 feet, growing in great luxuriance among a representative flora special in its region,—a few stragglers reaching the Pyrenees in the west, and the Carpathian mountains in the east. We thus find a gradual diminution of the Scandinavian flora as we advance southwards,—a convincing proof that it has been diffused in that direction from its original centres of distribution on the elevated ranges of Norway and Lapland; and, regarded from this point of view, Alpine plants may be divided into the *boreal* type, comprehending those species which are confined to the north of Europe, and do not reach farther south than Wales, and the *Alpino-boreal*, which not only extend over the most elevated land in the British Isles, but also occur in abundance at high altitudes on the Swiss Alps and the Pyrenees.

Having thus ascertained the region from which our alpine vegetation was derived, we have next to account for its transmission. Norway and Britain, at the present day, are widely separated from each other by an extensive ocean; and no modes of transportation now in operation are sufficient to account for the extension of the peculiar plants of the one country to the mountain ranges of the other, in such a manner as we find them distributed. The problem was quite inexplicable on the supposition formerly entertained, that there has been no striking alteration in the condition of the earth's surface since the present flora of the globe was created, and that the relations of Britain and Norway to each other have always been the same as they are now. It need not be wondered at, therefore, that botanists took refuge from the difficulty in the hypothesis that species have been created indifferently, wherever the conditions were fitted for their growth. But now that we know, from recently ascertained geological facts, that great changes affecting the arrangement of land and water throughout the north of Europe have taken place during the period of the existence of modern vege-

tation, the key to the mystery has been ascertained. Attention was first directed to this inquiry by the late lamented Professor E. Forbes, at the meeting of the British Association in 1845; and his views on the subject—supported by the most ample, and, we think, conclusive evidence, derived from botanical, geological, and more especially zoological facts—are published at considerable length in the ‘Memoirs of the Geological Survey.’ It may seem a superfluous task to direct attention to these views, considering the length of time they have been before the scientific public; but we are persuaded they are not so well known as they ought to be; and to many of our readers a brief popular delineation of them will come with all the interest of novelty.

Geological researches have furnished us with two fixed points in time between which this migration of Scandinavian plants to the British hills took place. It must have occurred after the deposition of the London Clay, or the eocene tertiary epoch; for the organic remains found in that formation belong to a flora very different from, and requiring a far warmer climate than, any now existing on the European continent. And, on the other hand, our great deposits of peat furnish us with conclusive evidence that it must have happened before the epoch usually designated ‘historical.’ Between these two periods, geological changes occurred which greatly altered the surface of our islands, and modified their climate and the distribution of their organic forms. From the relics left behind, we learn that a great part of the existing area of Great Britain, especially the lowland plains and valleys, was covered with the waters of a sea which extended over the north and centre of Europe, and was characterized by phenomena nearly identical with those now presenting themselves on the north-east coast of America within the line of summer floating ice. This was the sea of the glacial period—properly so styled—when a condition of climate existed which will account for all the organic phenomena observed in the boulder clays and pleistocene drifts. In the midst of this sea, the various mountain ranges and isolated hills, which now tower high above the surrounding country, were islands, whose bases and sides were washed by the cold waves and abraded by the passing ice-floes, and whose summits were covered in many places with glaciers, which left their enduring and unmistakeable records on the rocks, and in the moraines at their foot. It was at this period that our now elevated regions received the flora and fauna observed upon them at the present day. Owing to their favourable position in the midst of an ice-covered sea, the means of transport existed in abundance; and the arctic flora thus brought down, and gradually disseminated over all the islands as far as the sea extended, has ever since been able to maintain

its footing, even under the altered climate of our times, according to the general law of climatal influence, through the elevation of the tracts which it inhabits. 'This flora would probably differ slightly in different parts of its area, and hence part of the variations now existing between the alpine floras of Europe. Differences might further result from accidental destruction of the localities of plants scattered sporadically, and from the extinction of forms by various causes during the long period which has elapsed since they first became mountain plants.'

There is one remarkable fact which may be noticed in passing, as affording something like circumstantial evidence in favour of this theory. At an elevation of between 3000 and 4000 feet on the principal mountain ranges of Scotland, the botanist is astonished to observe the common sea-pink growing among the rocks in the utmost profusion. It is precisely identical with that which forms so ornamental a feature in the scenery of our sea-coasts; in chemical composition, and in botanical appearance and structure, little or no difference can be detected between specimens gathered in both localities. Nor is it in the Highlands of Scotland alone that the plant is found in such an unusual situation. All over the continent of Europe it occurs on the highest mountains, passing from the coast over extensive tracts of country. It has never been found in the intermediate plains and valleys, except when it has been brought down by mountain streams. This singular circumstance, otherwise inexplicable, would seem strongly to indicate that our mountain chains, as well as those of Northern and Central Europe, were once, as Professor Forbes asserts, islands in the midst of an extensive sea. Plants of sub-arctic and maritime character would then flourish to the water's edge, some of which would afterwards disappear under altered climatal and physical conditions, leaving the hardiest behind. Another survivor of the ancient maritime flora which once clothed our mountain sides on a level with the glacial waves, is the *Cochlearia Greenlandica*, or scurvy grass, so called from its peculiar medicinal use. Abundant on all our sea-coasts, and never growing inland, it is found in isolated spots at a great elevation on the Highland hills. It may easily be known by its thick tufts, bearing the small white flowers and hot acrid leaves peculiar to the cress tribe. It is so hardy as to defy the severest cold of the arctic regions, being found by polar navigators in Melville Island, under the snow, at the very furthest limit of vegetation. Farther down, on the sides of our great mountain ranges, we still occasionally observe the *Plantago maritima*, another plant existing nowhere else but on the sea-shore. During the glacial epoch it would flourish in a lower zone than the others, nearer the water's edge, and hence its peculiar alti-

tudinal position at the present day. These three examples, for which no other plausible explanation can be offered, go far to substantiate the theory of the transmission of the Scandinavian flora to our islands, in consequence of the great changes of surface and climate which took place during the glacial epoch.

Our alpine plants may be distributed in three distinct zones of altitude, characterized by Mr Watson in his admirable 'Cybele Britannica' differently from the usual mode. We have first the *super-arctic* zone, bounded below by the limit of the common heather at an elevation of about 3000 feet, and defined negatively by the absence, rather than the presence, of particular plants, only two species being peculiar to it in this country. This zone, characterized as that of the herbaceous willow without the heather, occurs only in the Highland provinces, where the highest mountains have their summits considerably above the limits of the heather. We have next, lower down, the *mid-arctic* zone, lying between the heather line and that of the cross-leaved heath, at about 2000 feet, characterized by the heather without the heath. This comprehends the highest mountains of England, Wales, and Ireland, and all the great ranges of Scotland, and contains by far the largest proportion of rare and beautiful alpine plants, being especially rich in arctic forms. And, lastly, we have the *infer-arctic* zone, bounded above by the Erica and below by the bracken, and the limits of cultivation at about 1400 feet. Of course in this zone, which may be characterized as that of the cross-leaved heath without the brake fern, the plants approach more closely to the lowland type, though containing a large number of species of the true alpine and arctic form. These three zones of altitude are distinguished generally by the affinity of their flora to that of the most northern parts of Europe, Siberia, and America, and in a less degree to that of the higher parts of the Swiss Alps, Pyrenees, and Carpathians. We must regard this arrangement, however, though very convenient for general purposes, as so far arbitrary and artificial; for nature is never precise and definite in her lines of demarcation: on the one hand, many alpine plants growing indiscriminately in all the three zones, and descending in some places even to the sea-shore; while, on the other hand, many common lowland species come up from the cultivated regions, and grow on the highest summits, although suffering a stunting of their habit from the severer climate. Accidental or local circumstances produce considerable variations in the altitude of the various species. The violent storms which frequently rage in mountain regions sometimes detach fragments of soil, in which several species are rooted, and plant them far down among the productions of the valley; the alpine streams not only bring down the seeds of

alpine plants, but also, to a certain extent, the cold of the summits, so that their banks will support the species of a severer climate than is natural to the latitude and elevation. On the other hand, deep lakes and other large sheets of water—as they are less liable to sudden changes than the atmosphere, and preserve a nearly equal temperature all the year round—sensibly mitigate the climate of the mountains in their immediate vicinity, at considerable heights above their surface; hence we not unfrequently find, at an elevation of 2000 and even 3000 feet, the plants peculiar to the edge of the water and the lowest declivities blooming in great abundance and luxuriance. On the southern slopes of great ranges which are sheltered from the northern blasts, and more exposed to the light and heat of the sun, the same species are found at a higher altitude than on the northern sides. The range, as well as the character, of the flora is also greatly influenced by the geological construction of the mountains—the number of shady rocks and moist precipices, or comparatively smooth grassy slopes; the direction and nature of the prevailing winds; the frequency of streams and wells; and above all, by the geographical position of the hills,—whether they form part of an extensive and continuous chain, carrying the general level of the country to a considerable height above the sea-line, and abounding in elevated plateaus and corries, or whether they form conical or isolated peaks rising abruptly from the plains. Considerable allowances must also be made for different latitudes; for though the area of the British Isles is somewhat limited, there is a considerable difference between the temperature of the northern and southern points; so that the isothermal lines of Caithness and Sutherland, at an elevation of 1300 feet, correspond to those of the summit of Snowdon. The mean annual temperature in the south-west of England is 52° ; whereas in the central districts of Scotland it is only 47° , and in the north-east counties as low as 46° or even 45° ,—one degree being deducted for inland localities under the same latitude, and one degree for each three hundred feet of elevation above the level of the sea. Attributing their due influence to all these disturbing causes, it will be found, with tolerable regularity and definiteness, that the region occupied by the true alpine flora extends from an elevation of 2000 feet to the summits of our highest mountains. This region, as may easily be imagined, is the dreariest and most desolate portion of our country. Exposed to the strife of the elements in all their unbridled fury; swept over unobstructedly by the howling wind that issues as from caverns of ice in the bleak north; drenched by torrents of rain, and battered by fierce showers of hail and sleet, often from the bosom of the same impending cloud; alternately, as in the pur-

gatory of Dante, 'a sofferir tormenti caldi e geli,' scorched by the sunshine and blighted by the frost—lying for eight months of the year under immense masses of snow, and for the other four months not unfrequently baked under the fiery glare of an almost tropical sunshine into a brick-like consistency—the vegetation of this region is necessarily of the scantiest and most primitive nature. There is no continuous sward of verdure; the grass, when it occurs at all, is of an arctic type, and grows at long intervals in wiry stunted tufts. There is no heather to empurple with its lovely blossoms the arid slopes; for we are here above the line where this hardy plant disappears in its social character, and only occurs in the form of a few erratic clumps. The elevation and exposure prevent the growth of ferns, except of a few species—such as *Polystichum Lonchitis*, *Woodsia hyperborea*, and *Cystopteris montana*—northern forms—the last two of which are remarkably rare in this country, being found only on the ledges of rocks on the Breadalbane mountains. Mosses and lichens, and the procumbent arctic willow (*Salix herbacea*), hardly raising their slender stems from the soil, are the only plants which grow so continuously and profusely as to affect the appearance of the scenery.

A large proportion of our alpine plants are universally diffused, being found in abundance on all the British mountains of sufficient elevation. To this number especially belong the saxifrages,—a peculiarly alpine family, being mostly confined to cold elevated situations all over the world; and whose predominance in such places has given rise to Schouw's Phyto-geographical Kingdom of Saxifragae and Musci, corresponding to our arctic zone. Their pretty starry flowers may be found decking the streamlet's bank in this country, from the hills of Sutherland to those of Wales and Ireland. The alpine *Alchemilla* carpets with its satiny leaves the sides of every mountain at a certain elevation; the *Sibbaldia procumbens*, somewhat resembling it, is abundant on all the Highland hills, though it does not penetrate farther south; the lovely *Silene acaulis*, like cushions of greenest moss covered with myriads of rosy flowers, is common everywhere above the altitude of 2000 feet; while the mountain rue (*Thalictrum alpinum*), the cloudberry—beautiful in flower, and especially grateful in fruit—the white alpine *Cerastium*, the purple-rayed *Erigeron*, the snowy *Dryas*, the blue *Veronica*, the alpine *Saussurea* and *Potentilla*, are comparatively common on all the higher ranges of England, Wales, and Scotland. There are several species, however, which, owing to their beauty, their rarity, or some peculiar circumstance connected with their distribution, deserve more notice than that given to

the above plants. In the botanical works prefixed to this article, they are necessarily described in language too technical to be understood by a reader who has not specially studied the subject. Our remaining space shall therefore be occupied in rescuing these plants from their obscurity, and endeavouring to interest our friends in their beauties and peculiarities.

The Aberdeenshire mountains, from their great elevation and geographical position, lying in one of the directions taken by the Scandinavian flora in its descent to southern latitudes, exhibit a large proportion of alpine forms, which might have been still larger were it not for unfavourable geological and climatal conditions. They possess in great luxuriance, on the sides and summits of their highest peaks, no less than three species of shrubby lemon-coloured lichens highly peculiar to Iceland and Lapland, and found nowhere else in this country. The restriction of these cryptogams to so narrow a corner of our island—considering the facility with which their light, invisible spores may be disseminated by winds and waves, and their capacity of enduring the utmost extremes of temperature—can only be explained by the supposition that the Cairngorm mountains first intercepted and retained them. Of phanerogamous plants, two at least are confined to this district. Of these, the *Mulgedium alpinum*—a large, coarse plant of the thistle tribe, with erect stems from two to three feet high, producing deep blue florets late in summer—grows in moist, rocky situations in Northern and Arctic Europe and Asia; but in this country is restricted to the Loch-na-gar and Clova mountains, where it is rapidly disappearing. We gathered it several years ago in a locality where we believe it is now extinct,—the ledge of a sloping and rugged precipice on the north side of Ben-Muich-Dhu, down which a stream, rising in the upper ranges of the hill, falls in a succession of cascades for nearly 3000 feet into the waters of Loch Avon. It is a curious and noteworthy circumstance, by the way, that on the summit of Ben-Muich-Dhu, although more than 4300 feet in height, we find none of the plants which belong to Watson's super-arctic zone; the species observed beside the cairn which crowns the highest point, being such as are common even at the lowest limit of alpine vegetation on the English as well as the Highland mountains. This striking exception to the general rule is, however, to be explained by local circumstances, unfavourable to the growth of the species characteristic of the highest zone, and peculiarly favourable to those introduced from a lower region. The same may be said regarding the plants of Ben Nevis, the highest British peak. The loftiest part of this hill is so dry and rocky, and the summit itself so completely macadamized with huge masses of stone, that hardly any vege-

tation, save lichens and mosses, will grow on it. It is impossible to imagine, even in the polar regions, any spot more barren and leafless. The plants of the super-arctic and mid-arctic zones, which should be found there owing to its height, are therefore obliged to accommodate themselves in the infer-arctic zone, where the necessary conditions of soil and moisture exist. One of the two plants characteristic of the highest zone—viz., the *Saxifraga rivularis*—occurs on the hill, but considerably below its normal limits. It grows at an altitude of 3000 feet, in a spot irrigated, while the plant is in flower, by water trickling from the melting snow above.

On the Braemar mountains, another alpine plant of deeply interesting character is found. The *Astragalus alpinus*—a species of vetch—crowns the summit of Craigindal, a hill about 3000 feet high, in the vicinity of Ben Avon and Ben-na-bourd. It is confined almost exclusively to this neighbourhood, and is found there in two or three localities at considerable distances from each other, but characterized by the same geological formation, viz., a very pure, compact felspar. These mountains form the most southern limit of this plant. Tracing the Grampian chain for twenty or thirty miles south-east, until it forms the Clova group of hills, we find collected in that narrow space two other plants, each of which is restricted in its range to rocks of the same specific character, and therefore comprised within a very limited area. One of these, the *Oxytropis campestris*—also a species of vetch, with pale yellow flowers tinged with purple—is known by reputation, if not by sight, as one of the rarest of British plants, and therefore one of the most desirable acquisitions to the herbarium. Common on the mountain pastures and alpine rocks in the arctic regions of Europe, America, and Siberia, it is confined in Britain to one cliff in Clova, severed from the surrounding precipices by two deep fissures, apparently the result of extensive atmospheric disintegration. This cliff is composed of micaceous schist, peculiarly rich in mica, though of a dark smoky colour; and being of a soft and friable nature, easily decomposed by the weather, forms a loose, deep, and very fertile soil. The other plant alluded to, viz., the *Lychnis alpina*, is also confined to a few isolated localities in the same range. It grows sparingly on the rocky table land—about half an acre in extent—which crowns the summit of a hill called Little Gilrannoch, equidistant between Glen Isla and Glen Dole. It is intimately connected with the lithological character of its habitat, for in several places on this plateau it springs from little crevices where there is hardly a particle of soil to nourish its roots; and its range of distribution extends only as far as the rock preserves its mineral character unchanged. This rock, which differs from

the prevailing strata of the district, and from those in its immediate neighbourhood, is composed of compound felspar, very hard, and capable of resisting disintegration. In some places it is smooth and bare, like a pavement, and in others extremely corrugated and vitrified, as if it had undergone the action of fire. Though not found elsewhere in this country, the alpine *Lychnis* has an extensive geographical range, being an alpino-boreal plant, occurring both in Scandinavia and the Swiss Alps and Pyrenees.

In the northern extremity of Perthshire, between Loch Rannoch and Loch Erricht, on the north-eastern brow of the mountain, called the Sow of Atholl, is the well-known station for the very rare *Menziesia cœrulea*, a species of heath distinguished by its large blue bells. This treeless waste of elevated moorland, characterized by Macculloch as one of the most desolate regions in Europe, forgotten by nature, without a trace or a recollection of human life, once formed the site of the great Caledonian forest, which in all probability sheltered in its moist and shady recesses, plants found nowhere else in Britain, and peculiar to the swampy forests of Norway and Lapland. Of this hyperborean vegetation, the beautiful *Menziesia* is now the sole surviving relic, if it be not already extinct, as some years have elapsed since a specimen has been gathered, and we ourselves have lately searched the spot in vain. It strikingly illustrates the influence of man in extirpating or limiting the distribution of plants, by levelling forests, draining marshes, and thus rendering a particular region unsuitable to the vegetation of an excessive climate, by introducing a more equable temperature, greater warmth in winter and greater cold in summer, than formerly prevailed.

But of all the British mountains, Ben Lawers is the richest in rare and interesting alpine species. This hill, which may be called the Mecca of the botanist, as every neophyte who aspires to the honours of his science must pay a visit to its rugged cliffs, occupies very nearly the centre of Scotland. It rises in a pyramidal form from the north shore of Loch Tay, upwards of 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and commands from its summit, on a clear day, an uninterrupted view unparalleled in the British islands for variety, sublimity, and extent. Though separated from the surrounding mountains by two torrents, which flow through deep depressions on its eastern and western sides, it forms with them an immense continuous range, upwards of forty miles in length, ten in breadth, and of an average altitude of 3500 feet. On this lofty plateau, known as the Breadalbane chain, which is the most uniformly and extensively elevated land in Britain, the different peaks of Maelghyrdy, Craigcalleach, Ben Lawers, etc., repose like a conclave of mighty giants, im-

parting a serrated appearance to the range indescribably wild and savage when wreathed with mist or cloud. The whole of this vast region is composed almost entirely of micaceous schist, interspersed here and there with veins of quartz, and containing not unfrequently those dark-brown crystals called garnets, which greatly enhance the sparkling lustre of the mica. This rock, it may be remarked parenthetically, embraces within its course the finest and most celebrated scenery in the Highlands, and rises, besides the Breadalbane peaks, into such distinguished summits as Ben-y-gloe, Ben Voirlach, Ben Ledi, Ben Venue, Ben Lomond, and all the bold serrated ridges of Argyleshire and Inverness-shire. It is of a very soft and friable nature, and is easily weathered, forming on its surface a deep layer of rich soil, admirably adapted to the wants of an alpine or arctic vegetation. Being the prevailing formation in the Norwegian and Lapland mountains, as well as in the arctic regions, it is obvious that the Scandinavian plants which emigrated southwards would find, wherever this rock cropped out sufficiently high above the surrounding surface, peculiarly favourable conditions for their growth. Hence on all the micaceous rocks in this country, and even in the Swiss Alps, we find a greater variety and a richer luxuriance of Scandinavian forms than on any other geological formation. We are particularly struck with this when we compare the rich and varied alpine vegetation of the Breadalbane mica schists, with the generally meagre and stunted vegetation of the Braemar and Ben Nevis granites. The unusual fertility of the Breadalbane range must also be ascribed to geographical position, highly advantageous in a meteorological point of view. The south-west winds, which come loaded with moisture from the Atlantic, meet with this great ridge running along the west of Perthshire, high above the other ranges, and rushing up its cooler sides, condense their vapours, disengage their latent heat, and produce that mild climate, with almost continual rain or drizzling mist, in which alpine plants delight during the period of growth; whereas to the Aberdeenshire mountains the same winds come deprived of their moisture, and bring dry cold weather. The common species of plants which are found on every hill of sufficient altitude in Britain, and which constitute their sole alpine flora, are not only more abundant in individual forms on the Breadalbane mountains, but also attain more luxuriant proportions, so that they give a rich and beautiful appearance to the higher ranges in the glowing summer months, while, as previously intimated, an unusually large proportion of plants is exclusively restricted to this chain. Nor is it merely in rare phanerogamous vegetation that these mountains are rich; they also possess a singularly varied and peculiar cryptogamic flora, several species

of which are found nowhere else. Most of these plants may be found collected on the single peak of Ben Lawers; and a botanist cannot spend a week more profitably and pleasantly than in exploring the huge sides and broad double summit of this hill. Every step leads to a botanical surprise, and almost every plant is either altogether new, or so rare and unfamiliar as to excite a thrill of gratification. If he has never before investigated alpine vegetation, and if he be at all an enthusiast in his pursuit, he will experience in the collection of these novelties and rarities some of the happiest moments in his life,—moments worth years of artificial excitement, banishing every sense of weariness and fatigue, and rendering, by the elevation of mind they produce, his perceptions of beauty in the scenery around more acute and delightful. These moments soon pass away, but they cease like the bubbling of a fountain, which leaves the waters purer for the momentary influence which had passed through them,—not like too many worldly joys, which ebb like an unnatural tide, and leave behind only loathsomeness and disgust.

The rarest plants of Ben Lawers are found on the rugged cliffs on the northern and western sides, and also in the deep depression—like the crater of an extinct volcano—near the summit of the hill. In this last spot is found exclusively the remarkably rare *Saxifraga cernua*, one of the most characteristic plants of the highest or super-arctic zone. It seldom flowers, but may be known by the dry chaffy scales which clothe its roots, and especially by the small red bulbils produced in the axils of the upper leaves, somewhat similar to those which grow at the root of the common meadow saxifrage. This plant is frequent all round the arctic circle, but is unknown on the continent of Europe, reaching its southern limit on the summit of Ben Lawers, where alone it is found in this country. In this elevated and ungenial spot, hiding its frail head in the crevices of the rocks, alike from the fury of the storm and the too ardent caresses of the sunbeam, this rare and tender plant, feebler in stem and leaf than the most delicate woodland flower, has flourished for countless ages undisturbed. If we are to accept the hypothesis of Forbes, its first ancestors were brought down from the arctic wilds to that isolated spot during the glacial epoch; and there it has continued to bloom and die age after age, and generation after generation ever since, without seeking to extend, in the smallest degree, the very narrow limits of its dwelling-place. How wonderful are the changes that have gone on around this little plant during these unknown ages! Its island home, by a sudden or gradual upheaval, became a lofty mountain peak; while the other islands in its vicinity, obeying the same sublime impulse, emerged like huge Titans from the waves, and climbed

majestically to the heavens, so that from horizon to horizon, what was before a tempestuous ocean of waves or icebergs, became a billowy chaos of mountains, fixed in everlasting permanence. The imagination is bewildered when it strives to form a picture of all these cosmical changes, or to estimate the ages during which this solitary saxifrage has survived in its mountain home. Talk of the longevity of trees! this little plant was old ere the giant cedars of California—the oldest organisms of the human epoch—had begun to put forth their infant shoots. Where is there here any evidence of that progressive modification of type and transmutation of species which Darwin asserts to be the universal law of organized nature? The remains of animals embalmed by the Egyptians, and the hieroglyphics of plants on their tombs, are brought forward to prove the permanence of species within the historical period. But here we have much stronger proof derived from geological epochs immediately anterior to the human, and contemporary with those which gave birth to the extinct mammoth and Irish elk, and not from a fossil dug from the rocks, but from a veritable living plant, fresh and vigorous as when it first lifted up its head from the glacial snows. Here at least we find an interruption in the progressive change of organic forms, of specific and generic types,—a link left out in that chain of organized structure which the authors of the development theory maintain has dragged its slow length along from the earliest ages until now; each new link forged from the substance of the preceding. Here there is no trace of the changes said to be wrought by the workings of ‘natural selection;’ there are no proofs in the delicate stem, flaccid leaf, and lowly aspect of this immemorial flower, that the battle has always been to the strong. Its permanence has not depended upon the permanence of its conditions, for we have seen how great have been the changes which have taken place around it. Its original form has not given place to some modification directly proceeding from it by genetic descent, developed by its altered circumstances. No! it has remained always the same, as may easily be seen by comparing it with the same plant now growing in its original centre of distribution in the arctic regions, between which and Ben Lawers all means of communication have long ago passed away. In the admirable provision with which it has been furnished in its viviparous bulbs, for perpetuating itself, should circumstances prevent the development of flowers and seeds, we see the care which God has taken that His distinctive creations should not be lost in the advancing stream of life, the permanence of His organic types, and the ineffaceableness of the seal which He has impressed upon each species; and if it teaches us this lesson in these sceptical times, when the Creator is forgotten in His crea-

tion, and His personality degraded into a passionless law, this tiny flower will not have survived to our day in vain.

In the crevices of the same rocks may be observed a curious lichen, called *Verrucaria Hookeri*, spreading over the blackened and hardened turf in white turgid scales, which is quite different from any other lichen with which we are acquainted, and seems to be a special creation found nowhere else in the world. Curious enough, there is associated with it a moss also peculiar to the spot, the *Gymnostomum cæspititium*, which grows in dense brownish-green tufts, with numerous glossy capsules nestling among the leaves. The extreme rarity and isolation of these plants would almost warrant the inference, either that they are new creations which have not yet had time to secure possession of a wider extent of surface, or rather, perhaps, that they are aged plants, survivors of the original cryptogamic flora of the soil during the more recent geological epochs, which have lived their appointed cycle of life, and, yielding to the universal law of death, are about to disappear for ever. On the highest ridge of the mountain occurs, among the debris of rocks, the *Draba rupestris*, a very small, insignificant-looking plant, but important as being one of the most arctic and alpine plants in Scotland. It is only found here and in one locality in Sutherlandshire, and is unknown on the continent of Europe. On the same ridge is also found in great profusion the little *mossy cyphel* (*Cherleria sedoides*), which forms an anomaly in the distribution of our alpine flora. It is very abundant in the subnival region of the Swiss Alps, growing on the larger groups of mountains, from an altitude of 8000 to 15,000 feet. It forms one of the most conspicuous of the forty plants found on the far-famed 'Jardin de la Mer de Glace' at Chamouni, described in Murray's Handbook as 'an oasis in the desert, an island in the ice, a rock which is covered with a beautiful herbage, and enamelled in August with flowers. This is the Jardin of this palace of nature; and nothing can exceed the beauty of such a spot, amidst the overwhelming sublimity of the surrounding objects—the Aiguille of Charmoz, Bletière, and the Géant,' etc. This highly-coloured description is, however, a mere euphemism, for in reality the so-called garden is only a rock protruding out of the glacier, and covered principally with lichens and plants whose dull, insignificant appearance would not attract the least notice elsewhere; but, after all, was it reasonable to expect a better flower-show ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and some nine thousand or so above all horticultural societies and prize exhibitions? Although not very rare on the highest Scottish mountains, the *Cherleria* does not extend farther north,—thus offering a very striking exception to the usual derivation of our mountain flora.

It may either have emigrated northwards from the Alps during the glacial epoch, or it may be regarded as a sporadic species, depending upon local conditions for its maintenance. From its peculiar and hardy appearance, we would almost hazard the opinion that it is older than any of the other alpine plants, that it existed on the British hills before the migration of the Scandinavian flora, and that the Breadalbane mountains form its original centre, from which it has been distributed southwards over the Swiss Alps. The last inference is warranted by its extraordinary luxuriance on Ben Lawers. It has nothing to boast of in the shape of flowers, the sharpest eyes being hardly able to detect the minute greenish petals and stamens among the tufted moss-like foliage. It is impossible to convey the impression of special adaptation which one glance at the plant, in its bare and sterile habitat, cannot fail to produce. Its long, tough, woody root penetrates deeply the stony soil, so that it is with difficulty a specimen can be detached; and so hardy is its nature that it flourishes green and luxuriant under the chilling pressure of huge masses of snow, and under the unmitigated glare of the scorching summer sun.

Passing down from the cairn that crowns the highest point of Ben Lawers, along the north-western shoulder of the hill, we are soon brought to a stand by several lofty precipices. Descending one of these, we come to a small corrie; and here, upwards of 3000 feet above the level of the sea, we are fairly bewildered with the beauty, the variety, and the luxuriance of the alpine plants which bloom on every side. All the ordinary species are here congregated in lavish profusion, protected by immense shaggy beds of rare alpine mosses, and nourished by the incessant dripping from the rocks overhead. We observe among them a few dense tufts of the alpine sandwort (*Alsine rubella*), and instantly we are down on our knees in the swamp to gather it, for one brief moment oblivious of the whole universe besides. Our prize has certainly little to recommend it; for beauty it can scarcely be said to possess, the chickweed of our gardens, to which it is closely allied, having fully as pretty a flower; but it is remarkable for that which gives value to the diamond—its exceeding rarity—only one other station for it being known in Britain, viz., the exposed cliffs of Ben Hope in Sutherlandshire. It belongs eminently to the boreal or arctic type of vegetation, penetrating very far north, but reaching its southern limit on Ben Lawers. Scarcely has our enthusiasm had time to cool, when it is raised to a higher pitch, by seeing, in a cleft of the rock, the most celebrated of all our mountain flowers—the tiny *Gentiana nivalis*, or snowy Gentian. With immeasurable thankfulness, and with a reverential and delicate touch, we pluck from

the tiny clumps two specimens for ourselves, and two for favoured friends—no more; for the genuine botanist has too great a regard for these interesting remnants of an almost extinct race—these little Aztecs of the flower world, which cling so tenaciously to Flora's skirts—to exterminate them ruthlessly by taking more than he needs. If, humanly speaking, they are so precious in the eyes of their Creator, that He has taken such wonderful care to perpetuate them in these bleak spots, considering that their existence in this country hangs, as it were, on the frail thread of a few clusters, which one unfavourable winter, or even one ruder storm than ordinary, might destroy, they ought surely to be invested with something of a sacred character in our sight. What appeals so powerfully to the protection of man in the helpless form of the infant, ought to affect us in similar, though of course lesser degree, in the tenderness and fragility of these rare plants. The snowy Gentian is the smallest of the alpine flowers, usually averaging from half an inch to an inch in height, with a very minute blossom, forming a mere edge of deep blue, tipping the long calyx. Another station besides the Ben Lawers one has been found in the Caenlochan mountains, at the head of Glen Isla, where a porphyritic granite, rich in felspar, associated with a dark syenite, abounding in hornblende, is the prevailing rock. The Alps of Switzerland, however, seem to be the chosen haunt of this and all the rest of the Gentian tribe. There it grows in profusion among a lovely sisterhood of Gentians, imparting a blue, deep as that of the sky above, to the higher pastures, and often hides its head on the dizzy ledges of tremendous precipices. In ascending the lofty peaks of the Jungfrau and Monte Rosa, the guides not unfrequently resort to the innocent artifice of endeavouring to interest the traveller in its beauty, to distract his attention from the fearful abysses which the giddy path overhangs.

It is a strange circumstance that the only representative in Britain of the gorgeous Azaleas which throng beneath the shade of the palm tree, should be found, not on the sunny lowland banks, but on the dreariest and most exposed spots on the highest mountains. The Highland Azalea or Woodbay (*Azalea procumbens*) certainly does not bear a flattering resemblance to the Indian species so carefully nurtured in our conservatories; but it is nevertheless a pretty and interesting little shrub, and those who have seen it growing in dark green procumbent patches, enlivened by bell-shaped blossoms of the richest crimson, far up the sides of the Grampian mountains, must allow that it presents a spectacle of no ordinary kind, and one which many besides the botanist would undertake the arduous task of climbing the mountain steep to behold. It is the only alpine plant in Britain

that reminds us of the rhododendrons, or alpine roses, which form the floral glory of the Swiss Alps and the Sikkim Himalayas. It is very scarce on Ben Lawers, more abundant on Ben Voirlich, and still more frequent on the Cairngorm range. Frequently associated with the Azalea is the purple Saxifrage (*Saxifraga oppositifolia*), one of the loveliest of mountain flowers. It is common on all the Highland hills, and also on the higher mountains of England and Wales. It creeps along the dry turf in long straggling tufts like the common thyme, to which, in the shape of its foliage and the colour of its flowers, it bears a slight resemblance. It is not often seen in its native haunts, for it is one of the earliest of the alpine flowers, blooming in the cold days of early April, when the snow is still far down on the mountains. Not unfrequently may it be seen piercing the edge of a thick snow-wreath, whose coldness is warmed into something like life by its rosy reflection. Shuddering over the icy grave from which it has so recently escaped, wet with the cold, unkindly drip which the warmth of its own vitality melts around it, immortal hands seem to array it in a living garniture of green and purple, while the unfavourable circumstances around it seem all so many ministers of good, increasing its strength and enhancing its loveliness. It requires the smallest amount of heat of any known plant, and is so plastic that it accommodates itself to great climatic modifications, and very different stations. While it occurs on the arid and denuded rocks among the higher Alps, from which the wind often strips the snow in the depth of summer, it comes down on these ranges to the higher pasturages, and even to the limit of the silver fir. In Iceland, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, it grows almost at the level of the spring tides; while on the west of Scotland it reaches the coast, and in Wales advances along the mountains as far as 53°. It is the greatest favourite of all the mountain flowers with botanists; and we have seen cold, calculating scientific men of the Peter Bell type, who usually saw in a flower only a species in a system, or an organic structure composed of technical parts, becoming quite enthusiastic in their admiration of it. The emotion which it excites is a complex one. The exquisite beauty of its large purple flowers is no doubt the primary cause, but much also must be attributed to the unexpectedness of its appearance in such desolate spots, and in such an ungenial season; to the moral feelings with which we cannot fail to associate it, as an image of successful struggle and triumphant beauty, rising superior to the force of circumstances; to the magnificence of the snowy mountains around, robed in their cloudy mantles; and last, not least, to the peculiar influence of the vernal season, for the heart must be cold indeed which has

no share in the sentiment of regeneration that is stirring throughout all things; and we look upon this purple rainbow of earth as the pledge of heaven that the winter, on the mountains as well as on the plains, is past, the rain over and gone, and that the time of flowers is come.

As an illustration of the exceeding beauty of some of the alpine flowers, we may specially instance the alpine forget-me-not (*Myosotis alpestris*). It is far lovelier than its sister of the valleys—the well-known flower of friendship and poetry—its flowers being larger, more numerous, and closely set, forming a dense coronet or clustered head, that looks like a carcanet of rich turquoises. It does not grow beside running brooks, or in marshy spots, like its lowland congener, but high up on the dizzy ledges of almost inaccessible cliffs, where no one but the prying naturalist would look for floral beauty. Though somewhat abundant on the Swiss Alps, in Britain it is confined to the Breadalbane mountains, where it does not occur lower down than 3000 feet. On Ben Lawers it is especially abundant and luxuriant, crowning with a garland of large blue tufts the precipitous crags which jut out from the western side of the hill. Fortunately for the preservation of the plant, it is a hazardous undertaking to gather it there, for the rocks are from 300 to 400 feet in perpendicular height, and one escapes from their ledges to a secure standing-place, with much the same feelings that a man gets out of reach of a mortar just about to explode. In that elevated spot, the summer is far advanced before it ventures to put forth its delicate flowers, so that it escapes the howling winds and the tempestuous mists, and blooms in a calm and serene atmosphere. The perfume which it exhales is very volatile, being sometimes almost imperceptible, and at other times very strong, and suggestive of the honey smell of the clover fields left far below. This is almost the only British alpine plant possessed of fragrance; whereas, on the Swiss Alps, the majority of species are odoriferous,—a circumstance which adds largely to the inspiring influence of a ramble on these stupendous hills. The absence of scented species on our mountains seems to be owing to the dark cloudy atmosphere which almost always broods over them; while their presence in such profusion on the Alps is, on the other hand, due to the cloudless skies and the bright sunshine peculiar to the south, as well as to the diminished pressure of the atmosphere; for the most fragrant kinds seldom prosper below a certain elevation, and when cultivated in gardens, become nearly scentless. There is no plant which recalls more forcibly the beautiful though hackneyed lines of Gray than the alpine forget-me-not. But is it really true that it blushes unseen, and wastes its fragrance on the desert

air? Who are we that we should arrogate to ourselves the right to call any existence vain and wasted that is wholly beyond our use and removed from our admiration? When shall we learn the humbling truth, constantly preached to us, that nature has not yet passed under our dominion, and that the smallest wild-flower does not bloom for man, or any other creature, as its primary object. We have seen how little the admiration of man is regarded by nature, in the boundless prodigality with which she pours out her treasures in the loneliest and most desolate spots, remote from human habitations, and rarely, if ever, visited by human foot. There are many beautiful scenes left far off by themselves among the solitudes of the mountains, where, unseen and unknown to all human beings, living nature fails not, from the glad morn to the silent eve, to call up all those sublime pageants of daily recurrence which show forth the Creator's unchangeable glory, in her ever-changing loveliness; where the sunrise, unnoticed, clothes the mountains with regal robes of crimson and gold, and the red twilight, unadmired, paints them in hues soft as those which pass over the cheek of the dying; where grateful flowers, ungathered, breathe forth their odours like the incense of a silent prayer, while answering dews descend, untainted, from the skies; where storms unfeared come down in all their terror, and the unheard winds make a ceaseless wailing music over the lonely heights. And are we to think that all these beauties and wonders of creation are lost, because no mortal is at hand to look on them with his cold eye and thankless heart? No! better to suppose that purer and holier eyes than ours are for ever keeping watch in grateful admiration over the minutest flower, as over the remotest star, than to believe that the works of the Creator are ever without some one of His created beings to adore His majesty in their perfection.

There are still many points connected with our most suggestive subject upon which we should have liked to expatiate. Those who desire a full acquaintance with this interesting department of Botany, cannot do better than peruse the excellent works whose titles are prefixed to this article. We would specially direct attention to Watson's '*Cybele Britannica*,' which furnishes abundant details regarding the distribution of our indigenous vegetation. As a text-book, Bentham's '*British Flora*' is invaluable; for, by its lucid arrangement, and simple yet graphic delineation of characters, the identification of species is rendered comparatively easy. We highly approve of Mr Bentham's disavowal of many doubtful or spurious species, which have been constructed out of mere varieties. This is a step in the right direction; and we trust it will be followed ere long by a revision of the whole existing method of botanical systematization.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Life of Edward Irving, Minister of the Scotch National Church, London; illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence.* By Mrs OLIPHANT. 2 Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862.
2. *Memoir of the Life of the Rev. Robert Story, late Minister of Roseneath.* By R. H. STORY. London: M'Millan. 1862.
3. *Narrative of Facts characterizing the Supernatural Manifestations in Members of Mr Irving's Congregation, etc.* By ROBERT BAXTER. London: James Nisbet, Berners Street. 1833.
4. *The Unknown Tongues discovered to be English, Spanish, and Latin.* By GEORGE PILKINGTON. London: Field and Bull. 1831.
5. *Memoirs of James and George M'Donald.* By ROBERT NORTON, M.D. London: John F. Shaw. 1840.
6. *The Incarnation of the Eternal Word.* By Rev. MARCUS DODS. London, 1845.
7. *Refutation of the Heretical Doctrine promulgated by Rev. Edward Irving.* By J. A. HALDANE. Edinburgh, 1829.
8. *The Restoration of Apostles and Prophets in the Catholic Apostolic Church.* London: Bosworth and Harrison. 1861.

IN Eckermann's 'Conversations with Goëthe,' we find the great German, on one occasion, speaking of some men as possessing a strange power, which he calls 'demonic.' The name, we think, is unfortunate, but the fact is real. Such men there are who do wield a certain influence, disproportioned to their mere intellectual strength, and not necessarily moral in its nature; a power, as it were, of fascination, casting a 'glamour' over all who come within their sphere, and frequently also over themselves—which last, however, Goëthe forgets to notice. It seems to be connected rather with intensity than breadth of mind, and with vividness of imagination more than with originality or elevation. Possibly also it arises, more or less, from the very look and voice and manner; for, while the presence of such men seems almost irresistible, their thoughts, set down in plain print, appear often so meagre and vague that we can hardly understand how they could have influenced any but the weakest of mankind. By steadfast gazing, however, on some points, such men often discover unexpected meanings, and give them a singular life and power, nay, even glorify them with a splendour which is not in them, but in the mind that looks on them; and so they come to surround themselves, and their objects, and all who come within their sphere, with a kind of luminous atmosphere, apart from which life and all its duties appear to them stale, flat, and unprofitable. It is a singular witchery, and the 'glamour' is

often on its author as well as on his followers. Such men, in the State, like Bentham, form a school of politicians, standing apart from the general current of thought, and, in the glory of their internal luminous atmosphere, scorning the scorn of those who stand without. In the Church, they found sects, and become saints, with or without formal canonization, till their personality, as usual, fades away into tradition. Edward Irving was a man of this type. Within a certain sphere, his influence, for a season, was almost unbounded; yet you could not say it arose from mere intellectual superiority, neither could you call it a purely spiritual power. He was worshipped by a *coterie*, and founded a sect, but his mind and imagination were more intense than great. He scorned conventionalities, and all interference between him and God; yet the Church which sprung from him is specially notable for priesthoods and formalisms, and old robes from 'the Flamen's vestry.' Goëthe's *demonic* power emanated from Irving above almost any in recent times: in its source it was not supremely intellectual, nor yet in its results was it chiefly spiritual; but it was an absolute fascination, and he himself was the chief victim.

Tall above the common stature of men, and rarely equalled in manly beauty, he had one unfortunate blemish,—he could not look straight. And this defect of vision had, as it were, its counterpart in the mind's eye. An intellect of great though somewhat unregulated power; a scholar of unusual attainments, at least for a Scottish minister; an orator, whose amplitude of thought, and richness of imagery, and volume and flexibility of utterance achieved some of the greatest triumphs of modern eloquence; above all, a man pure, true, brave, wholly genuine, and Christian,—he yet lacked that clear and simple insight which would have given their full value to his many gifts and virtues. This, we apprehend, was the main weakness of his character; a singular defect of what we call judgment, or insight. He could find you many reasons for believing what he was resolved to believe without them. And once he took up a position, there was a noble consistency in all his relations to it, practical and intellectual. But it was often like the strange logic of dreams or insanity, where each link is perfectly sound, but the chain hangs on the merest phantom of imagination. Witness his apocalyptic interpretations; his letter to the King on the Test and Corporations Act; and all his conduct and pleadings in reference to the miserable affair of the unknown tongues. This it was which at length wrecked him; he could fascinate himself and others into the sincerest but emptiest beliefs. But in his moral character one cannot find anything mean or base—anything but what is true and pure and noble.

He was not, as people once thought, puffed up with windy vanities and the poor breath of popular applause. Thomas Carlyle understands many things and many men; but he surely did not comprehend this man, his friend and brother, when he spoke of him as having swallowed this intoxication, and then, being unable to live without it, striving to win back the tide of fashion, which had ebbed from his church, and gone to 'gaze on Egyptian crocodiles and Iroquois hunters.' We can see no trace of this poor craving in any part of his life. An egotist he was, but not of the paltry type. On the contrary, there was a kind of sublime humility in his egotism, like that of a Dominick or a St Francis; and while he believed in himself, in his powers, his mission, his convictions, and scrupled not to speak of them, and to deal with them as divine infallibilities, he was yet quite willing to become as nothing, if only the world would just believe with him. Hence his stout dogmatism, clothed with an appearance of reason, where that came handy and was serviceable; boldly contemptuous of reason, when that would no longer avail. But with all the confidence of the most absolute certainty, Irving could not see into the heart of things, nor estimate their true proportions; and hence, while he was a splendid creature, he was in the main a splendid failure. Not a mere London notoriety, this friend of Coleridge and admired of Canning; not an orator Henley, or a Dr Cumming, but verily and nobly a true servant of God. We know not what the English have thought of him, since he left them to find a resting-place in the dim, old crypt of St Mungo's. But we can vouch for it, that in Scotland his memory has been tenderly cherished; that we are not without misgivings as to the justice of our treatment of him; and that there are far more tears dropt over his grave, than there are bitter words spoken of his life.

Of that life it was surely time that some fit record should be given, and the verdict of his contemporaries reconsidered in the fuller and calmer light we now enjoy. We have already, indeed, several biographies of Irving, more or less unsatisfactory, like most religious biographies; pious-malignant memoirs by Mr Jones, other memoirs by Mr Wilkes, and catch-penny memoirs prefixed to surreptitious volumes of discourses. But none of these writers stood at a sufficient distance to see him rightly whose form they would portray; neither is the broken, unsettled light of controversy favourable to the formation of a correct idea of such a man. We are glad, therefore, that Mrs Oliphant has now addressed herself to this task heartily and lovingly. The new material furnished by his brief but pregnant Diary, and by that touching little volume, 'The Last Days of Edward Irving,' demanded a reconsideration of the question,

what manner of man this really was ; and though at one time we may have had our doubts whether the successful novelist would prove a satisfactory biographer of the great prophet-preacher, we are bound to admit that she has achieved a very remarkable success. The book is, indeed, too big ; but that is a common biographical infirmity. The narrative is also sometimes diluted with rather watery reflection, and perfumed, even to sickness, with the incense of a perpetual eulogy, which goes far to provoke dislike. As we might have expected, she has grouped her materials with no small artistic skill ; but occasionally, though doubtless unconsciously, with more effect than truth. Her work, however, has the one essential of every good book—it is eminently readable, in spite of its length. It has also the one essential of every good biography—a thorough sympathy with its hero, which is the only key to get at the truth about him. Being a woman, Mrs Oliphant is, of course, a hero-worshipper. Being a woman of genius, she has offered no mean incense to her idol. But, in exalting him, she has sometimes done but scant justice to others ; and we fear she has not taken equal pains to understand those whom she condemns, as him whom she would praise. Irving will not gain by her attempt to dwarf Chalmers, or to depreciate Alexander Scott, nor by her contemptuous slighting of church courts. Yet we are very grateful to her for this picture of a good, loving, single-hearted man—a spiritual hero of the antique type, who seems almost out of place in this nineteenth century—struggling, musing, sorrowing, and little comprehended either by friend or foe ; and if we complain that she has needlessly darkened the shades, and exaggerated the contrasts of her picture, we yet gladly allow that she has placed her hero in a pure and enduring light of love and tender pity, not unmixed with generous admiration, and that he is to us henceforth one of the shining immortals.

Edward Irving was born at Annan, on the Solway, in the year when France, weary of feudalism and the *Parc aux cerfs*, broke into revolution, and created the new world of social and political idea. Annandale is a region of border keeps and moss-trooping memories—a district also of westland Whiggery, where Grierson of Lagg left bloody memories, still cherished by zealous Macmillanites,—altogether a place abounding in strong natures and the raw material of a vigorous kind of life. Clapperton went from Annan to his African travels ; and Thomas Carlyle got in Ecclefechan that rude strength which has proved the most potent element of his genius. In Annan, then, Irving was born, of a stout race of sheep farmers and tanners,—the Dandie Dinmont blood being mingled, however, with a foreign element of

Huguenot refugees, at what time precisely we know not. One half wonders whether they might not have been 'French prophets,' followers of Antoinette Bourignon, of whose heresies he was afterwards accused, though all Scotch ministers solemnly renounced them, without particularly knowing what they renounced. His father and mother seem to have been much like other shrewd, busy, Annan folk, clearly respected, but not otherwise remarkable; and the family consisted of three sons, all trained to the learned professions, and five daughters, of whom one remains to this day, but the rest of the household have fallen on sleep. Edward got the usual parish school education to begin with; and from the parochial school, where he was not much distinguished, he went up to Edinburgh University at the age of thirteen. He did not take a high place in the University, except, perhaps, in the class where Leslie prelected on the exact sciences. By him, at the close of his academic course, he was recommended to a mathematical school in Haddington, from which he went by-and-bye to a similar institution in Kirkcaldy, where he remained for some years, carrying on his theological studies in an irregular and fitful way, teaching, *birching* (tradition remembers that vividly), falling in love, and hearing sermons which do not appear to have satisfied *him*; at length also preaching sermons himself, which do not appear to have satisfied any one else. Mrs Oliphant, holding herself bound, at all hazards, to maintain her hero's cause—and we do not like her much the worse for that—of course sets down this early unpopularity at Kirkcaldy, and afterwards in Glasgow, simply to the entire inability of his audience to appreciate such a man, until at least he had been labelled and ticketed by acknowledged authorities. For our own part, we have little doubt that his hearers were quite right when they would hardly tolerate him, as they were afterwards quite right when they could hardly have enough of him. The weavers and fishers of Fife were not judges indeed of literary graces, of eloquent imaginations, of curious flights into unwonted regions of theology, such as those which seemed so little profitable to the worthy minister of Haddington. But there is a fine instinct of religious consciousness which rarely fails to detect the real spiritual teacher, however blind to the splendours of the eloquent orator; and we can quite understand his early failure without attaching much blame either to himself or to his audience. Such men as Irving start with a lofty idea of their work, and of the manner of doing it; but their accomplishment generally falls far short of their ideal. Struggling after something, as yet unattainable, they must learn, by blunders and failures, to achieve the highest success; while your perfect ready-made preacher commences with unbounded popu-

larity, ending ere long in sleepy pews and a hum-drum pulpit. Moreover, Mrs Oliphant forgets that in Haddington shrewd Dr Welsh, father of Mrs Thomas Carlyle, spoke of this young man as one who 'would scrape a hole in everything he is called to believe.' The man afterwards so notable for a faith verging on the wildest credulity, started on his life-work with an inborn scepticism, ready to 'scrape a hole' in every article of the creed; nor is there any proof that he had yet escaped from that region of cold questioning and doubting. That he did leave it we know, and we might even be able to trace the steps of his transition into a purer atmosphere. But meanwhile we need not greatly blame either Kirkcaldy or Glasgow for not finding out what this aspiring licentiate was only himself dimly groping after as yet. We can see, too, at this period, even in his letters to the manse-daughters, a dash of the stiffness and pedantry and dogmatic loftiness of the schoolmaster, always distasteful to a Scotch congregation. This tendency afterwards showed itself in an assumption of a kind of priestly authority. Not content with the weight of great abilities and attainments, and high purpose and moral excellence, Irving superadded a sacerdotal dignity of language and manner, little congenial with this nineteenth century. In his early days, however, it was not yet sublimated and etherealized by the spirit which afterwards pervaded it; and we can quite believe that the Kirkcaldy folk felt that it smacked too much of the schoolmaster, compared with the shrewd and homely pieties of their good Dr Martin.

Irving himself, we suspect, was also of our mind. For when he left Kirkcaldy and school-teaching, the first thing he did was to burn all his old sermons, resolved to begin in quite a new spirit,—a proof, surely, of dissatisfaction as well as determination. Among many scraps of characteristic anecdote which Mrs Oliphant might have hunted up in connection with this period of his life, is the following note, said to be written on a lexicon of some sort in the town of Haddington:—'6 o'clock A.M. (date unknown to us). I, Edward Irving, promise, by the grace of God, to have mastered all the words in alpha and beta before 8 o'clock.' Then, by-and-bye: '8 o'clock A.M. I, Edward Irving, by the grace of God, have done it;' or words to that effect. And we picture him, in his Edinburgh lodging in Bristo Port, with a similar spirit of resolute determination, making a holocaust of old sermons, fully minded 'by the grace of God' to do something better; which he did, though it took a while to learn the way. Such incidents are not without meaning; nay, in them are often hid the deepest meanings of a life; and we could have wished that his biographer had spared some of her laudation and made room for more of them. Surely Kirkcaldy

manse and 'the Irvingites' at Kirkcaldy school, if well hunted up, might have told something more to the purpose than the story of the squealing pig! At any rate, having left Fife, and rambled over Ireland, and, well-nigh despairing of employment at home, dreamed a splendid dream about an apostolic missionary,—he became at length assistant to Dr Chalmers, then at the height of his Glasgow popularity as a preacher and social reformer, and gradually rising into national importance as the truest exponent of pure Scottish idea.

It is with very mingled feelings that we have perused this portion of Mrs Oliphant's book, grieving at the wrong impression it gives; while admiring the skill with which she has managed to utter a sidelong depreciation of our noblest of modern Scotchmen. It is quite unnecessary to detract from one great man in order to exalt another. The highest mountains do not rise in solitary majesty from the level plain; but rejoice in the companionship of kindred peaks and ranges. Chalmers, indeed, compared Irving's preaching 'to Italian music, only appreciated by connoisseurs;' but he also said, when people were likening him in personal appearance to a Highland chief or a captain of brigands, 'that at least nobody took him for anything but a leader of men.' Yet we are told that he could only half understand his mysterious assistant, and regarded him, as a perplexing phenomenon, with a kind of pitying wonder. Then, moreover, to Chalmers the poor weavers and cobblers of the Tron parish were chiefly valuable as a 'corpus' (not perhaps 'vile'), on which he had a great experiment to perform; while to Irving they were fellow-creatures and immortal souls. Of course this is mildly softened and modified, and candied over with large admissions of statesman-like faculty, and so on. But the impression produced is, that Chalmers looked at men for social-political purposes, much as Goëthe regarded them for artistic-literary ends, with little human sympathy, except what might be necessary just to understand them. To those who knew the man, the mere statement of such an opinion will be enough. They will feel that whether Chalmers understood Irving or not, his biographer at any rate does not understand Chalmers; for, with his genial, tolerant humour, ripest product of natural sympathies, chastened now by a profoundly Christian spirit, perhaps no man of his day, except Walter Scott, understood his countrymen so well, or entered so fully into all their life and feelings. Irving, a sublime egotist, a priest, bowed himself, with affectionate and beautiful condescension, to all human kind-nesses, as became the Christian pastor; but never could be the easy, natural, laughing, almost boyish companion of all fellow-creatures, which was so natural to the big-hearted Chalmers.

We shall have to return to this at a later part of the narrative; meanwhile, it is clear that Irving himself did not think like his biographer. The loyal heart of him acknowledged the regal spirit and human piety of his chief, by whose guidance he was probably led further into that truer life which began with the burning of his old sermons, and of which we shall find so full and beautiful an utterance by-and-bye in his journal. We do not mean strictly that he was then 'converted.' When that happened we do not know. As with many others, baptized into the faith of God, and trained in a Christian home, it may be impossible to identify the moment or the agency of his being 'born again.' Who knows, indeed, that it did not happen (as we pray that it may, and as he himself in after years held that it often does), when the faithful parent presented his child for the baptismal rite of the Church? Protestant Churches have involved themselves in strange inconsistencies on this head, seeking in every baptismal prayer what they repudiate in every sermon. At any rate, the influence of Chalmers, and still more of the work to which he was set by Chalmers, was profoundly important to Irving. We can trace even in his language at this time, the presence of that earnest, passionate orator, forcing the very peculiarities of his phraseology on all who were associated with him. When Irving writes to a friend about 'pervading' the families of a district, and 'meeting everywhere the finest play of welcome and congeniality,' no one can doubt where such expressions were minted. Nor was that influence manifest only in his language. Hitherto, Irving had speculated about preaching, like a probationer who was not often called to the work, nor very successful when he was. Such men are always admirable at finding faults. But now, brought face to face with hard realities of hunger and temptation and sin, true to his mission as an evangelist, Irving deepened in thought and earnestness, as he went out and in among the people, with his 'Peace be in this house.'

This time of probation, however, now drew to a close. In the end of 1821, after being only some two years in Glasgow, the way of his triumph and dolour was at length opened to him. There was a small Scotch church in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, partly for the benefit of Highland soldiers tenacious of Gaelic; and partly, in a general way, for all Scotchmen who still wished to sing their own psalms, and keep alive the memory of the Old Kirk in the modern brick Babylon. Several others of the same kind existed in London, but, on the whole, they were not thriving institutions; and of them all, Hatton Garden was at this time perhaps the least flourishing. A congregation of fifty members, in a dying-like condition, strove to keep itself alive by getting a popular minister; and who so likely to serve

their purpose as the man whom Chalmers had chosen for his assistant? Thus, at length, Irving 'received a call,' not such as a prudent young man would have been eager to accept,—a summons rather to a forlorn hope, where even success could hardly well be anything but a laborious obscurity. Irving, however, was not a prudent young man. Full of hopes, and high aspirations, and young ambitions, not unnatural, he gladly received the invitation from Hatton Garden, where 'the dancing Chancellor' had once 'shown a good leg,' dear to his Queen, and also a shrewd head which she liked nearly as well. Now, as ever, indifferent to money considerations, having faith in God, and in the Christian people, and a little, too, in himself, Irving departed for his new sphere, not without telling his friends that 'within a year he would be the most popular minister in the capital;' yet admitting, withal, that he had not been a successful preacher in Glasgow. It was about this time, we suppose, that, observing the ferry-man at Renfrew crossing and recrossing the river,—'You Scotch theologians,' he said, 'are like that ferry-man: you cross your little stream of divinity, and return again, and see nothing more, and fancy there is no more. As for me, I have launched my bark on the ocean, and expect to discover whole continents of truth.' Alas! they turned out mainly cloud-continents; and the bold mariner lost himself in the mist.

His anticipations, however, of success in London were more than realized, and sooner, too, than he could have reasonably hoped. Sir James Mackintosh had heard him in prayer pleading for some orphan children, who were now 'cast upon the Fatherhood of God.' Struck with the exquisite beauty of the expression, he mentioned it to Canning, who at once made an appointment to accompany him to Hatton Garden church. By-and-bye, finding the illustration serviceable in a debate on Church matters, Canning stated in the House that one of the most eloquent preachers he had ever heard was a minister of the poor unendowed church in Cross Street. Straightway the volatile crowd of London fashion thronged to the new Baptist; and, every Sabbath morning, the tide of chariots, with powdered and many-caped drivers, flowed eastward to Holborn. We are not disposed to estimate their opinion so highly as Mrs Oliphant, who esteems a reputation like that of Chalmers a very small triumph compared with this. It may be; and we are far from hinting any insinuation against Irving's genius, or undervaluing the critical acumen of a Canning or a Mackintosh. Yet many a London idol, worshipped as devoutly, has turned out to be only a thing of gilt and gewgaws. We dissent, too, altogether from the claim which those who live in the capital are so ready to make, as if all wisdom and supreme judgment of excellence gathered around Westminster

and St Paul's. Even in theatrical matters, in which the Cockney claims such infallibility, it is rarely that a 'star' is recognised on the boards of Drury Lane till he comes from York or Lancashire with a well-earned reputation. And singers and artists have far more respect to the London purse than to London opinion. But least of all is the Cockney sovereign-arbiter of the preaching class. To be the adored of a West End chapel, or the lion of the mob, does by no means imply a man of the highest type—not even a man of the best speaking gift. 'The gum-flowers of Almack's are seen at Hatton Garden to-day; and to-morrow they are nodding at the yells and savage dances of an Iroquois. An orator Henley wins triumphs that may be safely compared with an Irving's.

Triumphant so far, at any rate, Irving now was. Every one has heard of the crowds, the file of carriages, as at an opera, the elders struggling to keep out those who had no ticket, and Basil Montague, as the *Times* said, preaching patience from a window. At first, too, there was neither opposition nor sharp criticism. Hazlitt, in *The Liberal*, indeed, called him 'the most accomplished barbarian;' yet he also said, 'He seems to stand up, in the integrity of his composition, to begin a new race of practising believers, and to give a new impulse to the Christian religion.' So, too, the *jeu d'esprit*, entitled the 'Trial of Edward Irving,' published a year after this, when his 'Orations' were now in print, exhibits, on the whole, a good-humoured and friendly spirit toward him. Altogether, the London world, which had rushed to him at first without much apparent reason, found solid and good cause for abiding by him now. Earnest, eloquent, high-minded, not without fresh thoughts and fine imaginations, fearless also to rebuke—not 'the wicked world' only, but 'the religious world' too—this man did 'stand in his integrity,' and preached the Gospel, not to the poor only, but also, as he said, 'to those who bear the world on hand,' and who need to be preached to as much as others. Here, then, was success, in a sense, and almost out of measure; but at this very point we cannot help noticing the inherent defect of his mind—its contrast to that of Chalmers—its contrast to those who are now so nobly doing England's needful work. He has gained what Chalmers called 'a station of command and congeniality.' He has the ear of senators and *litterateurs*, merchants and the moneyed-classes, and 'of honourable women not a few.' The water is flowing to his mill in almost unmanageable torrents. What will he do with it? To a great man popularity is not an object, except as a means to a higher end. How will he 'utilize' these resources for the service of God and of man? A Rev. Charles Honeyman would, as the phrase is, have

'made a good thing of it;' would have taken nice apartments in some quiet street off Piccadilly, and surrounded himself with the elegances of a soft and sumptuous life; would have sat down to write 'beautiful sermons,' in dressing-gown and slippers embroidered by the fair hands of pious devotees; would have given *recherché* little dinners, and had a cellar of choicest wines from rich family men in the city possessed of marriageable daughters. But Irving could not do this; the last man probably on earth to turn religious Sybarite, and live delicately on the priest's 'best portion.' The anchorite's crust and cup of water had been a sweeter meal to him. To what purpose, then, will he turn his overwhelming popularity, which will inevitably pass away, if he merely preach to it, and make it not of use? A Chalmers would have said, 'Here is a great power come on my hands at Hatton Garden, just where I want it. A number of ennuyéd West-End human beings are weary of life, because, in fact, they have nothing to do; and here also are the Fleet and Field Lane, and horrid Clerkenwell regions, weary of life too, for want of a little human sympathy and help. It is a clear case. THERE is the work to be done, and here are those who can do it, and in the doing of it find infinite blessing to their own souls. We will "pervade" the families of this district, and sweeten it now with streams of Christian charity and human kindness.' So Chalmers would have said, and straightway he would have set to organize his workmen and do his work, himself playing big fly-wheel to them all, and confident that their Christian life would grow in proportion to their Christian sympathy and service. But this, though he had seen it done in Glasgow, lay not in Irving; and one feels it almost a sublime anti-climax, a grand example of moral bathos, to find him now, at the height of popular influence, seeing nothing better for him to do than to go up to 'Albury' conferences, and speculate on the millennium with Henry Drummond and Hatley Frere.

But, ere we go further, we must pause to take a glimpse of Irving in his domestic life. He had now fulfilled an engagement of longer standing than Jacob's—marrying, after an eleven years' courtship, the eldest daughter of a Scottish minister of quite the national type—Dr Martin of Kirkcaldy. The first-born child was a boy, a little Edward, who was permitted to live but fifteen short months, being snatched away by hooping-cough when he had wound himself round the hearts of his parents, especially his father's, to a degree inconceivable to persons of less depth and tenderness of feeling. All through Irving's life, the influence of this overwhelming grief is seen. The death took place at Kirkcaldy, and Irving, leaving his wife behind, who had just had her second baby, had soon after to hurry up to his

London duties. Knowing the desolation of her bereaved heart, and wishful to minister that balm which her home-yearnings would most long for, he set himself to write and despatch to her a journal of his daily proceedings, now for the first time published, and forming the heart—and a real living heart it is—of the present biography. It is one of the few examples of this kind of writing from which one rises with a cry for more,—a thirst not as in a desert, but of pure delight. Unlike the general diary, it is not a purely private record of personal feelings and frailties—not a mere tedious register of the daily variations of the spiritual thermometer: it is a sort of hourly epistle, in which he records for his wife's comfort all the busy doings of a pious industry, and all the varied emotions of an affectionate nature; seldom or ever lying down to sleep, though he hears St Pancras chiming the early hours, till he has duly set down all the interest and avocation of the day, and commended his distant helpmate to the care of his God and hers. The picture thus given is quite unique, in a kind of stately, antique sincerity. Like nearly all Irving's writings, even his most familiar correspondence, the style is formal, artificial, even affected, abounding in archaisms which often irritate and seldom please; and thus in his very privacy he is never quite at his ease. His undress is but a kind of half-worn full-dress. Never for a moment is he less than the priestly Edward Irving. Yet the reader soon gets over the want of ease and simplicity, as he discovers the utter guilelessness of this truthful man. Everything is told that a loving wife could wish to hear: the books he is reading, the ideas political and religious which they suggest; the sermons he preaches each Sunday, what was the text and what the line of thought, and what the effect they seemed to produce; his visits and visitors, and what they were about; his sorrows, and also the source of his consolation for the child they had lately lost; down to the state of the domestic servants, his dinner on pease soup and potatoes, which naturally did not agree with him, and the bottle of claret which he had brought from the cellar, not for himself, but for his servant Hall. Very beautiful is the man here unconsciously self-delineated, as he goes about in his faithful ministry of rebuke and instruction and comfort, bringing from his own experience, at times from his own aching wounds, helpful and encouraging words for all the flock which God had given him to feed. Opinions are often expressed with which we cannot agree. Nay, we cannot acquit him of a self-sufficient dogmatism, almost ludicrous when we consider the extreme crudeness of his notions. Thus he calls one day on young Macaulay, who had just written his article on Milton, with the view of teaching the Whig essayist, who knew ten times as much about the subject as Irving, 'that he (Milton)

was the archangel of radicalism, and Brougham its arch-fiend.' He reads Bishop Overall's Convocation Book, and straightway this man, whom Hazlitt called 'a modernized Covenanter,' begins to lean to the Filmer doctrine of passive obedience. Yet while half of his reason was mere imagination, and so but little value attaches to his views, all this is lost sight of in the noble heroism and entire genuineness of his character, and the love, and pathos, and beauty of that Christian home in Pentonville. And he that could read this epistolary diary, and still ascribe mean motives to Edward Irving, would be to us a far more incomprehensible enigma than Irving ever was.

We hasten, however, though somewhat loth, to notice the singular course on which he now entered, with such unhappy results to himself, and surely, also, so little profit to the world. Early in his London career, he had greatly estranged himself from other evangelical clergymen, for causes which were not altogether creditable either to him or to them. In his celebrated 'Orations,' written in a rather vague and stately vein, he had blamed other ministers for uninteresting and unintellectual preaching, which men of thought could not be expected to tolerate. He had also denounced the Churches for curtailing the divine testimony in selecting one or two special truths to which they 'did sacrifice in all their discourses,' and for which 'they frowned heresy and excommunication on all' who sought to preach the entire Gospel, and could not be content to iterate their narrow shibboleths. In both of these accusations there was certainly a measure of truth. The living Gospel had degenerated in many cases into a traditional evangelicalism; and the pulpit, once so mighty with the London citizen, had been given over to pious platitudes hastily jotted down on Saturday afternoons. Irving honestly and with unwearied labour sought to make it otherwise,—to redeem it from this stigma, and restore it to its high function; but we need not wonder if his brethren rather drew off from the young man who had broken in on their slumbers with so stormy an assault. Still they watched his marvellous success, not unkindly on the whole, nor without prayerful interest; and by-and-bye they held out a friendly hand, which, had Irving been either a wiser or a more worldly man, might have drawn them closer together, but which, being Edward Irving, he so grasped as only to sunder them still more. Requested to preach the anniversary sermon for the London Missionary Society, he delivered a discourse in which Mrs Oliphant seems to glory as a sublime impracticability. Impracticable it is, sure enough; but whether that is a virtue in this poor world of ours, so much needing God's work to be actually done, and ready always to listen to sublime impossibilities and do nothing whatever, may be a ques-

tion not to be blown down the wind with a sneer at Exeter Hall. Irving never thought he was more clearly serving God than in that three hours' sermon in the tabernacle where Whitfield used to draw tears from old sinners and money for Georgian orphans. But he lost a noble opportunity of winning the confidence of those with whom he was one in heart, and who did in some degree lack the stimulus of his lofty inspiration. Henceforth, therefore, his lot was cast among a different class,—on the whole, we fear, not so likely to profit him or to be profited by him. From one of them, indeed, he might have got, as many others did, no small measure of Christian wisdom and help. But though we have heard he was accustomed to say that 'Coleridge put more thoughts through him in a night than any other man in a week,' they seem mainly to have gone through him, and to have left little tangible impression on his mind. Early introduced by Basil Montague to the sage of Highgate Hill, he was a frequent listener to those mystic monologues which were at once so bewitching and so bewildering to their hearers. But Irving, though he probably learnt there to denounce an exclusive reliance on the logical understanding, and to feel an affection for any slight shade of mystery, was comparatively little affected by the special theology of Coleridge. Here and there indeed his influence may be faintly traced in fragments of thought through many of Irving's writings. The poet himself says, in his *Table Talk*: 'Irving caught many things from me; but he would never attend to anything which he thought he could not use in the pulpit. I told him the certain consequence would be, that he would fall into grievous errors.' Fragments of Coleridgean thought picked up for pulpit uses were likely enough to be dangerous, as their author himself said; and Irving, an orator, with a mathematical form of mind, pressed also by the emergencies of a busy pastorate, had neither time nor turn for more profound philosophizing.

About a year after coming to London, he published his first book, the celebrated '*Orations*,' a work full of splendid but rather vague generalities, yet showing the inborn nobleness of its author, written, like all his treatises, except those purely polemical, in a stately and artificial style, which naturally provoked literary criticism. There was nothing, however, in the opinions expressed, whatever might be thought of the manner, to which any serious objection could be offered. Neither did his attempts by-and-by to revive a higher sacramental doctrine call for particular remark. His views of baptism, indeed, which were apparently suggested by his wife, and strengthened by sad pious reflections in connection with the death of his first child, though opposed to the tone of later evangelical preaching,

were more in harmony with ecclesiastical standards than the Zuinglianism which generally prevailed. We cannot agree with Mrs Oliphant, that there is only a faint shade of difference between his opinions on this matter and those of the High Church party in England. He did indeed believe that baptized children were related to the covenant otherwise than were the unbaptized; so did all the reformers except Zuingle. He also believed that they might be, often were, in baptism regenerated, which also, with the same exception, was the common faith of Christendom during the sixteenth century; and the standards of the Church, and all the tradition of her baptismal prayers, authorized him to proclaim this as the teaching of Presbyterianism, though the evangelical preaching in Scotland had latterly tended to reduce the sacrament to a mere Zuinglean symbol. But so far was he from the ecclesiastical *opus operatum* of the Puseyite, that he asserted the possibility of infant faith in order to justify the position he held. That appears to us, as it did to Coleridge, a very absurd idea; but if baptism is a mere symbol, why pray that the child may be received into the household of God? Why believe in the possibility of such a result, if regeneration cannot then take place? The doctrine of the Reformers, always excepting Zuingle, is consequent, if not very clear. That of the 'adult baptists' is both clear and consequent, if it be somewhat shallow. But the midway system, which baptizes infants, and prays for them as if they might be children of God, and then teaches that in all cases they must still be converted and born again, is obviously illogical and inconsistent. Irving, therefore, falling back on the earlier creeds of Protestantism, refused to sink the Reformation theology in that of the Puritan and the Methodist.

From these sacramental studies, however, he was soon called away to others of a more engrossing kind, less clearly defined also by the old way-marks of Church history. Under the excitement of the French Revolution, many pious people had found, in the books of Daniel and the Apocalypse, very comfortable light on the strange, troubled providences of the time. Almost every stormy period of modern history has been fruitful of schemes of prophetic interpretation; and Charles V., Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick of Prussia, and the Napoleons, have been at one time or other, by one party or other, identified with one or other symbol of those remarkable portions of Scripture. Even Coleridge, dreamer as he was, had formed a platform of prophecy for himself; though what it was he never let the world know: only we may be pretty sure it was dramatic and ideal, and not historical; and if it would not have satisfied the general student, neither would it have been so easy of refutation by the stern

commentary of facts as most other schemes of the kind. Irving's ideas on this subject originated mainly with Hatley Frere—a solitary, self-absorbed student—who, unable to win the public ear, seized on the famous Scotch orator as the very instrument for his purpose. At first, Irving seems to have looked at the subject with a measure of cautious reserve. Since Durham and Fleming, the Presbyterian Church had not indulged much in this vein, and at this time Irving was a vehement, even fanatical Scotch Churchman. But though he hung back for a year, the seed had been skilfully sown, the ecclesiastical weather was favourable, and Henry Drummond cultivated the soil. Of this man—clear, sharp, clever, with fine instincts, and keen, sarcastic humour, yet self-willed and self-confident, a kind of lay-Pope, with a well-meaning infallibility of his own, and a bank at Charing Cross to make up for any other deficiencies—it is difficult to speak, there was so much of chivalrous worth and dash in him, so much also of the mere spoilt child of fortune. His influence over Irving was, we think, far from happy. In the beginning of their intercourse, the great preacher was more than doubtful of the wealthy banker, deeming him 'more witty than spiritual;' but these doubts gradually disappeared as the 'millenarian' infection worked into the system of his thoughts. For it is singular how ready he was to take up other men's ideas, and dwell upon them with an intensity of thought and imagination which at length learnt to regard them as divine and infallible verities. He could not resist apparently any one who came to him with a ready-made set of notions: he must try them on; and once on, they seemed to him always a very wonderful fit. He had formerly read Bishop Overall, and straightway became a convert to passive obedience and civic disabilities for religious nonconformity, ready to do grievous injustice in order to maintain the theory of a Christian nation. So, in this matter of prophecy, he got bitten by Hatley Frere, and forthwith that gentleman's scheme of interpretation was glorified into an infallible key, to doubt which was to commit something like the unpardonable sin. A sublime egotism, believing in itself, demanded assent to its opinions, as to the very testimony of God, with perfect sincerity, and also with perfect humility, till by-and-bye another egotism, equally decided, fulminated anathema and excommunication against him.

Having then been led by Frere to the study of the prophetic symbols, he was called by Henry Drummond to a conference at his country mansion, Albury Park, in order to determine from prophecy the march and coming issue of events. The conference consisted of about a score of persons, not very distinguished for either theological or historical learning, and so little versed in

Hebrew that they took Joseph Wolfe for 'the most learned Eastern scholar in the world.' Dr Hugh M'Neile was president, and Hatley Frere the inspiring spirit, while Drummond played bountiful host and keen-witted autocrat, and Wolfe was Hebrew referee, prince of modern Orientalists. Irving seems to have been completely fascinated by these conferences, which became ere long an institution, and of which he has given a glowing account in his preliminary discourse to the work of the Spanish Jew-Jesuit, Ben Ezra.¹ Certainly their results were not very notable. One member, Mrs Oliphant says, took to his bed on hearing of the death of young Napoleon; she does not say that at first he declared, 'That is impossible, for it contradicts my interpretation.' So we have heard, however, and probably both statements are true; what better could the poor man do than go to bed in such circumstances? To Irving these assemblies proved a very baneful influence, providing for him the very element of a coterie on which he might exercise his fascination, and by which he might be separated from wholesome influences of the general world. Henceforth, as Dr Chalmers says, 'he discussed matters of curiosity rather than of conscience.' Henceforth his preaching became more and more a hieroglyph of prophetic symbols—a gospel according to Daniel rather than Matthew or John. Of course there was nothing in this to which his church could take exception. Chary herself to pronounce any opinion on these matters, and rather discouraging her pastors to lead their flocks up to these misty and barren regions, still she could not find positive fault with her wayward, brilliant son. Nay, when Irving afterwards delivered a series of discourses on the subject in Edinburgh, he achieved some of his most wonderful triumphs, drawing forth crowds at six o'clock in the early May mornings to hang entranced on his stately diction and solemn tones. Yet when we review these lectures now, we cannot help marvelling how Irving could ever have persuaded himself that Hatley Frere's narrow intense view had really caught God's great vision of human history. Not that there are not fine thoughts in those discourses; there are none of Irving's writings without many such. Not that we think Christ may not come again to reign upon the earth; in such an advent there would be nothing more strange than in the first. Not that this Gentile dispensation may not, like the Jewish, wither, as these men believed it would, into a pharisaism, and a new era arise, not from its regeneration, but from its destruction.

¹ Mr Jones' Life of Irving—generally as barren as it is bare—has a story worth quoting here. At one of these meetings he says, after some debate, Irving standing before the fire, 'suffered the complaint to escape him. "Brethren, it is a sore trouble to the flesh for a man to have more light than his neighbours." ' If not true, it is so like that it should be.

All that may be, for aught we can tell, though we hesitate in spiritual matters, as in geological, to multiply cataclysms and revolutionary convulsions. But, allowing that people may differ on such points, we cannot help feeling that history, read in the light of these prophetic discourses, becomes a very poor masquerade, in which the same personages play the most inconsistent parts to suit the emergencies of the interpretation, like the supernumeraries in a provincial theatre, now crossing the stage as soldiers, and then reappearing as monks; at one moment killed, and by-and-bye favouring the company with a song. Thus the Romish Church is of course the Beast, and the Old and New Testaments are the two witnesses; but when he comes to explain the death of the latter, that same Romish Church, or the branch of it in Catholic and most Christian France, has to play the part of witness, and get killed during the revolutionary frenzy. It were idle to enter into details. Irving was a very different man from Dr John Cumming; yet essentially his prophetic system is as meagre as that of the man who turns 'vessels (or cups) of bulrushes' into screw and paddle steamships; only in Irving's case it is with sorrowing pity that we witness the blind yet mighty groping of a great and noble man.

Hitherto, however, as we have said, though his career had been observed with no small wonder and not a little anxiety, not a whisper had been heard against his orthodoxy. But now, in 1827, it began to be hinted that his congregation were getting poison instead of food for their souls. Of course, Irving never dreamt he was preaching heresy—nobody ever does. Of course, too, his hearers never suspected him of it. But one fails to see the force of Mrs Oliphant's words when she insists so strongly on these circumstances, as if truth or error depended in any measure on such considerations. The doctrine, however, which about this period began to be buzzed about as a heresy did not now for the first time appear in his ministrations. We can trace it in his epistolary journal, and more clearly in his introduction to *Ben Ezra*; for it seems to have been the very heart of his theology. It demands, therefore, both on its own account, and because of its influence on his future career, a somewhat detailed statement.

The Evangelical party had generally represented the atonement as the central principle of Christianity, while the incarnation held a subordinate place, being chiefly introduced in order to give a certain value and sufficiency to the sacrifice of the cross. In their sermons, therefore, they dealt chiefly with the forensic ideas of guilt, imputation, righteousness, and propitiation, the last having got a special prominence from the work of Archbishop Magee. The doctrine of Christ's person, divine and human, had

indeed been stoutly contended for in a polemical way against the Belsham and Priestley Socinians; but its other meanings and relations had been generally swallowed up in the one idea that it gave to His sufferings an infinite value. During the first three centuries, on the contrary, it was the person of Christ that formed the *summa theologiæ*—the all-engrossing theme alike of Christian controversy and of Christian life. The doctrine of the propitiation did not become prominent till a much later date, and did not receive the exact form in which it is now usually presented, until the time of the great Anselm of Canterbury. Thus it is clear that the doctrinal hinge on which the Gospel has been thought to turn has not at all times been the same. Christian faith in the early ages was mainly sustained by the incarnation; Christian faith of the later evangelical type has hung almost exclusively on the atonement. We have no evidence that Irving formed his opinions from a large acquaintance with the first three centuries. Nor, as far as we remember, was the precise view he took ever formally discussed in any of the controversies of those early ages, when questions about the nature of Christ were searched and agitated as they have never since been. Hence Irving and his opponents could quote from the fathers passages that seemed equally to favour either side, because the exact question at issue was not in their minds at all, though there are some phrases in Augustine that seem to touch it very nearly. How he had been led, then, to occupy the position he did, we do not know. Who, indeed, can tell what it is that regulates the fluctuation of idea in the higher world of thought? Sometimes it would appear as if certain opinions moved in great cycles, and returned, like comets, at intervals which might be almost calculated. Sometimes it would seem as if a tide of thought rose apart from any human guidance, and that, all of a sudden, men, wholly without contact or intercourse of mind, found themselves immersed in new reasonings and pledged to new conclusions. At any rate, whatever the source of it, the eloquent minister of the Caledonian Church had for some time substituted the incarnation for the atonement as the central and vivifying element of divine truth to him, fully accepting indeed the common teaching on the latter head, but giving it the subordination of a secondary doctrine. Or rather, perhaps, we might say the incarnation was to him, as to the primitive Church, the very atonement, and the cross only its culminating fact.

So far no fault could be found; the difference between his teaching and that of evangelicalism proper, though profoundly significant and full of many changeful issues, could not have formed the ground of any formal charge against him. But now, with this ruling idea in his mind, questions naturally arose about

the flesh or creaturehood of Christ, and how it was related to His brethren. And here our readers will bear in mind that the controversy which by-and-bye arose turned on a series of fine theological subtleties, but was discussed chiefly in rough popular arguments; the result of which was, that confusions sprung up on both sides, and good men, who were at heart one, loomed to each other, like monsters, through a mist of their own creating. Thus Irving meant by our Lord's 'flesh' His entire human nature, body, and soul, and spirit; but he sometimes spoke and wrote as if he applied it only to what Coleridge calls 'the carcase,' which is inert matter, incapable of good or evil in itself. Then, again, the word 'nature' expressed to Irving, as to the acute controversialists of the early Church, a different idea from that of 'person,' and he held that there were two natures and two wills in the Lord, yet but one personality. This, however, was largely forgotten by his opponents, who represented him as ascribing to the whole person of Christ qualities which belonged only to His human nature. In like manner, the term 'sinfulness' gave occasion to a deal of misunderstanding and ignorant abuse. Irving applied it to the flesh or humanity of the Redeemer, not to His entire personality; and though he speaks about it occasionally with the glowing exaggerations of an orator, he seems to have understood by it only the natural tendency of the creature to be tempted to sin, and to find a certain affinity with it. This, however, was frequently denounced as the horrible doctrine of Christ's depravity; and divines with some character for learning, talked and wrote as if 'original sin' were a kind of virus and physical taint, by which the very substance of the soul was changed, and strangely confounded the imputation of guilt with the transmission of evil tendencies.

Bearing these things in mind, then, the question that presented itself to Irving was: Since Christ became incarnate to redeem us from iniquity, did He take to Him the very nature that was to be redeemed, or a nature that did not need to be redeemed? Was His humanity akin, therefore, to that of Adam before he fell, or to that which he and his posterity have since been afflicted with? This question he determined in favour of the fallen state. 'He took on Him the seed of Abraham,' said Irving, 'He was tempted in all points like as we are;' and we have to resist alike the devil, the world, and *the flesh*. Such was the nature which Christ took, but then He took it only to redeem it. With sin proper, whether voluntary or involuntary, he never supposed Him for a moment to converse. None of his opponents more clearly proclaimed the absolute, undefiled holiness of Jesus. Only he ascribed this result, not to the

human constitution of our Lord, but to the perpetual control of the Holy Spirit. That ought to be clearly understood now, however it might have been in the first gathering and darkening of the polemical storm. No one more than Irving loved and revered and honoured 'the holy child Jesus.' But it seemed to him to follow inevitably from the basis of his theology, which he had planted in the incarnation, that the human nature which Christ took was the very nature in the very state from which it required to be redeemed; and that nature, as the second Adam, He now wholly sanctified unto God. At the same time, it was equally natural that those whose gospel hinged mainly not on Christ's person, but on His cross, should be startled by a statement like this. It perplexed a good many of their reasonings. For if Jesus took our fallen nature, then did not He Himself require to be born again? And how could the sacrifice of such a nature be an atonement for sinful man? Did He require to redeem his own humanity? and if so, could the offering of a life which needed to be itself redeemed, be supposed effectual to save us? Moreover, Adam had been created in a state, so to speak, of perfect moral equilibrium, capable of temptation from without, but having no sinful proclivities whatever. By the fall, however, that moral equilibrium had been destroyed, and there was now a distinct bias towards evil with which all men have to maintain a perpetual, and, alas! a painfully fruitless struggle. Was it to be thought that our Redeemer was agitated by these motions of the flesh, as we are—that He had the same conflict to maintain to staunch the bitter fountain of a corrupted heart? Pious men shrank from such a conclusion, even shuddered at it, and felt that, if it were admitted, the whole framework of their gospel must rot and go to pieces. It is obvious that several of these questions spring from the merest misunderstanding of Irving's meaning. Christ's human nature did not require regeneration, because, by the theory, it was fallen, but regenerated in its very birth and being. Neither was there properly any conflict between His flesh and spirit, because the flesh, though liable to all the evil of our nature, was completely subject to its divine tenant and partner, so that not even one involuntary thought of wrong ever shadowed for a moment the pure soul of Immanuel.

But it cannot be denied that, on a subject which demanded the most delicate handling, Irving spoke frequently with all the passion and exaggeration of the mere orator; so that one need not wonder if the daws about the steeple began to caw in wild alarm, as if their old cosy nests were about to be disturbed. Nay, moreover, it was no marvel that good men were startled and frightened by a doctrine which, be it right or wrong, it was

not easy to adjust with other parts of the Christian system dear and precious to their souls. We may regret that this controversy was embittered with all the usual theological odium ; but we cannot be astonished that the question was keenly discussed. It was natural that Mr Haldane, a man of singular worth and piety, but without a very large mind or very liberal culture, should, from his point of view, see in Irving's doctrine nothing but danger to evangelicalism. It was equally natural for the powerful and splendid ecclesiastic who then guided the evangelical counsels of the Scotch Church, to be jealous of any innovation in the common theology of the land ; for Andrew Thomson, with his sturdy logic rather than profound thought, the very embodiment of Scottish Presbyterian fervour, could hardly have been expected to keep out of a quarrel of this kind, simply because he scarcely understood it. These, with Mr Dods of Belford, therefore opened fire on Irving in pamphlets and Christian Instructors, to whom Henry Drummond replied with scornful trenchant wit, oddly blended with elaborate theologizing ; while Irving himself answered them, deploring and denouncing the ungodly blindness and theological incapacity of the age, with a vehemence of polemical bitterness which shows, all too clearly, that the spiritual artillery would have been wielded by him quite as readily and vigorously as it was by his opponents. In these polemical tracts he drops the stately, grave, and formal style, and is altogether more natural, if a little inclined to scold. We shall have to return briefly to this point ere the close ; but meanwhile we may state that, whether Irving's view was right or wrong,—and, when stript of the different misunderstandings which his rhetorical vehemence occasioned, the question seems to be pretty much of a logomachy,—yet he has bequeathed to the churches a great problem, to the settlement of which they ought intelligently to address themselves ; and that is, to determine more clearly the relations between the incarnation and the atonement. That, we apprehend, was the issue towards which he was being led by the Supreme Controller of all events. Christianity, as we have said, has, at different times, changed, so to speak, its centre of gravity from the one to the other of these, and that not only with regard to religious idea, but equally in regard to spiritual life. And Irving will have served no mean purpose, if he has only called this age of ours to attempt the better adjustment of these truths, so as to secure to our Christian spirit the largeness and freedom of the incarnation theology, and also the sterner moral sense which belongs to the later evangelical idea.

Meanwhile we must turn to another exciting page of this eventful history—the Row heresy, as it was called, with its bear-

ings, direct and collateral, and Irving's connection with them. Of these events we are furnished with a full account in the *Life of the Rev. Robert Story*, minister of Roseneath, lately published by his son. This good man, an early and dear friend of Irving's, seems in his youth to have been of a somewhat aspiring and frothy nature, and in his age rather weak, the gas having escaped,—qualities which have been transmitted with fair increase to his son and biographer. The parish of Row was adjacent to that of Roseneath, and the whole circumstances of this singular religious movement fell under the immediate observation of Mr Story, whose life in consequence becomes of some moment, and might have been of much more, had it been written with less flippancy and a little insight.

Of the 'Row heresy' itself we do not intend to say much. It is too important and delicate a subject to be gone into superficially; and besides, Mr Irving's connection with Row had less to do with it than with the miraculous manifestations which were alleged to have taken place in the neighbourhood. A young Highland minister, John M'Leod Campbell, a man, by universal admission, of singular piety and holiness, and an earnest pastor, failing to see much fruit of his labours, in the conversion of sinners to Christ, began to search for the reason of this, and came by-and-bye to the conclusion, that the Gospel had been so overlaid and sophisticated by fathers, schoolmen, and divines, as to hide its beauty and impair its power; and that these sophistications must be got out of the way, and a simpler Gospel preached, if any good was to be done at Row. The first subject that troubled him was that of assurance of salvation, on which he came at last to be persuaded that the common notion was quite wrong, and that assurance was simply the conviction that God's record was true. This raised the question of what the Gospel record really is,—What is the message that men are to be called to believe? Here Mr M'Leod came into contact with the old difficulty regarding the extent of the atonement, and that again raised the question of the nature of the atonement, and the warrant of the ministers of the Gospel to offer to all a pardon which the Calvinist does not hold to have been purchased for all. Good Thomas Boston and the 'Marrow-men,' in the eighteenth century, had found a solution of the difficulty occasioned by the limitation of the atonement, in the idea of Christ's kinsman-redeemership, and, in virtue of this relation, had felt their minds at peace while offering salvation to all.¹ But this view did

¹ Our readers will mark that even thus early in Scotland had the problem of the incarnation intruded itself into the logic of atonement, and demanded some satisfactory adjustment, which however it did not get, for the 'marrow-men' were simply denounced, though they were the very pith of national piety at the time.

not satisfy Mr Campbell. His mind at last settled in the idea of a universal atonement, the universal Fatherhood of God, and His individual love and redemption of each man who would only receive His assurance of it; though, previous to his deposition, he had not adopted those ideas which he has since developed in his work on the nature of the atonement. The General Assembly deposed Mr Campbell from the holy ministry, holding him to have departed from the doctrine of the standards, and refusing to one who had gravitated towards Arminianism that indulgence which has commonly been shown to others whose tendencies have been to hyper-Calvinistic extremes. It would be difficult to say what General Assemblies would do now in such a case; but it may surely be believed that the natural recoil from the deposition of so holy a man, and so devoted and successful a pastor, would secure a tenderer treatment; and that even by the most strenuous of those who might hold that to such men fellowship in the ministry was impossible, a milder mode of severing the bond would be found than by the sentence of apostates, drunkards, and adulterers.

Mr Campbell's 'new light' created no small stir round the Gairloch, and over all the land. There was an awakening of religious life then, which got its first impulse from the Row kirk. Greenock, Glasgow, Edinburgh, thrilled as with the gush of a fresh springtide; and many a pulpit, erewhile given over to a dry tradition of dogmas, kindled with the eloquence of an unwonted vitality, as men really hoped to see the salvation of their God. Apart from the truth or error of these opinions, there was a revival of spiritual life which some thought to be a Divine testimony in their favour, and which others would have discredited because of its connection with them. A deeper philosophy will discard both of these notions, and may allow the facts vouched for by all the religious biography and correspondence of the time, while yet contending that the doctrines themselves must be tried by a very different test. Many quickenings of religious earnestness have been allied with those half-truths which are seen like morning lights about the clouds, but disappear as the day brightens. At any rate, there was a new impulse now given to Scottish piety; and it was ere long associated with those fanaticisms which are natural to such movements, and are not at the time easily separable from them. We do not mean to dwell on the strange story of Mary Campbell of Fernicarry. It is well told by Mr Story—not quite so well by Mrs Oliphant, whose hero never was undeceived; and his biographer, therefore, embroiders and glorifies every veil on his eyes, until it looks as like light as possible. A single word, however, will be necessary to explain the development of the tragedy.

Mr Campbell having preached a good deal about faith and assurance, came naturally on a number of scriptural texts which led to questions about miraculous agency. Mr Scott, also, a young licentiate of the Church, who is made to play a rather considerable part in Mrs Oliphant's book, had been led to form somewhat decided opinions about the difference between the baptism unto repentance and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Thus the minds of a people, already somewhat excited with what to them were novelties, were led to ask, what was the nature of miracles? were they mere evidences, as the apologists of the last century said? or were they the natural manifestations of a present supernatural spirit? If the latter, why were they not wrought now? When did this mysterious force die out of the Church, if indeed it be dead? What if it is only want of faith which has deprived the Bride of these comfortable tokens of the Redeemer's presence? So far, perhaps, well. Scripture does not authoritatively limit the time for the working of 'signs and wonders.' We do not assert that the power is for ever departed; only, we hold it our duty to sift with exceeding care, and even with wholesome scepticism, any alleged irregularity in the common course of nature. People in the midst of religious excitement, however, wrought up by such arguments to a state of pious expectation, cannot believe in a wholesome scepticism. Accordingly, a lad in Port-Glasgow, a shipwright, of the name of M'Donald, who had previously learned to believe in such possibilities from a singular convert of the name of James Grub, one day ordered his sister, then supposed to be dying of consumption, to arise and be whole; which accordingly she did, and sat down to the family dinner. Encouraged by this success, he sent word to Mary Campbell on Gairloch, then also thought to be in a dying state, that she too, if she had faith, might be restored to health; and Mary straightway left her bed, like Miss M'Donald, and was for many years after an active, vigorous woman. She had, on her sick-bed, solemnly dedicated herself as a missionary to the heathen; but by-and-bye, marrying a Mr Caird, and getting into fine religious society of Drummonds, and Sparrows, and Manchesters, she thought better of it, and took to speaking tongues among the London quality, who did not understand them, instead of the Pellew islanders, who might perhaps have profited still less by them. For which her pastor, Mr Story, of Roseneath, is very faithfully indignant at her; but human nature is a complex machine, and has various motive powers, into some of which it does not care to look too closely; and then, too, she was married, and under law to her husband. Whether she did right in this or not, cured she was at any rate, as well as Miss M'Donald, and afterwards Miss Fancourt in London, long

a cripple, bed-ridden ; and surely, it was said, now is the gift of miracles again restored to the Church. As to the conclusion, men may differ ; but of the facts there can be no doubt. Some good men at the time sincerely thought them miraculous, while others as sincerely doubted. Time, which tries all, has pronounced an unfavourable verdict. We may have no satisfactory physiological explanation of such cases. The mysterious relations of soul and body have been too imperfectly explored to allow us to say that we understand the law of their occurrence. But that they were the result of law will hardly now be doubted, especially as we know that many other attempts were made to work miracles—in some cases, we believe, even to raise the dead—and that the results were not such as to encourage a very boastful publicity. But people would have it that miracles were wrought in favour of Mr Campbell's views ; and when other signs failed, they could at least speak with tongues.

It is at this point specially that Irving becomes connected with these movements on the banks of the Clyde. His sympathies were warmly with Mr Campbell in his ecclesiastical prosecution, as one of few who dared to proclaim the full love of God to man ; and he even gave in a general adherence to his theology, being half persuaded that Christ died simply for the good of men, rather than in their room. But he was not much influenced by this. He was never accused of preaching an universal atonement, because his theme was rather the incarnation, as in the early ages. The only thing in the new theology which is specially identified with his name is the revival of Pentecostal gifts,—an instance, we think, of that intellectual weakness in the midst of wonderful power—that want of insight, and that delusive fascination to which we have ascribed the sad wreck of his noble life. Our readers, we hope, will bear with us while we try to give some explanation of this matter.

The first mention of these tongues in the Acts of the Apostles is not only the earliest, but also by far the clearest. Proceeding, then, from the clear to the more obscure, which Basil Montague might have shown Irving to be a good Baconian law, we must take the Pentecostal account as the key by which to interpret the chapter in Corinthians in which Paul gives directions for the use of those tongues. Now, it appears in the clear history of Pentecost, that when the apostles and brethren spoke, a variety of nations understood them as if they had been talking in their own mother-tongue. This might mean, either that the apostles uttered certain sounds, which were variously heard by men of different lands, and comprehended—in which view the miracle was wrought on the hearers ; or it might mean that they really spoke divers known languages, and then the miracle might be

called properly a gift of tongues. In any case, the speakers were understood by the hearers congregated at that season from the various nations; and the difficult passage in Corinthians must be expounded in harmony with that definite history of facts. It is opposed to all sound exposition to select the obscure as the key to the simple. Yet this is what was now done, and that to an extent which the Apostle's words to the Corinthians will by no means justify; for the supposed unknown tongues were alike unmeaning to speaker and hearer—were, as Carlyle said, mere 'bedlam' and 'chaos.'

There seems to be some little doubt whether this gift was first exhibited by the M'Donalds in Port-Glasgow, or by Mary Campbell across the Clyde on Gairloch. Irving always ascribes it to the latter. But, at any rate, it was not long confined to that obscure region. Ere long, the congregation in Regent Square church were taught to pray for it, and by-and-bye they got what they took to be an answer to their prayers. Mrs Oliphant has given some of the English 'prophecies,' but no sample of the 'tongues' proper; and as this age is tolerably ignorant of these matters, we shall take the liberty of quoting a few of these remarkable utterances. One of the chief of those who spoke in London, 'under the power,' as it was called, was a Mr Baxter, a Yorkshireman, highly nervous and ecstatic, who has published a book on the subject, having afterwards recanted his opinions, and declared himself to have been under the influence of the devil. His 'prophecies,' however, are all in English, so far as printed; and the man appears throughout to have acted in perfect good faith. It is impossible, however, to read his remarkable book without perceiving clear traces of that self-deluding power so natural to every kind of enthusiastic coterie. A small body of people gathered around a man of rare fascination, and were knit together by certain opinions with which the nation generally did not sympathize. Certain remarkable phenomena appeared among them, which are to this day not easily explained, and which they took to be the voice of God's Holy Spirit. To this conclusion they came, not because anything was spoken which transcended human knowledge, but simply because of a certain physical constraint and singularity in the utterances; added to which was another subtle ingredient, probably influencing them quite unconsciously, viz., that the words authoritatively confirmed their own opinions. Thus, Irving opposed the Reform Bill; and a prophecy came, 'that it should not pass,' and that 'the great Captain of Waterloo would again be made Prime Minister.' He had denounced the Test and Corporation Act; and accordingly Mr Baxter prophesied stoutly against it. He had been sorely grieved with the

Bible Society; and a prophecy was given, 'that it was a curse going through the land, quenching the Spirit of God by the letter of the word of God.' He dreaded the growth of democracy; and by-and-bye the prophet tells him that the Church of Scotland has offended God 'in its popular constitution and rejection of bishops.' He had declared the speedy coming of Christ; and lo! he is greeted with a 'Thus saith the Lord, within three years and a half this land shall be desolate.' We could easily multiply examples of this, not by any means to show that there was intentional deception, which we cannot for a moment believe; but to explain how a little clique of good men, living, moving, and having their being in a glowing atmosphere of peculiar opinions, might naturally delude themselves, and mistake their own fancies for a divine inspiration. Mr Baxter in the end recoiled from Irving's doctrine of our Lord's human nature, in spite of its confirmation by various 'utterances in the power.' Many of his own vaticinations too had failed. Moreover, having gone one day to rebuke the Lord Chancellor, and his heart failing him as he contemplated the possibility of gaol or bedlam, the good man concluded he had been under the influence of the devil, as the Spirit of God could not be afraid of any lawyer that ever sat on the woolsack. A prudent Mr Baxter, if not very wise; whom we may now dismiss, the more readily that he gives no specimen of the 'tongues' proper. Nor are many such to be found, which is not to be wondered at—the speaker being in a frenzy, the hearers generally excited, and the reporter unused to such language. There was, however, a Mr Pilkington, who once thought himself an ill-used person, and published a pamphlet, for which Irving in his grand way forgave him, because 'I have heard he is in very needy circumstances, and published his book for bread.' The man was mainly a fool, who fancied he had a gift for languages, and could interpret the 'tongues;' but as his examples were never, so far as we know, controverted, though his claim to interpret was properly enough rejected, we may, so far at least, avail ourselves of his aid.

Irving, Dr Norton, Mr Baxter, and indeed all who witnessed the phenomena, agree that these utterances, whether in English or in the 'tongue,' were given in a very loud voice, at first slowly, but gradually attaining to a very rapid yet clear articulation, often also with a singular musical rhythm. Mr Pilkington having all his wits about him, gives a very minute description of one of the speakers, which has the stamp of truth on it. 'Her whole frame,' he says, 'was in violent agitation, but principally the body, from the hips to the shoulders, which worked with a lateral motion—the chest heaved and swelled, the head was occasionally raised from the right hand, which was placed under

the forehead, while the left hand and arm seemed to press and rub the stomach. . . . Then the body stayed, the neck became stiff, and the head erect; the hands fell on the lap, the mouth assumed a circular form, the lips projected, and the "tongue" . . . came from her in an awful form. During the utterance I observed a violent exertion of the muscles of the jaw-bone, and that the stiffened lips never touched to aid the articulation of the "tongue," but they closed apparently enough to express the labials of the English part of the delivery, and instantly resumed the circular form.' In general, also, he says that the utterance was preceded by a preparatory sound, which he represents by the syllables 'cras-cran-cra-crash,' spoken with a sudden and rapid vociferation. He then gives examples of the 'tongue,' along with his interpretation, which last the reader will take for what it is worth. 'Hozehamenanostra,' is a very Belshazzar-like word; but our Daniel read it Hoze, Jesus; ha, a contraction for habeo (habebit, we should suppose); mena, hands; nostra, ours; which piece of curious quasi-Latin he translates, 'Jesus will hold our hands.' But his grand triumph, his *chef d'œuvre*, which he puts as motto to his book, was 'Holimoth holif awthaw.' Our readers will be puzzled to discover their mother-tongue in these strange syllables; but if they will imagine a Cockney with an unfortunate lisp, and an exaggerated opposition to the letter R, 'Holimoth holif awthaw,' will readily become 'Holy, motht holy Fathaw.' Worthy Mr Pilkington, carnal-minded interpreter of spiritual mysteries, well might poor Irving entreat you 'to say no more about it.' Irving verily believed these sounds to be the Pentecostal tongues; but as he gives little or no reason for his faith, we may be permitted to doubt whether the sister, with her circular mouth, and stiff neck, and odd words, was a bit more of a Pythoness than Mr Pilkington of a Daniel. We subjoin, ere parting with this portion of our subject, a fuller specimen of these tongues, quoted from the *Morning Watch*, the quarterly organ of the new sect:—

Hippo-gerosto hippo booros senoote
 Foorime oorin hoopo tanto noostin
 Noorastin niparos hipanos bantos boorin
 O Pinitos eleiastino halimungitos dantitu
 Hampootine farimi aristos ekrampos.
 Epoongos vangami beresessino tereston
 Sa tinootino alinoosis O fastos sungor O fuston sungor
 Eletanteti eretine menati.

The classical reader will discover in these lines an odd echo of Greek—a kind of classical rhythm too, but no construction possible. Were they spoken by a person ignorant of that

tongue? Language they are not; but they are curious; and when people called them gibberish, poor Irving doubted whether this were not the very unpardonable sin. Ere returning now to the narrative, we may just add, that the English utterances, of which Mrs Oliphant gives a few specimens,—and more of a rather better class will be found in Dr Norton's *Life of the M'Donalds*,—were chiefly meagre and commonplace,—warnings, and reproofs, and ejaculations, tediously iterated,—filling us with wonder that any man could believe that the course of nature was interrupted for the expression of such crudities.

We must, however, return now to our narrative. About the time of the first appearance of these phenomena in Scotland, Irving's doctrine of Christ's human nature had begun to be called in question by a Mr Cole—whom Mrs Oliphant has impaled with unusual gusto—by Messrs Haldane and Dods, and finally, by the Presbytery of London. At first his brethren there seem not to have acted in a very brotherly spirit; and though some attempt was afterwards made at holding a private conference with him, nothing came of it; nothing, in fact, ever does come of such conferences. Ere long, therefore, they brought the matter again into court, resolved to purge the Kirk of heresy; but no sooner did they come to this resolution, than Irving, whose church stood in a peculiar relation to the presbytery, flatly repudiated their authority. He had long exalted, even exaggerated, the power of the Church. He had deplored the low state of public opinion on this head, as one of the crying sins of the last days. But no sooner is its authority exerted in opposition to his own opinions, than the presbytery becomes only 'six men,' to whom he never will submit. It is the old story. Ecclesiastical power is grand, divine, as long as I can wield it; a contemptible 'six men,' when it happens to differ from me. We do not blame him more for his new discovery than for his old ecclesiasticism: both views are wrong; only the 'six men' doctrine is perhaps the least dangerous. He was now, therefore, isolated from his brethren, and haunted all the more by Cardales and Taplins, and 'autocratic, plutocratic' Drummonds, who scarce left him an hour for calm reflection, but from morning till night kept up the subtle intoxication of their quasi-spiritual incense.

Circumstances being thus favourable, cut off from his presbytery, coldly regarded in Scotland, nay, openly denounced by some, Irving turned to his God for comfort, but unfortunately also to the Taplins and Drummonds. Would not the miraculous gifts, if bestowed on some of his followers, as on Campbell's, be a testimony in his favour, enough to cover his enemies with shame? Prayer-meetings, therefore, were held for this purpose,

early and late, and a generally unwholesome spiritual excitement kept at a high pitch, till the boon was granted, to their exceeding joy. 'We asked for bread,' said Irving; 'could we believe that God had given us a stone?' They were in a fit state for believing anything they wanted to believe. Yet at first he restrained the 'tongues' to private assemblies. Afterwards he admitted prophecies 'in the power,' but in English, into his morning prayer-meetings. He would fain still, like a sober Scottish minister, keep things 'decently and in order.' But he was no longer master. Murmurs arose among the gifted. What right had he to silence the Spirit of God? Moreover, unseemly things happened in church. As at sea in a gale of wind, you will sometimes witness a victim rush silently to some convenient spot, so in Regent Square church you might have seen in those days some one run into the vestry with a mouthful of the 'tongue,' and explode when within its quiet precincts. Irving, therefore, was forced to permit, while he tried also to regulate, these utterances in public. Of course this created a commotion. A crowd assembled, noisy, rude, unmannerly, not without danger of life even; so that he was glad to dismiss them, and heart-broken next day to find the scoffer sneering through all the morning papers. It is a sad, pitiable story, from beginning to end; and not the least miserable feature of it was, that his best friends pleaded with him to pause, mainly on the ground of his own self-interest, which the brave, true soul of him utterly spurned. And so gradually the Cardales and Taplins and Miss Halls, got him entirely to themselves, and kept hovering all day about Judd Place, incensing their idol with subtle worship,—subtle even in the impertinence of its authoritative rebukes: for had the spirit only flattered, he might have given room to a doubt; but the more it reproved him, the more he kissed the rod. We do not suppose that those who now surrounded him had any but the purest motives, or that they were other than pious, God-fearing people. But if it is a crime to be silly and conceited, they were guilty, we do believe, above many.

So the Scotch National Church, Regent Square, had fallen into utter distraction; having asked a stone, instead of bread, and apparently gotten it. Meanwhile, everywhere the horizon was threatening. It is with exceeding pain that we approach the closing scenes, and a measure of indignation almost equally shared between Irving's antagonists and his biographer. Of the latter we will speak first, as it is the lighter part of the business. We have already alluded to Mrs Oliphant's treatment of Dr Chalmers in the earlier stages of his connection with Irving. Keeping up the same vein with a dramatic consistency to the last, she is very indignant that he did not interfere now to arrest

the inevitable course of events. He did not agree with Irving's doctrine of our Lord's human nature, yet neither did he think it probably very dangerous. Mrs Oliphant is therefore of opinion that he ought to have come forth in its defence, and that his not doing so was a cowardly shrinking 'from the requirements of his position.' Irving had written to him about it; and because his reply is not to be found, she leaves him to underlie the odium of an ungenerous discourtesy. Mrs Oliphant is a Scotchwoman, and might have known that the General Assembly would not have recognised in his position any such authority as she ascribes to it. She might also have remembered that Dr Chalmers had a very humble estimate of his own powers as a theologian, and that it would have belied his whole character to have rushed, as arbiter, into a controversy in which, from the very bent and temper of his mind, he was little fitted to judge,—all patristic subtleties being alien to him, if not incomprehensible. Yet she has left the impression that he and Irving were at one, which they were not, and that he timidly shrank 'from the requirements of his position.' But, indeed, all the relations of these two remarkable men are so put as to discredit and minify the thoughtful wisdom of the Scotch leader. So it is from the beginning. Chalmers cannot understand the man, whom, nevertheless, he chose for his assistant, and described as a Christian grafted on the stern virtues of the ancient Roman. Chalmers is sneered at as fretting with a paltry vanity, because his own sermon was kept cooling, while Irving prayed for three quarters of an hour, and read the longest chapter in the Bible. Chalmers is by implication held to have been guilty of discourtesy, because a letter is not found in Irving's despoiled depositories. Finally, Chalmers plays the coward, because he did not come forward either to vindicate a doctrine which he did not believe, or else to condemn a brother on whom he might yet have to sit in judgment; and that, too, in regard to one of those subtleties on which he was, and felt himself, little able to decide. But Mrs Oliphant biographizes on the principle that he who is not for us—me and my hero—is against us, and is of course in the wrong, and altogether wrong.

For Chalmers is not the only victim. She adopts the same course of skilful inuendo and elaborate depreciation towards Professor Scott of Manchester. Personally, we do not know Mr Scott, and have no interest to defend him. He seems, on the whole, to have come off only second-best in a newspaper encounter with his clever antagonist. But it is impossible to read the various allusions to him without feeling that, from the beginning, she means to use him as an Iago to her Othello, although she gives no facts in proof of her statements, or none in which her

hero is not equally implicated. Thus, he is described as a man 'whose powerful, wilful, and fastidious mind has produced on all other capable minds an impression of force and ability which no practical result has yet adequately carried out;' and further, as 'a Scotch probationer, characteristically recalcitrant, and out of accordance with every standard but his own.' Then, by-and-bye, 'all that is apparent of him through the long vista of years is a determined resistance to every kind of external limitation, and fastidious rejection of all ecclesiastical boundary for his thoughts.' Finally, he appears before the General Assembly of 1831, 'with a certain touch of chivalrous perversity which is almost amusing;' 'a brilliant knight-errant, . . . proclaiming his readiness, not only to impugn the standards, but to argue the matter with the Church, and maintain against all comers, in the strength of an argumentative power which Irving calls unequalled, his solitary daring assault against the might of orthodoxy;' a very remarkable, illimitable kind of professor, reminding one of those patients who feel themselves swelling to such an extent that they are afraid of falling over both sides of the bed at once; a man finical, wilful, boundless, self-confident, able, but also barren; on the whole, a character more easily described than conceived. His friends, through Mr Erskine, declare they have never been able to discover in him those remarkable features of perverse genius. But that would not matter, if there were facts given to substantiate the statement. Instead of that, however, we find Mr Scott, in his youth, holding the doctrine of our Lord's human nature, which he had learned from Irving; we find him thinking the baptism of repentance to be a different thing from the baptism of the Holy Ghost, which Irving learnt from him; we find him, on general grounds, expecting miraculous gifts, but for special reasons doubting the miraculous source of trite commonplaces; we find him believing in a universal atonement, to which Irving also inclined; we find him, finally, defending himself by an appeal from the standards to the Scriptures, which Irving also did in the Presbytery of London, where, moreover, he left a solemn prophetic denunciation on them as 'a court of antichrist,' because they held such appeal to be out of order. The only point of difference between them appears, on the whole, to be in Mr Scott's favour. For Irving held that his doctrine and custom accorded with the standards, and that, in consequence, he was entitled to retain his church; in which case he had really no call to do more than prove his case from the Confession of Faith. Scott, on the other hand, perceiving that he had departed from those standards, declined to sign them, gave up his prospects in the Church, and might, with some force, claim a hearing for the reasons which

constrained him to take such a step. It is easy, by skilful adroitness, to create a prejudice against one who dealt thus honestly with his convictions, whether these were right or wrong; but, for Irving's own sake, we must protest against such a course, for it creates a feeling of prejudice against him, as if he could only be vindicated by offering the Scotts and Chalmerses a sacrifice to his manes.

As to the conduct of the ecclesiastical authorities, it is at once painful to follow them in the course they took, and difficult to see what other they could have taken. No doubt there was a kind of heresy-panic abroad in the Scotch Church at this time—a pious stampede, forgetting in sheer fright alike judgment and mercy. The moderate party, afraid of all that is not decorous and respectable, eagerly seized on any dogmatic flaw in those who could not be satisfied with a dull religious decorum. The evangelicals, on the other hand, trembled lest their earnest religious life might be discredited by an alliance with errors in doctrine, which the Scotch people would not tolerate. Both were thus united in intense dread of heresy, and forgot that Campbell and Irving were better and more spiritual servants of Christ when they deposed them than when they had ordained them. But matters in Regent Square had fallen into sad unprofitable disorder. Scotch elders, therefore, so loyal hitherto, began to complain, to entreat, to withdraw; to Irving's great sorrow, but nowise moving him from his adopted path. A grand, heroic faith, thinks Mrs Oliphant—the heart broken, but brokenly living on according to its convictions, with grief devouring it, and ruin before it. Yes, if there be any reality to believe in and die for. But what if it be a mere will-o'-wisp, which a man of common insight ought to have seen through? Is it all one,—faith in a living God, and in a mere mumbo-jumbo? Sensible people reckon there is a difference; but it is not recognised in this loyal biography, though Mrs Oliphant is both a sensible and an able writer. At any rate, the trustees of Irving's church held themselves bound to maintain worship there according to the simple forms of the Scottish Church. Surely he would not force them to take steps as disagreeable to them as to him; so they urged him to put an end to the Taplins' and Cardales' prophesying, or at least to keep them in the vestry, or, if that might not be, to use them only on week days; really showing a deal of forbearance, and willing to make any reasonable compromise of the matter. Irving asked for some days to consider the question, but on the Sunday after, announced that 'probably the doors of the church would be closed against him during the week . . . because he refused to allow the voice of the Spirit of God to be silenced.' Further, he told his audience

to come to church there no more, since 'the Spirit of God had been cast out, and none could prosper who came to worship there.' Of course Irving believed what he said; but clearly it was a begging of the question, and was fitted to irritate the trustees, who never meant any such thing. Nor were they likely to be mollified when he wrote to them shortly after: 'I do you solemnly to wit, men and brethren, before Almighty God, that whosoever lifteth up a finger against the work which is proceeding in the Church of Christ under my pastoral care, is rising up against the Holy Ghost.' With such a wrong-headed infallibility it was difficult to deal; but the presbytery was the proper court to determine the matter. So Irving had to appear there, at the bar of the 'six men,' for the trust-deed authorized them to act on appeal from the elders or trustees; and one cannot read the trial without admiration of the high-toned nobleness of his soul, contrasted with the hard, petty, and at times ungenerous spirit of his judges. In its judicial capacity, a presbytery is a singular anomaly in British jurisprudence. It is at once judge, jury, prosecutor, and advocate. It has cumbrous antiquated forms, and yet allows the wildest irregularities. Mrs Oliphant seems to have been terribly disenchanted by her first look into its procedure. Probably she would be equally astonished could she retire with a jury, and listen to the grounds on which decisions are often come to by that palladium of British freedom. Yet, on the whole, both are valuable institutions, helpful to justice and fair play in their way. Not that we agree with the verdict of the presbytery in this case. There had been irregularity, but not illegality, in Regent Square. There is no statute forbidding prophecy in the Scotch Church; nor is custom so uniform as to allow no room for such exercises. 'The men' in the Highlands, and the many during late revivals, have done quite as extravagant things even in this day. But what could the presbytery do with one so sublime and impracticable? We pity them; and yet, when we remember the man, so earnest, so spiritual, so loving, so abundant in labours, so fruitful in every good work, O, surely some means might, ought to have been devised, by which this holy and beautiful vessel would have been retained for the service of the sanctuary which he loved. We fancy we would tolerate a good deal of confusion to have an Edward Irving among us to-day.

So he departed from Regent Square to Gray's Inn Road, where Owen taught philanthropic infidelity, and then to West's Picture Gallery in Newman Street, where the prophets organized a new church system for him. But he was not yet done with suffering. In Scotland, the Assembly of 1831, zealous for orthodoxy, had instructed its presbyters, if he ever appeared among

them, to see to his doctrine about the person of Christ. He never did appear among them, and so they might have let him alone among his angels in Newman Street. True, they still had, in virtue of his ordination by them, a shadowy responsibility. They were entitled to take action; but what call was there, since no one regarded him now as a clergyman of their Church? However, the heresy-panic was strong; and though sorrow was breaking his heart, fear is always pitiless, and never can understand that forbearance may be highest faithfulness. So his beloved and honoured Church of Scotland put her heel upon him—perhaps the bitterest thing he ever had to bear. We have no heart to go through the details of this second trial. At first, we believe, he was reluctant to obey the summons of the Presbytery of Annan, and was only persuaded to go by the ‘prophets,’ who had an object to accomplish in formally sundering the connection between him and the Church of his fathers. Go, at any rate, he did, and had his doctrine condemned by a tribunal of plain country ministers, little able to decide on such a matter. But Mrs Oliphant might have remembered that it was in his power to have carried the matter by appeal to the higher courts, and thus gotten what ‘general council’ the Church of Scotland had to offer. If a suitor is cast in the Sheriff or County Court, we do not blame his country for judging high matters in second-rate judicatories; for we know he may bring his case to the House of Lords, if he choose. Irving, however, was certainly condemned as holding opinions which in fact he anathematized. Both he and his judges believed in the perfect holiness of Christ. Both also believed in His having ‘a fellow-feeling of all our infirmities, but without sin.’ The only question between them was, Whether the sinlessness of our Lord’s human nature belonged to its constitution, or to the superadded grace of the Spirit. Irving held the latter view—perhaps an error, but hardly one to call for deposition of a faithful servant of God. Deposed, however, he was; for the Commission of Assembly, transgressing, as it has too often done, its constitutional jurisdiction, had virtually ordered him to be condemned. Readers who may turn to the report of his trial, will find it difficult to read, through blinding tears, the pathetic reminiscence in which he indulges when he recalls to mind, as he stood at the bar, that this was the place where he had been baptized, where he first sat down at the communion table, and where he had been ordained by his fellow-presbyters, who now, alas! in the name of the same Christ, were about so different a work. We scarce know what to say about it. Mere panic-fear was at the root of it—decorous moderatism coldly condemning, and timid evangelicalism vehemently urging;

lest it should be thought to partake of heresy ; altogether showing more ecclesiasticism than Christianity. And yet what can be done with a sublime wrong-headedness, piously submitting to its Drummonds and Taplins ? What can be done now, but to lament that something else was not, at least, intelligently tried to be done ?

After his deposition, Irving remained for a short time in Dumfriesshire, preaching to vast congregations in his native glens and churchyards—preaching daily to some 10,000 people, with that rich and powerful voice, which was not only a mighty sound, but a far mightier spell. On his return to London, Mrs Oliphant represents him as having been anew deposed by the Newman Street authorities, which is an unintentional mistake on her part. The prophets had indeed already determined that his Scotch ordination, though valid, was inferior to theirs, and that their angels must get the authority of direct inspiration. Probably they would have required him to go through a new form, even if he had not been deposed by his presbytery. But this act seemed to clear the way for their operations. He does not appear to have been laid aside from preaching, but only from administering the sacraments, and even that for only a very short time. We quote an account of the matter from a letter of his own, printed for private circulation :—

‘ April (probably 5) 1833.

‘ On the Lord’s day before the last, when, as usual during the forenoon service, I proceeded to receive into the church the child of one of the members, . . . the Lord by the mouth of his apostle arrested my hand, saying that we must tarry for a while. Though I wist not wherefore this was done, I obeyed, and desired the parent to postpone it. Then the Lord further signified it was His will we should know, and the whole church should feel, that we were without ordinances, to the end we might altogether feel our destitute condition, and cry to Him for the ordinances from heaven. Then I discerned that He had indeed acknowledged the act of the fleshly church in taking away the fleshly thing ; and that He was minded, in His grace, to take us under His own care, and constitute us into a church directly in the hands of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.’

Such is Irving’s own account of the matter. One sees in it the faithful consistency of a mind that failed not in its logic, but only in its intuitions. Granted the foundation, and all was clear and consequent, even beautiful. As to those who imposed their authority thus on him, we may fairly give them the benefit of the same principle. They, too, were quite consistent. But they might have felt that there was a heartlessness in their silliness, when in the hour of his great sorrow they thus, even for a moment, endorsed the bitter sentence under which he groaned. And although not forbidden to preach—happily he had an authority for

doing that above either kirk or prophet—it is certain his eloquent voice was often silenced, while the Drummonds and Taplins edified the church by such strains as these, uttered ‘in the power,’ but certainly not of brains :

‘Oh, oh, she shall replenish the earth ! Oh, oh, she shall replenish the earth and subdue it, and subdue it !’ or these :

‘Ah ! Sanballat, Sanballat, Sanballat, the Horonite, the Moabite, the Ammonite ! Ah ! confederate, confederate, confederate with the Horonite ! Ah ! look ye to it, look ye to it !’

And poor Irving sat silent, and reverently suffered their rebukes, being often ‘in error,’ and forced to acknowledge it, for he was not ‘accounted worthy’ to enjoy the gift himself, for which we at any rate are profoundly thankful, seeing that God had granted him another of considerably greater moment.

The sick lion had got his last kick from the thistle-eater ; but he took it meekly, as precious ointment. Ere long sent down to Scotland by these ‘Sanballat’ prophets, he caught cold, which settled on his chest. Weary, worn, hopeless, he drooped and bowed his head when he returned. But they would not let him alone. In very silliness, we believe, they haunted his house, and wore him out with their babblement, not seeing that the hand of God was upon him. We confess to a choking sense of mingled scorn and grief as we read this part of the story. But we are glad to be able to contradict the report that his last journey to Scotland was by order of the prophets, and against the advice of his medical advisers. Against the opinion of the latter it was, but not by command of ‘the power.’ An utterance had indeed been given that he should return and order matters in Scotland ; but within a week it was countermanded, ‘because he was not fit to do the Lord’s work there’—probably not having ‘the tongues,’ poor man, but only intellect, eloquence, and lofty faith and piety. Go, however, he did, alone, in weakness—going home to die. His journey is recorded in a series of letters, chiefly to his wife—holy, human, tender epistles, with a strange delusive hope in them, unspeakably tragic, knowing, as we do, the fateful shadow to be following step by step. Yet he reached Glasgow, even preached there, and then at length lay down to rise no more. There exists a tender record of his ‘last hours’—a testimony of love and sorrow which one reads half-blinded with tears. Two or three letters also were printed for his congregation, written to them in those dying days, which Mrs Oliphant has not printed—why, we do not know. Substantially they describe the same man as we have seen him throughout—a true, loving, faithful spirit, whose whole life, through all its delusive splendours, said plainly, ‘Whether I live, I live unto the Lord ;’ and whose last words were, ‘Whether I die, I die unto the Lord.’

- ART. V.—1. *Essays from 'The Quarterly Review.'* By JAMES HANNAY. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1861.
2. *Nugæ Criticæ: Occasional Papers written at the Seaside.* By SHIRLEY. Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh. 1862.
3. *The Recreations of a Country Parson.* (A.K.H.B.) London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1859.
4. *Leisure Hours in Town.* By the Author of 'Recreations of a Country Parson.' London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1862.
5. *Essays in History and Art.* By R. H. PATTERSON. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1862.
6. *Essays, Historical and Critical.* By HUGH MILLER. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh. 1862.

EVERY now and again it is asserted that our literature is being destroyed by the periodicals. Some hold that, under their baneful influence, we are losing all concision and polish of style, as well as all capacity for serious thought. Others, admitting that there may be as much intellectual wealth current now as there was forty or a hundred years ago, contend that as the intellectual wealth of the former time was represented by a thousand gold coins, and the wealth of the present day by a million copper ones, the unprecedented distribution of pieces, the sordid material of which they are composed, the excess of bulk and weight, form serious deductions from the value actually in possession. The assertion that Magazines and Reviews are at present hurting literature, is one which, in virtue of being half truth and half falsehood, is likely to enjoy a long life. You cannot trample it quite out, on account of the truth resident in it; you have an uneasy suspicion of its falsehood even while asserting it most loudly. Every household in the country has its periodical. Henry of Navarre longed for the time when every Frenchman should have a hen in his pot. That he conceived a better sign of the prosperity of a country than certain big feasts in certain big castles. The Magazines bring literature into every home, just as aqueduct and pipe bring the water of Loch Katrine into the homes of the Glasgow citizens. It is quite true, that the water occasionally tastes of iron, and wears a rusty stain; quite true that a perfectly pure draught may always be had at the legendary lake in the shadow of the hills; but the water is flowing in every house, and that, after all, is the important matter.

And, to carry out the illustration, the water is often as pure in the basin of the citizen as beneath the trembling sedges that

the wild duck loves. The fact that so many of our books, and so many of our best books too, are reprints from periodicals, proves that not only are periodicals extensively read, but that they absorb much of our best thinking and writing. The best written Magazine naturally attracts the largest number of readers; and this number of readers enables it to maintain its level of excellence, and to draw to its service the best men who may from time to time arise. When we say that our best periodicals are extensively read, we are simply saying that our best periodicals are attractive. No man who wishes to be amused will pay his money for dulness. No man who appreciates style will habitually peruse what cannot minister to his literary delight. The people who purchase the *Cornhill* may be presumed to be tolerably contented with the literature of the *Cornhill*. Their ordinary thinking is not quite up to the level of the thinking of the writers in that serial; the articles it contains occasionally present them with a new fact, or with a new view of a fact already known; and their ordinary conversation or correspondence does not exhibit the play of fancy and aptness of illustration which distinguish the writings of Mr Thackeray and Mr Lewes. So long as periodicals are read, we assume that they serve a very important purpose—that they amuse, instruct, and refine. Whenever they cease to do so, they will die as the *Annals* did. Nor does this same literature affect writers in any very disastrous way. It is frequently said that periodical writing fritters away a man's intellectual energy—that, instead of concentrating himself on some congenial task, devoting a whole lifetime to it, and leaving it as a permanent possession of the race, a man is tempted to write hastily and without sufficient meditation; that, in fact, we have articles now, more or less brilliant, whereas, under different circumstances, we might have had books. All this kind of conjecture is exceedingly unprofitable. Doubtless, under different circumstances, the results of a man's working would have been different more or less; but it does not of necessity follow that the results would have been more valuable. A man's power in literature, as in everything else, is best measured by his accomplishment, just as his stature is best measured by his coffin. The man who can beat his fellows in a ten-mile race, is likely to maintain his superiority in a race for a shorter distance. It is a mistake to suppose, that a man's largest work, or the work on which he has expended the greatest labour, is on that account his best. Literary history is full of instances to the contrary. When mental power is equal, that is surest of immortality which occupies the least space; scattered forces are then concentrated, like garden roses gathered into one bouquet, or English beauty in the boxes at the opera. Leisure

and life-long devotion to a task have often resulted in tediousness. Large works are often too heavy for posterity to carry. We have too many 'Canterbury Tales.' The 'Faery Queen' would be more frequently read if it consisted of only one book, and Spenser's fame would stand quite as high. Milton's poetical genius is as apparent in 'Comus' and 'Lycidas' as in his great Epic, which most people have thought too long. Addison's 'Essay in Westminster Abbey' is more valuable than his tragedy. Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings are as brilliant, powerful, and instructive as any single chapter of his 'History'—with the additional advantage, that they can be read at a sitting. Certain readers have been found to admire Wordsworth's 'We are Seven' more than the 'Excursion.' Coleridge talked of spending fifteen years on the construction of a great poem; had he done so, it is doubtful whether his reader would have preferred it to the 'Ancient Mariner.' From all this it may be inferred, that if writers, instead of 'frittering themselves away' in periodicals, had devoted themselves to the production of important works, the world would not have been much the wiser, and their reputations not one whit higher. Besides, there are many men more brilliant than profound, who have more *élan* than persistence, who gain their victories, like the Zouaves, by a rapid dash; and these do their best in periodicals. These the immediate presence of the reader excites, as the audience the orator, the crowded pit the actor. Jerrold sparkles like a fire-fly through the tropic night; Hood, in that tragic subject which his serious fancy loved, emits like the glow-worm a melancholy ray. But they could not shine for any continuous period, and had the wisdom not to attempt it. Are they to blame that they did not write long books to prove themselves dull fellows? It is of no use to cry out against the present state of things in literature. The Magazines are here, and they have been produced by a great variety of causes. They demand certain kinds of literary wares; but whether the wares are valuable or the reverse, depends entirely upon the various workmen. It is to be hoped, if Magazine writers possess a specialty, that they will stick to their specialty, and work it out faithfully—that no one will go out of his way, like Mr Dickens, when he wrote 'The Child's History of England,' or Mr Ruskin, when he addressed himself to the discussion of questions in political economy.

To the young writer, the Magazine or Review has many advantages. In many instances he can serve in the house of a literary noble, as the squire in the fourteenth century served in the house and under the eye of the territorial noble. He may model himself on an excellent pattern, and receive knighthood from his master as the reward of good conduct. If otherwise cir-

cumstanced,—if, following no special banner, he writes under the cover of the anonymous, and if unsuccessful,—he may retire without being put to public shame. In the arena of the Magazines he can try his strength, pit himself against his fellows, find out his intellectual weight and power, gradually beget confidence in himself, or arrive at the knowledge of his weakness,—a result not less valuable if more rarely acquired. If he is overthrown in the lists, no one but himself is the worse; if he distinguishes himself, it is a little unreasonable to expect him to keep his visor down when roses are showering upon him from applauding balconies. A man eminently successful in the Magazines may fairly be forgiven for rushing to a reprint. Actors who make a hit at Drury Lane, almost immediately make a tour of the provinces. A reprint is to the author what a provincial tour is to the actor. If he is an amusing writer, people welcome him in his new shape with the gratitude which people always entertain for those who have amused them; if he is a great writer, people desire to shake hands with him, as the elector is proud to shake hands with the candidate whom he has elected as his representative. And, indeed, the Magazinites may fairly be compared to the House of Commons,—a mixed audience, representing every class, stormy, tumultuous, where great questions are being continually discussed; an assembly wherein men rise to be leaders of parties; out of which men are selected to rule distant provinces;—out of which also, every now and again, a member is translated to the Upper House, where he takes his seat among his peers, in a serener atmosphere, and among loftier traditions.

During the last year or two, there has been a large number of reprints from the Magazines, consisting chiefly of Essays and Novels. With the latter at present we have no concern. The Essay has always been a favourite literary form with Magazine writers; and in the volumes before us we have specimens of various kinds. Of the most delightful kind of Essay-writing, that of personal delineation, which chronicles moods, which pursues vagrant lines of thought, Montaigne is the earliest, and as yet the greatest, example. Montaigne is as egotistical in his Essays as a poet is in his lyrics. His subject is himself, his thinkings, his surroundings of every kind. He did not write to inform us about the events of his own time, though it was stirring enough; about his contemporaries, although he mingled much in society, and knew the best men of his day; about the questions which stirred the hearts and perplexed the intellects of the sixteenth century Frenchmen, although he was familiar with them all, and had formed opinions;—these he puts aside, to discourse of his chateau, his page, his perfumed gloves;—to discuss love,

friendship, experience, and the like, in his own way, half in banter, half in earnest. Consequently we have the fullest information regarding himself, if we have but little regarding anything else. Of course, Essays written after this fashion cannot, from the very nature of them, be expected to shape themselves on any established literary form. They do not require to have a middle, beginning, or end. They are a law unto themselves. They are shaped by impulse and whim, as emotion shapes the lyric. Montaigne wanders about at his own will, and has as many jerks and turnings as a swallow on the wing. He seems to have the strangest notions of continuity, and sometimes his titles have no relation to his subject-matter, and look as oddly at the top of his page as the sign-board of the Bible-merchant over the door of a lottery office. He assails miracles in his 'Essay on Cripples,' and he wanders into the strangest regions in his Essay 'Upon some Verses of Virgil.' In his most serious moods he brings illustrations from the oddest quarters, and tells such stories as we might suppose Squire Western to have delighted in, sitting with a neighbouring squire over wine, after his sister and Sophia had withdrawn. These Essays, full of the keenest insight, the profoundest melancholy, continually playing with death as Hamlet plays with Yorick's skull, whimsical, humorous, full of the flavour of a special character,—philosopher and eccentric Gascon gentleman in one,—are, in the best sense of the term, artistic. There is a meaning in the trifling, wisdom in the seeming folly, a charm in the swallow-like gyrations. All the incongruous elements,—the whimsicality and the worldly wisdom, the melancholy, the humour and sense of enjoyment, the trifling over articles of attire and details of personal habit, the scepticism which questioned everything, the piety and the coarseness,—mix and mingle somehow, and become reconciled in the alembic of personal character. Oppositions, incongruities, contradictions, taken separately, are mere lines and scratches; when brought together, by some mysterious attraction they unite to produce a grave and thoughtful countenance—that of Montaigne. He explains the Essays, the Essays explain him. Of course the writer's remoteness from the great French world, his freedom from the modern conditions of publication and criticism, his sense of distance from his reader—if ever he should possess one—contributed, to a large extent, to make himself his own audience. He wrote as freely in his chateau at Montaigne, as Alexander Selkirk could have done in his solitary island. Had there been upon him the sense of a reading public and of critical eyes, he could not have delivered himself up so completely into the guidance of whim. As it is, the Essays remain among the masterpieces of the world. He is the first of egotists, because, while con-

tinually writing about himself, he was writing about what was noble and peculiar. No other literary egotist had ever so good a subject, and then his style is peculiar as himself. In his Essays he continually piques the reader; every now and then more is meant than meets the eye; every now and then a great deal less. He plays at hide-and-seek with his reader round his images and illustrations. In reading Montaigne, we are always thinking we are finding him out.

When the Essay became a popular literary form in England, the conditions of things had altogether changed since Montaigne's day. The Frenchman was a solitary man, with but few books except the classics, given to self-communion, constantly writing to please himself, constantly mastered by whim, constantly, as it were, throwing the reins upon the neck of impulse. He had no public, and consequently he did not stand in awe of one. The country was convulsed, martyrs were consumed at the stake, country houses were sacked, the blood of St Bartholomew had been spilt, the white plume of Navarre was shining in the front of battle. Amid all this strife and turmoil, the melancholy and middle-aged gentleman sat in his chateau at Montaigne, alone with his dreams. No one disturbed him; he disturbed no one. He lived for himself and for thought. When Steele and Addison appeared as English Essayists, they appeared under totally different circumstances. The four great English poets had lived and died. The Elizabethan drama, which had arisen in Marlow, had set in Shirley. The comedy of Wicherley and Congreve, in which pruriency had become phosphorescent, was in possession of the stage. Dryden had taken immortal vengeance on his foes. Fragments of Butler's wit sparkled like grains of salt in the conversation of men of fashion. English literature was already rich; there was a whole world of books and of accumulated ideas to work upon. Then a public had arisen; there was the 'town,' idle, rich, eagerly inquiring after every new thing, most anxious to be amused. Montaigne was an egotist, because he had little but himself to write about; certainly he had nothing nearly so interesting. He pursued his speculations as he liked, because he had no one to interfere with him. He was actor and audience in one. The English Essayists, on the other hand, had the English world to act upon. They had its leisure to amuse, its follies to satirize; its books, music, and pictures, its public amusements, its whole social arrangements, to comment upon, to laugh at, to praise. As a consequence, their Essays are not nearly so instructive as Montaigne's, although they are equally sparkling and amusing. We are introduced into a fashionable world, to beaux with rapiers and lace ruffles, and belles with patches on their cheeks; there are drums and card-tables, and sedan chairs

and links. The satire in the 'Spectator' is conventional ; it concerns itself with the circumference of a lady's hoops, or the air with which a coxcomb carries his cocked hat beneath his arm. The Essayists of the eighteenth century were satirists of society, and of that portion of society alone which sneered in the coffee-houses and buzzed round the card-tables of the metropolis. They did not deal with crimes, but with social foibles ; they did not recognise passions in that fashionable world ; they did not reverence woman, they took off their hats and uttered sparkling compliments to the 'fair.' Theirs was a well-dressed world, and they liked it best when seen by candle-light. They were fine gentlemen, and they carried into literature their fine gentleman airs. They dressed carefully, and they were as careful of the dress of their thoughts as of their persons. Their epigram was sharp and polished as their rapiers ; they said the bitterest things in the most smiling way ; their badinage was gentlemanly. Satire went about with a coloured plume of fancy in his cap. They brought style to perfection. But even then one could see that a change was setting in. A poor gentleman down at Olney, under the strong power of the world to come, was feeding his hares, and writing poems of a religious cast, yet with a wonderful fascination, as if some long-forgotten melody, haunting their theological peculiarities, which drew many to listen. Up from Ayrshire to Edinburgh came Burns, with black piercing eyes, with all his songs about him, as if he had reft a county of the music of its groves ; in due time a whole wild Paris was yelling round the guillotine where noble heads were falling. Europe became a battle-field ; a new name rose into the catalogue of kings ; and when the Essayists of our own century began to write, the world had changed, and they had changed with it.

The Essayists who wrote in the early portion of the present century—Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt—are not only different from their predecessors, as regards mental character ; they differ from them also in the variety of the subjects that engaged their attention. And this difference arises not only from the greater number of subjects attracting public interest in their day, but also from the immensely larger audience they had to address. They were not called upon to write for the town, but for town and country both. Society was reading in all its ranks, and each rank had its special interests. The Essayists' subject-matter had been vastly enlarged ; great actors had trod the boards ; great painters had painted ; the older poets had come into fashion ; outside nature had again reappeared in literature. The Essayist could weave an allegory, or criticise, or describe, or break a social enormity on the wheel, or explode an ancient prejudice, with the

certainty of always finding a reader. Lamb, the most peculiarly gifted of the three—who thought Fleet Street worth all Arcadia—confined himself for the most part to the metropolis, its peculiar sights, its beggars, its chimney-sweeps, its theatres, its old actors, its book-stalls; and on these subjects he discourses with pathos and humour curiously blended. For him the past had an irresistible attraction: he loved old books, old houses, old pictures, old wine, old friends. His mind was like a Tudor mansion, full of low-roofed, wainscoted rooms, with pictures on the walls of men and women in antique garb; full of tortuous passages and grim crannies in which ghosts might lurk; with a garden with plots of shaven grass, and processions of clipped yews, and a stone dial in the corner, with a Latin motto anent the flight of time carved upon it, and a drowsy sound of rooks heard sometimes from afar. He sat at the India House with the heart of Sir Thomas Browne beating beneath his sables. He sputtered out puns among his friends from the saddest heart. He laughed that he might not weep. Misery, which could not make him a cynic nor a misanthrope, made him a humorist. And knowing, as now we all know from Sergeant Talfourd, the tragic shadow which darkened his home for years, one looks upon the portrait of Elia with pity tempered with awe. Lamb extended the sphere of the Essay, not so much because he dealt with subjects which till his day had been untouched, but because he imported into that literary form a fancy humour and tenderness which resembled the fancy humour and tenderness of no other writer. The manifestations of these qualities were as personal and peculiar as his expression of countenance, the stutter in his speech, his habit of punning, his love of black-letter and whisky-punch. His Essays are additions to English literature, just as Potosi silver was an addition to the wealth of Europe—something which it did not previously possess. Whatever his subject, it becomes interpenetrated by his pathetic and fanciful humour, and is thereby etherealized, made poetic. Some of his Essays have all the softness and remoteness of dreams. They are not of the earth earthy. They are floating islands asleep on serene shadows in a sea of humour. The Essay on Roast Pig breathes a divine aroma. The sentences hush themselves around the youthful chimney-sweep, ‘the innocent blackness,’ asleep in the nobleman’s sheets, as they might around the couch of the sleeping Princess. Gone are all his troubles,—the harsh call of his master, sooty knuckle rubbed into tearful eyes, his brush, his call from the chimney-top. Let the poor wretch sleep! And then, Lamb’s method of setting forth his fancies is as peculiar as the fancies themselves. He was a modern man only by the accident of birth; and his style is only modern by

the same accident. It is full of the quaintest convolutions and doublings back upon itself; and ever and again a paragraph is closed by a sentence of unexpected rhetorical richness, like heavy golden fringe depending from the velvet of the altar cover,—a trick which he learned from the ‘*Religio Medici*,’ and the ‘*Urn Burial*.’ As a critic, too, Lamb takes a high place. His Essay on the Genius of Hogarth is a triumphant vindication of that master’s claim to the highest place of honour in British art; and in it he sets forth the doctrine, that a picture must not be judged by externals of colour, nor by manipulative dexterity—valuable as these unquestionably are—but by the number and value of the thoughts it contains; a doctrine which Mr Ruskin has borrowed, and has used with results.

Leigh Hunt was a poet as well as an essayist, and he carried his poetic fancy with him into prose, where it shone like some splendid bird of the tropics among the sober-coated denizens of the farm-yard. He loved the country; but one almost suspects that his love for the country might be resolved into likings for cream, butter, strawberries, sunshine, and hay-swathes to tumble in. If he did not, like Wordsworth, carry in his heart the silence of wood and fell, he at all events carried a gilly-flower jauntily in his button-hole. He was neither a town poet and essayist, nor a country poet and essayist; he was a mixture of both,—a suburban poet and essayist. Above all places in the world, he loved Hampstead. His Essays are gay and cheerful as suburban villas,—the piano is touched within, there are trees and flowers outside, but the city is not far distant, prosaic interests are ever intruding, visitors are constantly dropping in. His Essays are not poetically conceived; they deal—with the exception of that lovely one on the ‘*Death of Little Children*,’ where the fancy becomes serious as an angel, and wipes the tears of mothers as tenderly away as an angel could—with distinctly mundane and common-place matters; but his charm is this, be the subject what it may, immediately troops of fancies search land and sea and the range of the poets for its adornment—just as, in the old English villages on May morning, shoals of rustics went forth to the woods and brought home hawthorns for the dressing of door and window. Hunt is always cheerful and chatty. He defends himself against the evils of life with pretty thoughts. He believes that the world is good, and that men and women are good too. He would, with a smiling face, have offered a flower to a bailiff in the execution of his duty, and been both hurt and astonished if that functionary had proved dead to its touching suggestions. His Essays are much less valuable than Lamb’s, because they are neither so peculiar, nor do they touch the reader so deeply; but they are full of

colour and wit. They resemble the harbours we see in gardens—not at all the kind of place one would like to spend a lifetime in—but exceedingly pleasant to withdraw to for an hour when the sun is hot and no duty is pressing. He called one of his books, ‘A Book for the Parlour Window;’ all his books are for the parlour window.

Hazlitt, if he lacked Lamb’s quaintness and ethereal humour, and Hunt’s fancifulness, possessed a robust and passionate faculty which gave him a distinct place in the literature of his time. His feelings were keen and deep. The French Revolution seemed to him—in common with Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge—in its early stages an authentic angel rising with a new morning for the race upon its forehead; and when disappointment came, and when his friends sought refuge in the old order of things, he, loyal to his youthful hope, stood aloof, hating them almost as renegades; and never ceasing to give utterance to his despair: ‘I started in life with the French Revolution,’ he tells us; ‘and I have lived, alas! to see the end of it. My sun arose with the first dawn of liberty, and I did not think how soon both must set. We were strong to run a race together, and I little dreamed that, long before mine was set, the sun of liberty would turn to blood, or sink once more in the night of despotism. Since then, I confess, I have no longer felt myself young, for with that my hopes fell.’ This was the central bitterness in Hazlitt’s life; but around it were grouped lesser and more personal bitteresses. His early ambition was to be a painter, and in that he failed. Coleridge was the man whom he admired most in all the world, in whose genius he stood, like an Arcadian shepherd in an Arcadian sunrise, full of admiration,—every sense absorbed in that of sight; and that genius he was fated to see coming to nothing. Then he was headstrong, violent, made many enemies, was the object of cruel criticism, his financial affairs were never prosperous, and in domestic matters he is not understood to have been happy. He was a troubled and exasperated man, and this exasperation is continually breaking out in his writings. Deeply wounded in early life, he carried the smart with him to his death-bed. And in his Essays and other writings it is almost pathetic to notice how he clings to the peaceful images which the poets love; how he reposes in their restful lines; how he listens to the bleating of the lamb in the fields of imagination. He is continually quoting Sidney’s Arcadian image of the *shepherd-boy under the shade, piping as he would never grow old*,—as if the recurrence of the image to his memory brought with it silence, sunshine, and waving trees. Hazlitt had a strong metaphysical turn; he was an acute critic in poetry and art, but he wrote too much, and he wrote too hurriedly. When at his best, his style

is excellent, concise, sinewy,—laying open the stubborn thought as the sharp ploughshare the glebe; while, at other times, it wants edge and sharpness, and the sentences resemble the impressions of a seal which has been blunted with too frequent use. His best Essays are, in a sense, autobiographical, because in them he recalls his enthusiasms and the passionate hopes on which he fed his spirit. The Essay entitled, ‘My First Acquaintance with Poets,’ is full of memorable passages. To Hazlitt, Coleridge was a divinity. They walked from Wem to Shrewsbury on a winter day, Coleridge talking all the while; and Hazlitt recalls it after the lapse of years: ‘A sound was in my ears as of a syren’s song: I was stunned, startled with it as from deep sleep; but I had no notion then that I should ever be able to express my admiration to others in motley imagery and quaint allusion, till the light of his genius shone into my soul like the sun’s rays glittering in the puddles of the road. . . . My soul has indeed remained in its original bondage,—dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found a language to express itself, I owe to Coleridge.’ This testimony, from a man like Hazlitt, to the worth of Coleridge’s talk is interesting, and contrasts strangely with Carlyle’s description of it, when, in later years, the silvery-haired sage looked down on the smoky London from Highgate. Nor is it without its moral. Talk, which in his early day came like a dawn upon another mind, illuminating dark recesses, kindling intellectual life, revealing itself to itself,—became, through personal indulgence and the will’s infirmity, mere glittering mists in which men were lost. Hazlitt’s other Essay, on the ‘Pleasures of Painting,’ is quite as personal as the one to which we have referred, and is perhaps the finest thing he has written. It is full of the love and the despair of art. He tells how he was engaged for blissful days in painting a portrait of his father; how he imitated as best he could the rough texture of the skin, and the blood circulating beneath; how, when it was finished, he sat on a chair opposite, and with wild thoughts enough in his head, looked at it through the long evenings; how with a throbbing heart he sent it to the Exhibition, and saw it hung up there by the side of a portrait ‘of the Honourable Mr Skeffington (now Sir George).’ Then he characteristically tells us, ‘that he finished the portrait on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came: ‘I walked out in the afternoon, and as I returned, saw the evening star set over a poor man’s cottage, with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again. Oh, for the revolution of the great Platonic year,

that these times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly.' He was a passionate, melancholy, keen-feeling, and disappointed man; and those portions of his Essays are the least valuable where his passion and his disappointment break out into spleen or irritability, just as those portions are the most valuable where bitter feelings are transfused into poetry by memory and imagination. With perhaps more intellectual, certainly with more passionate force, than either Lamb or Hunt, Hazlitt's Essays are, as a whole, inferior to theirs; but each contains passages, which not only they, but any man, might be proud to have written.

These men wrote in a period of unexampled literary activity, and in the thick of stupendous events: Scott, Moore, and Byron were writing their poems; Napoleon was shaking the thrones of the Continent. In our days the conquests of the poets seem nearly as astonishing as the conquests of the Emperor. He passed from victory to victory, and so did they. When quieter days came, and when the great men of the former generation had either passed away, or were reposing on the laurels they had earned so worthily, other writers arose to sustain the glory of the English Essay. The most distinguished were Lord Macaulay and Mr Carlyle. They began to write about the same time; Lord Macaulay's Essay on Milton appearing in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825, and Mr Carlyle's first Essay on Jean Paul Richter in the same Review in 1827. The writings of these men were different from their predecessors. Mr Carlyle's primary object was to acquaint his countrymen with the great men which Germany had produced, and to interest them in the productions of German genius. His plans widened, however, as his way cleared; and the eye which looked into the heart of Goethe, Schiller, and Richter, was in course of time turned on the Scottish Burns, the English Johnson, and the French Voltaire. It is not too much to say that he has produced the best critical and biographical Essays of which the English language can boast. And it is in the curious mixture of criticism and biography in these papers—for the criticism becomes biography, and the biography criticism—that their chief charm and value consist. Mr Carlyle is an artist, and he knows exactly what and how much to put into his picture. He has a wonderful eye for what is characteristic. He searches after the secret of a man's nature, and he finds it frequently in some trivial anecdote or careless saying, which another writer would have passed unnoticed, or tossed contemptuously aside. He hunts up every scrap of information, and he frequently finds what he wants in a corner. He judges a man by his poem, and the poem by the man. To his

eye they are not separate things, but one and indivisible. A man's work is the lamp by which he reads his features. And then he so apportions praise and blame, so sets off the jocose and familiar with a moral solemnity, makes anecdote, and detail of dress, and allusion to personal grace or deformity, to subserve, by intricate suggestion, his ultimate purpose, and so presents to us life with eternity for background, that we not only feel that the picture is the actual presentment of the man as he lived,—a veritable portrait,—we feel also that he has worked in no light or careless mood, that the poorest life is serious enough when seen against eternity, and that we ourselves, however seldom we may remember it, are but momentary shadows projected upon it. Mr Carlyle does not write 'scoundrel' on one man's forehead, and 'angel' on another's: he knows that pure scoundrel and pure angel have their dwellings in other places than earth; he is too cunning an artist to use these mercilessly definite lines. He works by allusion, suggestion, light touches of fancy, spurts of humour, grotesque exaggerations of imagination; and these things so reduce one another, so tone one another down, that the final result is perfectly natural and homogeneous. It is only by some such combination of intellectual forces that you can shadow forth the complexity of life and character. In humanity there is no such thing as a straight line or an unmixed colour. You see the flesh colour on the cheek of a portrait: the artist will tell you that the consummately natural result was not attained by one wash of paint, but by the mixture and reduplication of a hundred tints, the play of a myriad lights and shadows, no one of which is natural in itself, although the blending of the whole is. These Essays are the completest, the most characteristic portraits in our literature. Mr Carlyle is always at home when his subject is man.

Lord Macaulay also wrote Essays critical and biographical, and has been perhaps more widely popular than his great contemporary; but he is a different kind of thinker and writer altogether. He did not brood over the abysses of being as Mr Carlyle continually does. The sense of time and death did not haunt him as they haunt the other. The world, as it figured itself to Lord Macaulay, was a comparatively commonplace world. He cared for man, but he cared for party quite as much. He recognised man as Whigs and Tories. His idea of the universe was a parliamentary one. His insight into man was not deep: he painted in positive colours; he is never so antithetical as when describing a character; and character, if properly conceived, sets the measured antitheses of the rhetorician at defiance. It is constantly eluding them. His criticism is

good enough so far as it goes, but it does not go far ; it deals more with the accidents than the realities of things. Lord Macaulay, as we have said, lived quite as much for party as for man ; and the men who interested him were the men who were historical centres, around whom men and events revolved. He did not, as Mr Carlyle often does, take hold of an individual—he does not care sufficiently for man for that—and view him against immensity ; he takes a man and looks at him in connection with contemporary events. When he writes of Johnson, he is thinking all the while of Goldsmith, and Garrick, and Boswell, and Reynolds ; when he writes of Clive and Warren Hastings, he is more anxious to tell the story of their Indian conquests, than to enter into the secrets of their spirits. And for this posterity are not likely to blame Lord Macaulay. He knew his strength. His pictorial faculty is astonishing : neither pomp nor circumstance cumbers it ; it moves along like a triumphal procession, which no weight of insignia and banner can oppress. Out of the past he selects some special drama, which is vivified and held together by the life of a single individual, and that he paints with his most brilliant colours. He is the creator of the Historical Essay, and in that department he is not likely soon to have a successor. His unfinished History is only a series of historical pictures pieced together into one imposing panorama, but throughout there is wonderful splendour and pomp of colour. Every figure too, is finished, down to the buttons and the finger nails.

A generation has passed since Mr Carlyle and Lord Macaulay wrote their Essays, and during the interval new men have come into the field and won deserved laurels. ‘Notes from Life,’ by the author of ‘Philip Van Artevelde,’ is a volume every way remarkable. Mr Taylor is a fine and thoughtful poet, and he has brought with him into the Essay the poet’s style and the poet’s wisdom. In his Essays you find no cheap and flashy sentiment, no running after the popular manias of the day ; the eye is never offended by a glare of colour ; on the contrary, there is a certain ripeness about the thought as of autumn tints, a certain stillness and meditative repose as of an autumn evening, a certain remoteness and retiredness from modern strife and bustle, as of autumn woodlands. These Essays are born of wisdom and experience, and of a wisdom and experience that has ripened in solitude and self-communion. No sound reaches you from the market-place—you cannot catch the tang of any literary coterie. The style, too, is peculiar in these days, from its leisurely movement and old-fashioned elaborateness. It has an Elizabethan air about it. It is far from being unornamented :

the ornaments are worn proudly as heir-looms are worn; and these never glare—they are far too precious for that, in price of gold and gem and sacredness of memory,—and are but seldom manufactured at Birmingham. The style has not been formed on the fluent and hasty moderns, but on Bacon and Jeremy Taylor, and such old men, and is about the best that has ever been written by poet.

Mr Helps has the credit—apart from what may fairly attach to his exquisitely pellucid English, and the intrinsic value of his thinking—of introducing a novelty into Essay writing. Naturally subtle-minded and tolerant, most courteous to everything that comes to him in the name of truth, conscientious, disposed to listen to every witness, to hesitate and weigh, he does not take up an opinion suddenly; and when he does take up one, he does not cling to it as a shipwrecked sailor to his raft, said raft being his only chance of escape from drowning. Superficially at least, an unimpassioned man, fond of limitations and of suggesting ‘buts,’ knowing that a good deal may not only be said on both sides, but on a dozen sides of a thing, Mr Helps, when he began to write, found himself environed with an artistic difficulty. He had, of course, on subjects in which he was interested, and which he wished to write about, certain definite opinions; but as he was big enough and clear-eyed enough to see all round the matter in hand, he was conscious that each of the opinions, which he accepted as a whole, was subject to limitations, that each of them was intersected and eaten into by its opposite, like the map of Scotland by branching sea-lochs, and that if he gave expression to all his doubts and hesitations in the work of Essay-writing he would make no sort of direct progress. He would only be painting above his picture. His one footprint would obliterate the other. And yet to be faithful to himself and to the work in hand, these limitations of broad statements must be indicated in some way. It is from this particular difficulty surrounding Mr Helps that we are indebted for the machinery of the ‘Friends in Council.’ From the necessity which lay on him of setting forth in fulness his views of things, he was forced to the artistic device of creating around the central Essay a little drama—of one character reading the Essay which contains the broad view, and of other characters who listen and criticise, who suggest the subtle difficulty, point out the hazardous spot, define the inevitable limitation. By this device the writer’s subtlety has a field to display itself in, for the objections brought forward by the listeners are not men of straw, raised up for the purpose of being knocked down again; they are other views of the central truth or opinion under discussion. The listeners do not argue, they converse amicably

and thoughtfully. And more is gained than this: the author has an opportunity of introducing some admirably dramatic by-play—for Ellesmere, Dunsford, and Lucy really live—and although the subject under discussion may be as old as evil or ignorance itself, by letting in outside nature and English life upon it, the thinking is not only charmingly relieved, but it takes an essentially modern air. The subject may be old, but English gentlemen talk over it, and set forth their ideas of it from their peculiar points of view. By this method Mr Helps is enabled to discuss his subject thoroughly, and to utter all that occurs to him of value. The Essay which Melverton reads is a crystal, but by means of the other characters the crystal is held up towards the sun and turned slowly round, so that every facet catches the ray and flashes it back.

Considered as a literary form, the Essay is comparatively of late growth. The first literary efforts of a people consist of song and narrative. First comes the poet or minstrel, who sings heroic exploits, the strength and courage of heroes. These songs pass from individual to individual; and are valuable not on account of the amount of historic truth, but of the amount of passion and imagery, they contain. Explode to-morrow into mere myth and dream the incidents of the Iliad, and you do not affect in the slightest degree the literary merit of the poem. Still for all men, Achilles shouts in the trenches, Helen is beautiful, the towers of Ilium flame to heaven. Prove that Chevy Chase cannot in any one particular be considered a truthful relation of events, and you do it no special harm. It stirs the blood like a trumpet all the same. After the poet comes the prose narrator of events, who presents his facts peering obscurely through the mists of legends, but who has striven, as far as his ability extends, to tell us the truth. When he appears, the history of a nation has become extensive enough and important enough to awaken curiosity; men are anxious to know how events did actually occur, and what relation one event bears to another. When he appears, the national temper has cooled down—men no longer stand blinded by the splendours of sunrise. The sunrise has melted into the light of common day. The air has become emptied of wonder. The gods have deserted earth, and men only remain. Long after the poet and the historian comes the essayist. Before the stage is prepared for him, thought must have accumulated to a certain point, a literature less or more must be in existence, and must be preserved in printed books. Songs have been sung, histories and biographies have been written; and to these songs, histories, and biographies he must have access. Then, before he can write, society must have formed itself, for in its complexity and contrasts he finds

his food. Before the Essayist can have free play, society must have existed long enough to have become self-conscious, introspective, to have brooded over itself and its perplexities, to have discovered its blots and weak points, to have become critical, and consequently appreciative of criticism. And as the Essay does not, like the poem, or the early history or narration of events, appeal to the primitive feelings, before it can be read and enjoyed, there must exist a class who have attained wealth and leisure, and a certain acquaintance with the accumulated stores of thought on which the essayist works, else his allusions are lost, his criticism a dead letter, his satire pointless. All this takes a long time to accomplish, and it is generally late in the literary history of a country before its essayists appear. Then, the Essay itself has its peculiar literary conditions. It bears the same relation to the general body of prose that the lyric bears to the general body of poetry. Like the lyric, it is brief; and like the lyric, it demands a certain literary finish and perfection. In a long epic, the poet may now and then be allowed to nod; in a history, it is not essential that every sentence should sparkle. But the Essayist, from the very nature of his task, is not permitted to be dull or slovenly. He must be alert, full of intellectual life, concise, polished. He must think clearly, and express himself clearly. His style is as much an element of his success as his thought. The narrow limit in which he works demands this. In a ten-mile race it is not expected that the runners shall go all the way at the top of their speed; in a race of three hundred yards it is not unreasonably expected that they shall do so. Then, besides all this, the Essay must, as a basis or preliminary, be artistically conceived. It is neither a dissertation nor a thesis; properly speaking, it is a work of art, and must conform to artistic rules. It requires not only the intellectual qualities which we have indicated, but unity, wholeness, self-completion. In this it resembles a poem. It must hang together. It must round itself off into a separate literary entity. When finished, it must be able to sustain itself and live. The Essayists of whom we have spoken fulfil these conditions more or less; and the measure of their fulfilment is the measure of success. These writers indicate in what directions the Essay has manifested itself, and they may be roughly arranged in groups and clusters. There are the Egotists—the most delightful of all—who choose for subject themselves, their surroundings, their moods and phantasies, whose charm consists not so much in the value or brilliancy of thought as in revelation of personal character: these are represented by Montaigne and Lamb; the satirists of society, manners, and social phenomena by Addison and Steele; the fanciful and ornamental Essayists—they

who wreath the human porch with the honeysuckles of poetry; by Hunt, and by Hazlitt to some extent; the critical and biographical essay by Mr Carlyle; the historical essay—the brilliant and many-coloured picture of which some single man's life is the frame—by Lord Macaulay; the moral and didactic essay by Bacon in old time, and recently by Mr Henry Taylor and Mr Helps. Of course this is but an arrangement in the rough, and will not stand a too critical examination, for several of the writers mentioned belong now to one cluster and now to another; but it is sufficiently strict for our present purpose. Essay writing is a craft vigorously prosecuted in England at present—witness the catalogue of recent books which head the present article—and generally the writers will be found to belong to one or other of the groups which we have indicated. It is our duty now to see of what stuff these men are made, and how as Essayists they have acquitted themselves.

Mr Hannay, whose 'Essays from the *Quarterly*' appeared some eighteen months ago, has been before the world as a writer for twelve or fourteen years. Born among Galwegian moors and moss bogs, where the shells of old fortresses yet stand, their red walls clothed with ivies, their crannies inhabited by starlings and jackdaws—a native of the district to which Lord Maxwell bade 'good night' in the famous ballad, and which adjoins the Ayrshire which Burns has consecrated from pastoral hill-top to valley daisy—his first spiritual food was naturally song, ballad, tradition. For in that region—quite as much as in the regions north of the Grampians—

'The ancient spirit is not dead.'

Sent into the navy at an early age, he spent several years in the Mediterranean, visited the Grecian Isles and the Syrian coast, alternating his native Scottish traditions with older classical and sacred associations. The Acropolis succeeded to Drumlanrig fair; the far-seen snowy Lebanon to blue Criffel and the Solway; Horace and the Old Testament displaced the ballad-monger. On leaving the navy, and while yet a very young man, he flung himself into London literary life, while London literary life was more brilliant, socially and conversationally, than it is at present. For a literary man, Mr Hannay may be said to have started with a fair variety of experience as a preliminary basis. It is not every man that, into the first twenty years or so of his life has crushed grey Scotland and the glowing East, the Mediterranean and the Solway, the classical poets and the Scottish ballads, the discipline and routine of duty on board a man-of-war; nay, something of the splendour and

terror of war itself. His first literary efforts consisted of sketches of naval life, which met with considerable success. In 1851 he published his first novel, 'Singleton Fontenoy;' and in 1854 his first volume of essays, entitled 'Satire and Satirists,' appeared. These essays, in all probability suggested by Mr Thackeray's 'English Humorists,' were originally delivered in the form of lectures. Whether as lectures they were successful, we cannot say; but in that form their merits were discovered, and they made their appearance in a volume shortly after.

In six essays which the book contains, Mr Hannay gives an account of European satire from Horace to Jerrold; and although somewhat slight, as was inevitable from its narrow limits, the work is thoroughly well done. From the polish of the suave old Roman to the wit of the Englishman, whose epigrams are yet ringing in our ears, is a journey which, if accomplished in a little book of 200 pages, can allow but little loitering on the way. But for his task Mr Hannay possessed abundant knowledge, and his special liking for his subject is everywhere evident. He lingers over the good things of his heroes; he relates their immortal revenges with the same pride that the member of a regiment which has become historical recalls the battle-fields on which it gathered its renown. He speaks of Erasmus, Dryden, Pope, and Byron, as the art student copying in the galleries speaks of Michael Angelo and De Vinci,—appreciating their excellences, and hoping one day to emulate them. Mr Hannay was not only qualified to write on the Satirists from taste, enthusiasm, and loving study, but from the possession of a power somewhat akin to their own. He writes clearly, criticises soundly when occasion arises; yet one can see at a glance that the sovereign faculty of his own mind is wit. His thought is continually condensing itself into epigram. And then his wit has a certain something of poetry about it, which makes it all the more delightful; it is continually going about with a flower of fancy in its hand. In 'Satire and Satirists,' Mr Hannay—like all very clever young men—is somewhat spendthrift of his means. He is always giving sovereign 'tips,' so to speak. Some of his pages are as brilliant and dangerous with squib and serpent as a London pavement on Coronation night. He cracks his satirical whip for the mere pleasure he has in hearing it. If the occasion requires it, he fires off his rockets, and he fires them off frequently when there is no occasion in the least: there is a large stock on hand, and, after all, rockets are a very pretty sight. The following passage on the 'Simious Satirist' will illustrate what we mean:—

'The simious satirist is distinguished by a deficiency of natural reverence mainly. His heart is hard, rather; his feelings blunt and

dull. He is blind to everything else but the satirical aspect of things; and if he is brilliant, it is as a cat's back is when rubbed in the dark! He has generally no sentiment of respect for form, and will spare nothing. He is born suspicious; and if he hears the world admiring anything, forthwith he concludes that it must be "humbug." He has no regard to the heaps of honour gathered round this object by time and the affection of wise men. He cries, "Down with it!" As his kinsman, when looking at some vase, or curious massive specimen of gold, sees only his own image in it, our satirist sees the ridiculous only in every object, and forgets that the more clearly he sees it, the more he testifies to its brightness. Or, as his kinsman breaks a cocoa-nut only to get at the milk, *he* would destroy everything only to nourish his mean nature. He prides himself on his commonest qualities, as the negroes who rebelled called themselves Marquises of Lemonade. He would tear the blossoms off a rose branch to make it a stick to beat his betters with. He employs his gifts in ignoble objects, as you see in sweetmeat shops sugar shaped into dogs and pigs. He taints his mind with egotism, as if a man should spoil the sight of a telescope by clouding it with his breath. He overrates the value of his quickness and activity, and forgets that, like his kinsman, he owes his triumphant power of swinging in high places to the fact of his prehensile tail.'

Mr Hannay, we have said, is fond of epigram, and it seems to us that in 'Satire and Satirists' epigram is used at times somewhat vaingloriously. The epigram does not always arise naturally from the matter in hand; it is rather stuck upon it like a bit of tinsel; and this is perhaps the chief blot on the book. It is too clever, and it is too clever wilfully. This literary ornament, like all others, should be used sparingly. A gentleman gains nothing by covering his fingers with rings, and at any time one sole diamond is worth a dozen inferior stones. Yet it must be said that the writer is often exceedingly happy in his epigram. Take the following, for instance, on Theodore Hook: 'They'—his noble patrons—'set him down to the piano, even before he had had his dinner sometimes, according to one biographer. This was too bad. He was proud, however, of the equivocal distinction he attained, and was inclined to swagger, I understand, among his equals. The plush had eaten into his very soul. Ultimately he ruined his heart, his circumstances, and (what was a still greater loss) his stomach, and so died. The biographer above mentioned observes, that his funeral was ill attended by his great friends. But we need not wonder at that,—a funeral is a well-known "bore;" and, besides, the most brilliant wag cannot be amusing on the occasion of his own interment.' The closing sentence of this extract is perfect, and quite equal to the best thing of any epigrammatist. On the face and surface of it it is amusing.

But it is more than that. It is a biography and a moral judgment in a single sentence. It reveals the relation which the wit bore to his patrons far more clearly than whole pages of writing or any amount of moral declamation. And in the book there are many sentences equally memorable.

'Essays from the *Quarterly*' is, in every way, a better and riper book than its predecessor: the writing is always excellent, and if there is less epigram, there is more matter. The subjects of several of these Essays lie in a region somewhat remote, not frequently visited by the modern man of letters; and on these subjects Mr Hannay has written, not on account of their novelty, but because he was already acquainted with them, and had a special affection for them. In these Essays there is little trace of 'reading up;' he writes from the fulness of knowledge. Certain of the Essays contained in the volume—as those on 'Table Talk,' on 'English Political Satires,' on 'Electioneering,' and on 'Horace and the Translators'—are, in the very nature of them, akin to 'Satire and Satirists,' and may be considered as supplementary to that work. These he has treated everywhere with the old lightness, grace, and knowledge, but—having more space and leisure at command—with greater fulness and elaboration. It would be difficult to find pleasanter reading than these. The town is well worth seeing, and the cicerone knows every turn and winding, and is familiar with the best stand-points. It is a discourse on 'good things,' by a writer who not only can appreciate them, but who can say them. It is a wit talking about wits. In these Essays there is abundance of knowledge and sound sense, but the knowledge and the sense go about in sparkle and epigram.

There are two things which Mr Hannay specially admires,—genius, wit, scholarship—literary distinction, in fact—and good blood. If you are a wit or a poet, he will take you to his heart; if you are neither wit nor poet, he will take you to his heart equally enthusiastically if you can prove to him that your great-great-great-grandfather was ruined in the wars of the Roses. His admiration for wit, scholarship, and song he has set forth in 'Satire and Satirists,' and in certain of his 'Essays from the *Quarterly*;' his admiration for ancient and historical names airs itself in his Essays on 'British Family Histories' and 'The Historic Peerage of England.' These Essays are quite peculiar in their way. It is not often that the reflected colours of *or* and *gules* lie on the popular page. But seldom have genealogical trees greened with the spring, and put forth blossoms of fancy. Genealogy itself has been the favourite pursuit of Dr Dryasdust. But poetic association can do almost anything. An old china cup may be uninteresting enough in itself; but when one remem-

bers the fair lips that once touched it, the dead scandals that were talked over it, it becomes at once an object of interest. An old Roman coin may be quite useless for the purchase of modern beef or bread; but when you gaze imaginatively on the half obliterated effigy of the Roman Emperor, the intervening centuries collapse and perish, England becomes green waste and forest; up springs the triumphal arch, the conqueror passes through it with all his captives, you hear the shouts of the populace. And so, to Mr Hannay, a great name recalls a thousand memories; he sees the chivalric and the wise faces of the men, and the beautiful eyes of the women, that belong to it. An old castle is sacred in his eyes, for noble memories grow upon it as thickly as its shrouding ivies. He sees the modern Earl standing, but Agincourt is in the background, and there is always 'a pomp of fancied trumpets on the wind.' He traces the stems of ancient families, and lingers over the flowers of valour, wit, genius, personal beauty, which generation after generation they put forth, and which brighten yet the air of history. He values a sprig of ivy or a wild flower from a castle wall over which a banner once flapped, more than the wealth of Rothschild. To be embalmed in a ballad is the fame which he covets most. He is fond of crests, and coats of armour, and all the insignia of the herald; but he cares nothing for these in themselves—his affection goes out towards what these symbols represent. He reverences the Bloody Heart, and cares not on what material it may be worked—the standard's silken folds, or the gaberdine of the beggar. He laughs openly at the chivalric device and motto blazing on the coach panels of the successful coal merchant. The past moves him mightily,—he is attracted by the deeds, the wit, the splendour of long ago; and on the past he continually feels that the present is based, and is its natural outcome and result. Instinctively he feels that in history there is sequence and progression; in the face of the son he seeks to discern something of the high features of the father. And it is his belief that the ancient feudal hardihood did not die out on feudal battle-fields, that wit did not expire for ever in the poem or the epigram in which it made itself visible, that beauty did not cease finally in wrinkles and grey hairs. He thinks that the virtues of race are the truest heirlooms, descending from father to son, and from mother to daughter, far more certainly than broad lands and castles. He holds that the courage which kept the trenches in the Crimea, and which subdued the Indian mutiny, is directly transmitted from the men who fought at Bosworth and Marston Moor, and that the beauty which charms us to-day is a reminiscence of the beauty which charmed the Cavaliers. Thus, by perpetuation of valour and beauty, he knits

century with century, and generation with generation; thus to his mind does epoch flow out of epoch. And this theory—which doubtless many will be inclined to dispute—Mr Hannay supports by numerous instances:—

‘Few writers in our day have a word of decent civility for the family of Stewart. It would be curious to trace its hereditary character in the chief line; our present purpose is only to remark on the greatness attained by some men who descended maternally from it. We need scarcely say that the mother of William of Orange was a Stewart princess. The mother of Cromwell was, as we believe, of one branch of the family. So was the mother of the Admirable Crichton; and of the famous soldier Alexander Leslie, first Earl of Leven. Chatham was nearly and directly from the royal stem, through his grandmother—a descendant of the Regent Murray. Fox’s mother, Lady Lennox, was immediately descended from Charles II. Byron had the blood in his veins. How interesting to see eminent families sharing in this kind of way in a great man’s renown! The gifted Shaftesbury’s mother was a Manners; Algernon Sidney’s a Percy; and his famous kinsman, Philip’s, a Dudley; the poet Beaumont’s a Pierrepont. The mother of Marshall Stair was a Dundas; and the brilliant Peterborough was the son of one of the brilliant Carys. The Ruthvens and Carnegies gave mothers to Montrose and Dundee. The Villierses gave a mother to Chatham; the Granvilles to Pitt; the Douglasses of Strathhenry to Adam Smith. Nelson inherited the blood of the Sucklings and Walpoles; Collingwood that of the Greys and Plantagenets. From the Hampdens came the mother of Waller, and also Mary Arden (of that ancient Warwickshire family), the mother of Shakspeare. The literary talent runs through female lines like other qualities: Swift’s mother was a Herrick, and his grandmother a Dryden. Donne, derived through his mother, from Sir Thomas More; and Cowper in the same way from the Donnes. Thomson had the Hume blood in his veins. A daughter of Beccaria produced Manzoni. The late Bishop Coplestone evidently got his playfulness from the Gays, as Chesterfield his wit from Lord Halifax. The relationship between Fielding and ‘Lady Mary’ is well known. Sometimes, when a notable man comes from a family never before heard of, it happens that he just comes after a marriage with a better one: Thus the mother of Seldon was of the Knightly Bakers of Kent; Camdens, of the ancient Curwins of Workington, and Watts of the old stock of Muirhead. . . . Philosophers, like Bacon, Hume, and Berkeley; poets, like Spenser, Cowper, Shelley, and Scott; novelists, like Fielding and Smollett; historians, like Gibbon; seamen, like Collingwood, Howe, Jervis; Vanes, St Johns, Raleighs, George Herberts, and many other men of the ancient gentry, amply vindicate the pretensions of old families to the honour of producing the best men that England has ever seen.’

Holding the theory that families can only rise to distinction through superiority of some kind,—that, having arisen, they in-

termarried with families on their own social level, who have also arisen through superiority of some kind,—consequently that the offspring of such marriages have a double chance of possessing an unusual share of brain or of general power, and that the virtue of race thus built up is perpetuated in the descendants, and is continually making itself visible in them,—Mr Hannay is in politics inevitably a Conservative. A nation must be ruled by its best men, and the best men must be sought in the old houses. If a man wishes to enter into public affairs, the best letter of introduction he can bring with him is his ancient descent. We know what his family has been in the past; and as he inherits the virtues and the traditions of his race, we can form some idea of how he will turn out. His good conduct is guaranteed by a hundred ancestors. Holding these doctrines, Mr Hannay naturally detests democracy, looks upon universal suffrage with no favourable eye, is quite the reverse of an adherent of Mr Bright's, and does not think that America has solved the problem of how a nation can be best governed. He does not consider that a cheap government is necessarily the best, and he expects nothing but disorder from an extension of the franchise. He thus expresses himself in the Essay on 'The Historic Peerage':—"This—"the great difference between the vulgar and the noble seed"—was an article of faith among the gentlemen of the kingdom. They held the old Greek doctrine, that "nobility is virtue of race," and believed that those who possessed it were naturally superior to other men. Their portraits—calm, stately, brave, and wise faces—justify their creed to the eye; and the men they produced—the Sydneys, Raleighs, Bacons—justify it to the understanding. By-and-bye there will be a bearing again for this side of affairs in Europe, after the total failure of the revolutionary party to produce governing intellects has had a still wider scope to show itself in."

So, argues Mr Hannay, the old houses possessed calmness, dignity, bravery, wisdom; they were leaders, they were statesmen; and when we wish these qualities to bear on the work of government, we cannot do better than seek for them in the persons of their descendants. There is at least *one* chance more that the governing intellect will be found there than in other regions. The quarter of the wood in which you gathered strawberries six summers ago, is the likeliest place to find strawberries when they are again wanted.

This view of the virtue of race, and its transmission in the blood from father to son, is rather indicated than formally argued out in these Essays. Of course many objections will be taken to it; and as a theory, it cannot be accepted *in toto*. Its truth ends when its chapter of instances ends. Grant that a family

risers above the level of mankind through superiority of one kind or another, that superiority is not transmitted perpetually. Even when a family which has been potent does not actually die out, the superiority which it once possessed, and by virtue of which it arose, seems at times to die out. There were historical families which have disappeared entirely from history, just as there were stars known to the ancient astronomers which are not now visible in our heavens; certain families, too, seem to lose, after a generation or so, their ancient pith and force, and to lose themselves as a stream loses itself in a morass. Mr Hannay hints that, as Cromwell had a dash of the Stewart blood in his veins, the Stewart blood should have the credit of his greatness; but Cromwell's son, Richard, had the Stewart blood also, and he let the reins of government slip from his grasp through weakness and ineptitude. Then, admitting the theory of general force in a race, you never can tell what shape that general force will take in a descendant. Every now and again, in a historical line, an alien character seems to blossom out, as the spiritual, saintly face of Edward IV. gleams among the strong-willed and masterful Tudors. Mr Hannay tells us that many men of the 'ancient gentry' amply vindicate the pretensions of old families to the honour of 'producing the best men that England has ever seen.' The phrase 'ancient gentry' is a misleading one. How ancient? Mr Hannay does not limit the ancient gentry to the descendants of the men who came over with the Conqueror. In every generation certain families rise out of the people into the position of gentry; and if the theory is correct, that a family only rises into eminent station through general superiority, and that that superiority is to some extent perpetuated, the governing intellect is as likely to be found in the descendant of the gentleman of one century's standing as in the descendant of the gentleman of ten. And, in point of fact, it is as readily found. Within the last seventy years the Buonapartes have become occupants of thrones, the Peel family rose into eminence quite lately, the Gladstone family yet more recently. But, putting cavil aside, Mr Hannay's view of blood contains much truth, and is essentially poetic besides. He looks back with reverence and affection on the generations of dead Englishmen and Englishwomen. The eyes of the Countess of Salisbury haunt him. He cannot forget Sidney's chivalric face; he enjoys the wit of Charles II. quite as much as did any of his courtiers. He walks back into history, and he is greeted by wit, and song, and beautiful women, and fine manners, and splendid furniture and array. The old time, with its colour and high spirits, lives again for him; again the feast is spread in the feudal castle; again the feudal banners unrol

themselves on the breeze ; again, on the battle-field, old war-cries are shouted. And, in a country like England, so full of the past, not only in its political constitution and in its unparalleled literature, but in objects which appeal directly to the eye—in mighty castle ruins, where nobles lived who mated once with kings; cathedrals in which the sound of chaunting is heard no more ; Westminster Abbey with its dead ; the world’s first sailor and soldier beneath the dome of St Paul’s ; dwellings of nobles, sequestered in oak woods, which for two hundred autumns now have shed their acorns ; princely colleges, endowed by liberal and pious men of old ; guns and banners captured in every quarter of the globe—this reverence and affection for the remarkable families who have headed its efforts in every direction is most natural and befitting. English history was not built up by knaves and scoundrels, and men hungry for wealth and advancement, but mainly by good and noble men and women. The virtues had more to do with it than the vices. Mr Hannay loves his land, but it is with a love

‘Far brought
From out the storied past.’

And although his readers may not go all the way with him in his theories of descent, yet it may be said that even in these theories there is a great proportion of truth, and a side of the truth which has perhaps not been sufficiently dwelt upon of late. We need to be reminded at times that worth is older than the steam engine, that the present is moored upon the past, and that a great deal of what we are proudest of is drawn directly from our ancestors. Mr Hannay has lived in close intellectual companionship with great Englishmen—the nobles, the wits, the cavaliers who could turn a stanza on the pleasures of the wine cup and the beauty of woman, as well as, on battle mornings, fling themselves bravely on the foemen’s pikes ; and from this intercourse with these worthies he has gained much, for into his own writings he has imported the grace, the polish, and the wit for which they are so remarkable.

Readers of *Fraser’s Magazine* have, for the last six or seven years, been familiar with critical and descriptive papers to which the signature of ‘*Shirley*’ was appended—papers which, considered as literature, rose considerably above the average contents of a periodical which has always been distinguished for literary excellence. Having read these papers with singular pleasure as they appeared month by month, we are glad to see them collected in a volume, which, if it gets its deserts, will find a place in many a private as well as in many a circulating library. *Shirley* is a pleasantly vagrant writer ; his thought gads and

wanders around his subject like the wild convolvulus, taking colour and fragrance with it wherever it goes. If, for the most part, he avoids profound subjects, never attempts exhaustive treatment, he is always eminently readable, charming his reader with an unusual grace of presentment and the light of pleasant fancies. He has a laudable horror of dulness; he is a bookish man, well read in the poets and prose writers—a little too indolently inclined, perhaps, to quote the poets—tasteful, acute, picturesque; and the Essays now republished are the mere play and recreation of his mind. He takes up his pen from the same motive, and with the same enjoyment, that he puts his foot in the stirrup and rides into the country—down the quiet lane scented with white and red dog-roses, out to the headland which gazes upon the azure world of the Atlantic, up to the red ruin of the hill patched with ivies. In these papers there is no plodding, no burden or heat of the day; he infects the reader with his own freshness of feeling; everything is light, airy, graceful. He yachts over the shining seas of criticism and speculation. He is fond of out-door life, of bare and level sands through which the slow stream stagnates to the main, of worn and fantastic northern rocks around which sea-birds wheel and clamour, and on which the big billow smites itself into a column of foam. The sea-side he is never tired of painting; yet we feel that at the sea-side he does not spend his days. We almost fancy that Shirley writes only in vacation. His Essays do not seem to have been produced in a study littered with books; rather they seem to have been composed in Tweeds and ‘wide-a-awake’ in a clover field; for the shadows of the tall grasses are constantly chequering his pages, and the summer breeze and the lark’s song seem to get entangled and mingled with his sentences somehow. He is fond of framing his criticisms with a border of landscape or incidents of country life; and it not unfrequently happens that the frame is more valuable than the picture it contains. And this constant intrusion of the outside world into the critical and more serious papers, which is at best a pretty irrelevance, symptomatic perhaps of volatility of mind and purpose, suggests the main defect of these Essays, which consists in a certain lack of body and thoroughness. They have but little specific gravity. There is too much holiday and too little work in them. They are brilliant enough, but it is rather the brilliance of nebulous vapour than of the condensed and solid star. They lack personality, and the definite edge of intellectual character. They are of the stuff that dreams are made of. If a writer professes to give us a critical estimate of a book or an author, we naturally expect that he shall at once proceed to do so; if he begins with a description of a trout stream, tells us how a girl fords it with

kilted petticoats, then relates how he captured a fish, and the exclamation of a certain 'Bob Morris' from the opposite bank on witnessing the feat, then diverges on a yellow bee which comes humming along seeking honey on the heathery bent, we begin to suspect either that he is conscious that he has nothing critically important to say, or that he is terribly afraid of the trouble of saying it. To write critically may not be so easy as to write descriptively; but it must be done nevertheless, and especially should it be done by a writer who professes to do it. Why should not criticism be criticism and nothing else? When you have a book to review, what necessity is there for running into Arcadia with it to accomplish the task? Arcadians do not compose the modern reading world. Shirley spars prettily enough, but it is all sparring, with no close and wrestle. Before he arrives at his subject, he has to walk into the country for a couple of miles, and has his fish to catch. In the 'Sphinx,' certainly one of the best of his Essays, and which, as dealing with the impotence of history, might be supposed to demand a uniform seriousness of treatment, he starts off in the following manner:—

'We sat on the Devil's-bridge, and swung our legs over the parapet, Reginald de Moreville and I.

'The De Morevilles were a fine Norman family in the reign of David I., "that sair sanct for the Crown." The present representative inherits the feudal tastes of his house, without the burden of its acres.

'The arch of a royal dome that hangs above the blue sea! Down the storm-stained sides of the precipice we can see the marrots standing like sentries along the slippery ledges, crowding around their fantastically-coloured eggs, indulging in expressions of uncouth fun and uncouth endearment. Farther off, the skua gulls, "white as ocean foam in the moon," "white as the consecrated snow that lies on Dian's lap" (choose between Shakspeare and Tennyson), float along the face of the cliffs, or hover above their nests on noiseless wings. Yet, lower, the blue and shining deep beats against the iron bases of the hills, and moans among the caverned fissures where the seal and the otter lodge.'

Now, considered merely as writing, the sentences we have quoted have distinct and substantial merits; they possess music and colour, and a firm consistent movement. But it seems to us that a man properly possessed with his subject, and with an instinct for the heart of it, would not have chosen to begin after this fashion. Especially would he have avoided the poetical extracts and the sentence contained in brackets, for that kind of by-play—that irrelevant thinking within thinking—does not occur to one whose loins are sufficiently girt for his work.

When a man is in haste, or is impelled onward by a strong motive, he does not gather the flowers that grow by the wayside, and compare their beauties. Now, all this kind of thing is a literary iniquity, and a face of flint should be set against it. It has become far too common of late. It increases the bulk of books without increasing their value. It obstructs the literary thoroughfare as crinoline obstructs the material one. Shirley is too frequently a sinner in this way; and it is no palliation of his fault that he sins gracefully, fancifully, eloquently, because lesser men, who have neither his grace nor his fancy, may be tempted to follow his example.

Having indicated what seems to us the defect of the book, we are prepared now to give 'Nugæ Criticæ' our warmest welcome. It is thoroughly fresh, genial, and pleasant; and that portion of it which directly relates to out-door life—happily no inconsiderable portion—is uniformly excellent. Shirley is a sportsman; he is fond of the aquatic tribes of birds; he is familiar with the scenery of our eastern and northern coasts; and his opening paper, 'At the Seaside,' is written with humour, vividness, spirit, and a quite unusual power of picturesque presentment. It is a true vacation paper. As we read, the hum of the city dies away, and we are transported to the chalky cliffs, on whose scalps are corn fields with scarlet poppies intermixed, and beyond a whole horizonful of ocean, sleek and blue in the lazy summer day. Although everything is silent, the silence does not arise from absence of life. A gun, and the rocks are clamorous with startled sea-fowls. Shirley has affectionately watched the habits of gulls, ducks, divers, loons, herons, and cormorants, and the swan that comes out of the northern twilight; and since Christopher North dropped his pen, we have had no better ornithological writing. Take this photograph of the cormorant, or *scrath*, as he is locally called:—

'The *scrath* is not by any means a lively bird; he entertains serious, not to say gloomy, views on most of the questions of the day. I have seen the cormorants who frequent this rock sit together for hours without uttering a syllable to each other—in a kind of dyspeptic dejection. Apart from his sentiments upon serious subjects, this is probably the result of a system of over-feeding; for, even with the most perfect digestion, such excessive eating must tell upon the spirits. They are, moreover, somewhat speculative birds, and employ their leisure in various impracticable experiments. They seem, in particular, to entertain a theory that they are intended by Providence to live upon invisible pinnacles, where a titmouse could not find footing. The consequences may be easily foreseen. No sooner is the unwieldy monster seated than he loses his balance, and a fierce and violent flapping of his sable pinions is required to prevent him from falling

to the bottom. Nothing can convince him of the fallacy of the notion; and it would be difficult to determine what satisfaction or enjoyment he can derive from an insane proceeding like this, which so ill consorts, moreover, with the sepulchral gravity of his appearance.'

Nothing can well be better in its light way than this; and the affectionately humorous exaggeration brings out, far more vividly than any cold and exact description could do, the characteristics of the grave funereal fowl. Shirley enters into the heart of his cormorant as Mr Carlyle enters into the heart of his hero, and works out from that. And this peculiar kind of humorous and picturesque presentment is not alone confined to the passage we have quoted. It pervades more or less every page of the opening paper, which, as we have said, is the pleasantest and ablest of his Essays.

The most important papers in the book, so far at least as actual substance and gravity of treatment are concerned, are the three entitled, 'People who are not respectable;' 'A Lay Sermon on Nonconformity, a plea for Liberty;' and 'William the Silent, the earliest Teacher of Toleration.' The first deals with Lola Montez, Heine, and the Abbé Domenech, and reveals an audacious generosity of sentiment; the beauty and the poet are tenderly dealt with, and when rebuked there is a sneaking kindness in the rebuke. The second is a reply to two questions, 'In the first place, how is the State—and in the second place, how is the Church, to treat Nonconformity?' while the third relates in a rapid way, somewhat after Lord Macaulay's fashion, the career of Orange the taciturn, and rises into panegyric towards the close on that Prince's tolerant and unpersecuting spirit in the midst of an intolerant and persecuting time. These Essays depend one upon the other; and however diverse in subject, they form one argument. This age, it appears, is not tolerant enough; the persecuting spirit is as virulent as ever, the methods of martyrdom are only changed. Hear Shirley on the matter: 'In many circles, you would incur more odium if you told its members that you read "Maurice" and "Jowett," and believed them to be good and honest men, than if you picked their pockets. Holy hands are lifted in pious horror; an inquisition is held upon the condition-of-your-soul question; your opinions, which you have always supposed to be at least harmless, charitable, and goodnatured, if nothing better, are pronounced "unsound" and "unsafe" (words of evil import) by the assembled saints; and you are then solemnly tied to the stake and burned—fortunately in effigy only.' 'The victim may indeed retreat from the family and the sect, sever local ties

which daily become more oppressive and unmanageable, and calmly appeal to a wider tribunal. But the rent is very trying to mortal nerves; the heartstrings sometimes crack in the venture.' So much for social martyrdom. Now for the question between Nonconformity and the Church. 'A national church, in the largest sense, is the development of the devotional side of the national mind. . . . If this definition be accurate—and we are convinced that it is—then it follows that such an institution, maintained it may be out of the public purse, should be devoted to the service of the public; and that any limitations of *caste*, or of doctrine, when not absolutely indispensable, are inconsistent with its design and with the purpose for which it exists. Any condition which prevents any religious citizen from becoming a minister (and thereby partaking of the emoluments to which he would otherwise be entitled), or a member (and thereby partaking of the privileges which communion confers), is, *prima facie*, imperious and indefensible. A clear necessity alone can justify its retention. Is there, then, to be no limitation? Are men of all opinions and of no opinions to find shelter within the sanctuary? To such a question the reply is obvious. A national church cannot be permitted to lose its representative character. The national church of a Christian people must remain distinctively Christian, just as the national church of a Mahometan people must remain distinctively Mahometan.' Elsewhere, we find that 'the clergyman, when he has once "taken" the Articles, undergoes a species of petrification; he becomes a fossil thenceforth to the day of his death. The rich and invaluable lessons which experience teaches must not be learned by him; he must close his eyes upon the growing light; his moral and intellectual nature, like Joshua's sun at Ajalon, "must come to a full stop."'

In a paper like the present, it is not advisable to enter into these deep matters of controversy, and all the less advisable that they have already been discussed in the pages of this journal. It may be permitted to be said, however, 'that a national church, in the largest sense, is the development of the devotional side of the national mind,' just as a standing army is the development of the fighting side of the national character; and that church and army, to be effective, must possess identity of purpose and uniformity of discipline. To have persons of peculiar doctrinal views within the National Church, and who give expression to these peculiar doctrines, would be quite as hurtful, and would lead to a like confusion, as to have persons in the ranks who have peculiar notions as to how marching is to be conducted, and who assert their individuality in the method of discharging their firelocks. If persons of peculiar notions on

certain doctrinal points are to be admitted into the Church, you turn the Church itself into a bear garden ; it immediately begins to fight with itself, instead of fighting against the evil which is in the world. Shirley very properly says, 'that the National Church of a Christian people must be distinctively Christian ;' but who is to be the judge of *what is* distinctively Christian ? The disbeliever in the Divinity of Christ calls himself a Christian ; the person enjoying the gift of the unknown tongues calls himself a Christian ; the believer in purgatory and transubstantiation calls himself a Christian ; and as all these accept the Scriptures, to some extent at least, as an authority, and are certainly neither Mahometans, Pagans, nor Jews, it would be difficult to rob them of the appellation. But could a Church exist with these discordant and inflammable elements in its bosom ? What is 'distinctively Christian' must, like every other dispute in the world, be decided practically by the majorities. And if men holding peculiar notions of doctrine or discipline shall have entered the Church, or if, after entering, they find that, from whatever reason, they cannot conscientiously give intellectual adherence to the standards of the Church, and if, in consequence of this discordance between themselves and their brethren, they are uncomfortable, ill at ease, what is the course they should adopt ? They have placed themselves, or they find themselves, in a false position, and their duty is to get out of that false position with as little delay as possible. Honesty, comfort, reverence for their own consciences and for the consciences of others, alike counsel resignation of their positions in the Church.

With respect to the social martyrdom to which Shirley refers, it may be said that, from the very constitution of things, such martyrdoms have always been and ever will be. The man who acts in the teeth of public opinion—and it matters nothing whether that opinion is local or general—must, as a matter of necessity, meet opposition ; he is like a ship sailing against a head wind. A certain conformity with the existing order of things is required of all men, under penalties of discomfort. A man cannot even take mustard to his mutton, or eat peas with his knife, with impunity. This is very intolerant, it is true ; but tolerance to the man who chooses to eat peas with his knife is intolerance to twenty people who may be sitting at dinner with him. Shirley tells us that there are certain circles in which a man incurs odium by reading 'Maurice' and 'Jowett.' It is unquestionably true. And if a man chooses to attire himself in the jacket of a harlequin, he will incur odium in every circle he enters. If a man acts in opposition to the opinions, the prejudices, the traditions of the people with whom he mixes, he is just as certain to incur opposition and pain as he is to hurt himself

if he runs his head against a wall. The nonconformist never did tread on roses; and till the constitution of human nature changes, on roses he will never tread. And this fate awaits not only the nonconformist in religion, but all nonconformists alike. The nonconformist in hats is liable to be stared at in the street; and it is possible that he may overhear the remarks of irreverent urchins as he passes by. The nonconformist in politics has his own annoyances: Peel had hard words and ungenerous insinuations to bear when he split with his party. The nonconformist, if he has any knowledge of men, will expect some little trouble and misrepresentation to fall to his lot, and he will not care to make a noise about it. If the path of the nonconformist were perfectly smooth, what merit would there be in his nonconformity?

Several essays in Shirley's book, other than those we have mentioned, are of great merit, especially 'The Last Word on Lord Macaulay,' which indicates with clearness the limitations and defects of the great writer—altogether the best piece of critical writing which he has produced. 'Terra Santa; a Peep into Italy,' contains reading of the pleasantest kind; and the allusions it contains to Mr Hawthorne and Mrs Browning are characteristic—for, after all, this writer sees the world clearest through the window of books. On whatever subject he writes, you are sure to come into contact with the writers he most admires. In 'Nugæ Criticæ' Shirley touches on many subjects, and always with grace and true literary skill; but we confess that we like him best 'at the sea-side:' his vagrant, desultory, yet always pleasant and picturesque vein, flows freest when he has the eastern coast to deal with—the sea and the sea-fowl. He is always at his best when out of doors.

A. K. H. B. gathered his reputation in *Fraser*; is, we understand, exceedingly popular in England, and prodigiously so across the Atlantic. That this popularity arises from a certain merit discoverable in his Essays, there can, of course, be no matter of question; he is an exceedingly clever writer, he has a happy knack of putting things, he is always readable. Yet it would be difficult to explain by what charm he leads us along his pages. One only feels that the charm exists. A. K. H. B. is as egotistical as Montaigne, but in no other particular does he resemble him. There is great sameness in his papers: reading them is like walking on an American prairie; green undulation follows on green undulation, beginning nowhere, ending nowhere, without prospect, without outlook. He starts on his subject without a pocket compass, and after a long circuit he arrives at the place from which he set out; and the worst is, he

arrives as empty-handed as when he started. He could perform the feat of voyaging round the world, and bringing home nothing. A great element of success in a writer is peculiarity, and A. K. H. B. has his peculiarities. Once possessed of an idea, he can make it go farther than any of his contemporaries. Give him a bit of gold, and no man living will beat it out into a broader and thinner leaf. Mount him on a platitude, and he will make it carry him across a county. In his Essays he laughs occasionally at Mr Martin Farquhar Tupper; but he is related to the body of contemporary prose very much as Mr Tupper is related to the body of contemporary verse, and the popularity of each arises from similar causes. For the mass of readers it is a pleasant thing to feel that they are as wise as the author they are reading, and the mass of A. K. H. B.'s readers are made happy in this way.

A. K. H. B. is an egotist; he is continually writing about his essays, his sermons, his methods of composition, his garden, his children, his man-servant—if that functionary dips furtively into *Fraser's Magazine* when his master is done with it, he must be gratified by the manifold recognition of his existence—his own horses, or the horses of his friends. Now, to egotism in itself no man will object, provided the egotist is great or peculiar. We never weary of Montaigne or of Charles Lamb when they are speaking about themselves. Unhappily, however, A. K. H. B. is neither great nor peculiar; he is simply a clever, fluent man, well read up in current literature, conversant with its ‘slang,’ in the dexterous use of which one-half of his smartness consists, perfectly ready to kick a man when it is the fashion to kick him—witness his frequent sneers at Mr Tupper and *Mr Wordy*—and who can prattle in a pleasant way enough ‘Concerning Hurry and Leisure,’ ‘Tidiness,’ and certain ‘Blisters of Humanity.’ Egotism of the light, trifling kind, which A. K. H. B. indulges in, is apt to weary one after a little. After a very little while one gets irritated at his familiar, hail-fellow-well-met, dawdling, sauntering ways, disgusted rather with his man-servant and horses, and a little inclined to request him, in a somewhat peremptory manner, to say his say ‘concerning’ whatever subject he may have in hand, in a direct, straightforward fashion, and have done. He cannot, without protest, be permitted to take the airs of a Montaigne. If he writes ‘Concerning the Pairing of Nails,’ let him discuss the general subject with what light may be given him, and cease to linger so lovingly over his own.

And yet, after all, there is a certain charm in A. K. H. B.'s Essays. He writes for the most part with grace and purity; he possesses fancy, liveliness, and his papers have now and again touches of shrewdness, insight, and common sense. If

some savage critic would but lay hold of him, whip the pestilent coxcombry out of him, he would do the world some service, and confer on A. K. H. B. himself the greatest benefit he will ever receive from a fellow-mortal. For in him the elements of an excellent writer do incontestably exist. He possesses 'faculties' which, hitherto, 'he hath no used,' or only in a perfunctory way and at long intervals. He can be direct, suggestive, pathetic even, when he chooses, but the misfortune is he so seldom chooses. The best thing which he has written is a little paper entitled 'Gone,' absolutely without grimace or wilful irrelevance, and into the pathetic undertone of which neither himself, nor his garden, nor his next Sunday's sermon, nor even his manservant, does for one moment intrude. In the following passage A. K. H. B. is at his best, perhaps:—

'Every one knows what Dr Johnson wrote about *The Last*. It is, of course, a question of individual associations, and how it may strike different minds; but I stand up for the unrivalled reach and pathos of the short word *Gone*.

'It is curious, that the saddest and most touching of human thoughts, when we run it up to its simplest form, is of so homely a thing as a material object existing in a certain space, and then removing from that space to another. *That* is the essential idea of *Gone*.

'Yet, in the commonest way, there is something touching in that: something touching in the sight of vacant space, once filled by almost anything. You feel a blankness in the landscape where a tree is gone that you have known all your life. You are conscious of a vague sense of something lacking where even a post is pulled up that you remember always in the centre of a certain field. You feel this yet more when some familiar piece of furniture is taken away from a room which you know well. Here that clumsy easy-chair used to stand: and it is gone. You feel yourself an interloper, standing in the space where it stood so long. It touches you still more to look at the empty chair which you remember so often filled by one who will never fill it more. You stand in a large railway station: you have come to see a train depart. There is a great bustle on the platform, and there is a great quantity of human life, and of the interests and cares of human life, in those twelve or fourteen carriages, and filling that little space between the rails. You stand by and watch the warm interiors of the carriages, looking so large and so full, and as if they had so much in them. There are people of every kind of aspect, children and old folk, multitudes of railway rugs, of carpet bags, of portmanteaus, of parcels, of newspapers, of books, of magazines. At length you hear the last bell; then comes that silent steady pull, which is always striking, though seen ever so often. The train glides away: it is gone. You stand and look vacantly at the place where it was. How little the space looks: how blank the air! There are the two rails, just four feet

eight and a half inches apart; how close together they look! You can hardly think that there was so much of life, and of the interests of life, in so little room. You feel the power upon the average human being of the simple, commonplace fact, that something has been here, and is gone.'

There is not very much in this, perhaps, but it is nicely felt; and the illustration, if familiar to all, cannot fail to be felt by all. Most of us have seen a railway train depart, and when nothing remains but bare rails and empty space, have been conscious, in an obscure way, of the subtly mingled strangeness and regret which A. K. H. B. so tenderly indicates.

Mr Patterson's 'Essays in History and Art' contain less of the personal element than the writings of Shirley or A. K. H. B., and are on that account perhaps less interesting. We hear nothing of his peculiar moods, of the house he lives in, or the places he visits. He does not begin a paper on the banks of a trouting stream, or seated on the parapet of the Devil's Bridge, with his legs dangling over, like Shirley; nor does he haunt stables, and make a writing-desk of a horse's face, like A. K. H. B. He has nothing of the lightness, jauntiness, and holiday feeling of these gentlemen. He means work; he desires to inform rather than to amuse. The more important papers in the volume—on the 'Ethnology of Europe,' 'Our Indian Empire,' 'The National Life of China,' 'India, its Castes and Creeds'—are laboriously and solidly done. Into these Essays he has gathered the pith and essence of many books; and to people wishing to be informed on these matters, we do not know a volume more entirely to be recommended than Mr Patterson's. The style is always clear, if at times a little ornate; and evidences of conscientiousness and care are everywhere manifest. Mr Patterson, when he has a solid, useful information subject on hand, is at his best. Certain of the lighter papers—as, for instance, 'Youth and Summer,' 'Genius and Liberty'—are spoiled by an Asiatic floridity of taste. A passage like the following rather provokes a smile in the judicious:—

'But the genius of Greece is rising in beauty everywhere on land and sea—the blue *Ægean*, gemmed with the "sparkling *Cyclades*," bearing, like floating flower-baskets, the isles of Greece on its calm surface. On the lovely bay-indented shores of Iona, where the vines are trailing in festoons from tree to tree, lighting the emerald woods with their purple clusters, sits merry Anacreon, singing of love and wine in undying strains. Light-hearted old man, sing on!—until, in luckless hour, the choking grapestone end at once thy lays, thy loves, and thy life. The lofty strains of Alcæus and Simonides make the *Ægean* shores to re-echo their undying hatred of a tyrannic power;

while on her Lesbian isle, hapless Sappho, weary of a fame that cannot bring her love, leaps from the cliffs of Leucus into the sea, but lives for ever in her country's memory as the Tenth Muse.'

This is a kind of eloquence which convulses the debating societies of young men in their teens, and the frequency of its appearance in these Essays proves that Mr Patterson retains in middle life all the juvenility and freshness of his youthful spirit.

It is with a certain proud sorrow that we regard 'Essays, Historical and Critical,' by Hugh Miller. Six years have passed since the writer was borne to his grave, and his place in literature is as well defined now as it was on the day in which he was laid in the Grange; and future years, with a sense of the sacredness of their task, will keep clear from all intrusion Miller's place in the literature of his country. The British Valhalla will be crowded indeed when room cannot be found for him. Miller was not only an accomplished journalist and able geologist, a writer singularly acute and picturesque, but he was something beyond all these—a great man. He possessed, in some degree, that largeness of limb and majesty of mental lineament, which distinguished Burns and Scott, Chalmers and John Wilson. He came up from the red sandstone quarries of Cromarty into his fame, as Burns came into his from the Ayrshire harvest fields. Scotland is proud to think that she is peculiarly the mother of such men; and if Burns was her first-born and greatest, Hugh Miller was her second, and only in stature a little lower than the first. The present volume of Essays is entirely selected from the file of the *Witness* newspaper; consequently it does not so much represent Miller at his best, as in his usual working attire. These papers were not written by him with a view to separate publication; they were composed in his usual course of duty as a journalist; and as newspaper articles, their concision, their wit, their fancy, their richness of sentence, are quite wonderful. The opening Essay on 'The New Year,' is an exquisite poem. The visit of her Majesty to Edinburgh in 1842 was an interesting event, but it is doubly so when we see it through the medium of Mr Miller's graphic and picturesque prose. In the opening sentences—so exquisite in their natural analogies—of the article entitled 'The Echoes of the World,' an article which concerns itself with the death of Dr Chalmers, we have the truest poetry as well as the most impressive statement of fact:—

'Has the reader ever heard a piece of heavy ordnance fired amid the mountains of our country? First, there is the ear-stunning report of the piece itself,—the prime mover of those airy undulations that travel outwards, circle beyond circle, towards the far horizon; then some hoary precipice, that rises tall and solemn in the immediate

neighbourhood, takes up the sound, and it comes rolling back from its rough front in thunder, like a giant wave flung far sea-ward from the rock against which it has broken ; then some more distant hill becomes vocal, and then another, and another, and anon another ; and then there is a slight pause, as if all were over—the undulations are travelling unbroken along some flat moor or across some expansive lake, or over some deep valley, filled, haply, by some long, wide, and roaring arm of the sea ; and then the more remote mountains lift up their voices in mysterious mutterings, now lower, now louder, now more abrupt, anon more prolonged, each as it recedes taking up the tale in closer succession to the one that had previously spoken, till at length their distinct utterances are lost in one low continuous sound, that at last dies out amid the shattered peaks of the desert wilderness, and unbroken stillness settles over the scene as at first. Through a scarcely voluntary exertion of that faculty of analogy and comparison, so natural to the human mind that it converts all the existences of the physical world into forms and expressions of the world intellectual, we have oftener than once thought of the phenomenon and its attendant results as strikingly representative of effects produced by the death of Chalmers. It is an event which has, we find, rendered vocal the echoes of the world, and they are still returning upon us, after measured intervals, according to the distances.'

This is wonderful writing ; and when Miller proceeds to complete his analogy by describing how, from every quarter of the world, there came back here, in a murmur of grief and admiration, the report of the death of Chalmers, the effect of the whole is singularly grand and complete. It is contemplated, we notice from the preface, that, should the present collection of Essays meet with success, other and similar volumes may be gathered from the file of the *Witness*. Of the success of the book there can be no manner of doubt, so that we presume we may soon look for a second volume, or perhaps of a third.

ART. VI.—*Life of the Right Honourable William Pitt*. By Earl STANHOPE, author of the 'History of England from the Peace of Utrecht.' 4 vols. London, 1861–62.

THE scope and purport of this work is to achieve the apotheosis of its hero, and misrepresent and caricature his rivals and his opponents. Such a mode of writing tends to bring biography into discredit. It may be true that we are all born to be Boswells in a greater or less degree. And scarcely any one would be led to write the life of a man whose memory he did not cherish. But there is a manifest distinction between this venial predilection and Lord Stanhope's indiscriminate praise of whatever Pitt does, and indiscriminate censure of whatever Pitt's opponents do. The mass of readers are not imbued with the sympathies of party; and they are still less connected with the traditions of party. They therefore cannot understand why facts and reasonings should be distorted, in order to fight over again battles that are three generations old. When they repeatedly see the opponents of Pitt condemned in one place for actions identical with those for which Pitt himself is applauded in another place, they simply witness the destruction of the biographer's credit. They may acknowledge that professed apologists and literary partisans are inevitable, as heralds and pursuivants once were necessary; but they cannot look upon these men as approaching to the fidelity or the dignity of historians.

Lord Stanhope possessed unusual facilities for the task he had set himself. He had obtained an extensive correspondence of and concerning Pitt, which would have been inaccessible to many writers. This correspondence constitutes the main value of his book. He had also been the annalist of the seventy years preceding Pitt's first Administration—from the peace of Utrecht in 1713 to the recognition of the United States in 1783. That book, indeed, had no claim to the ambitious title of a 'History of England,' by which Lord Stanhope named it. It was made up of a mass of 'facts,' on the whole tolerably faithful, of remarks which implied a highly respectable understanding, and of extracts from newspapers and other writings, thrown into the text, not inapposite, though neither digested nor condensed. And Lord Stanhope was better acquainted than most men with the leaders of the generation that linked Pitt's days with ours.

Yet, in spite of these advantages, the design of this book and the sources of its information are equally in fault. What we wanted was a life of Pitt—not a mere chronicle of his Cabinet, or a series of parliamentary sketches. No doubt, the life of

one who was Prime Minister during near twenty years must form what it is the fashion to call political biography. But there is little attempt in this work to sustain the interest of the reader in Pitt individually. Much, too, is quite irrelevant; as, for example, an elaborate account of Trafalgar, which was already much better written in Southey's *Life of Nelson*. And in a large proportion of the instances in which this work affects to be biographical, it is not trustworthy. Most of what concerns Pitt himself is taken from Bishop Tomline, whose work is perhaps the most flagrant imposture in the English language. The Bishop was rarely believed in his own day; and his book is, excepting by Lord Stanhope, universally rejected now. Is it possible that Lord Stanhope does not know this?

There is another characteristic in which this book has still more surprised us. Lord Stanhope, through the great indulgence of his critics, has been accounted painstaking and laborious. Yet this '*Life*' abounds with blunders in matters of fact. We will give a few examples out of many. The ground of Fox's resignation, on Lord Rockingham's death in July 1782, is grossly misstated. The misstatement is of course unintentional, though it serves the congenial aim of disparaging Fox. We read in vol. i., p. 78, that Fox resigned through disappointed ambition, and simply because Lord Shelburne became Premier. Here is the passage:—

'His Majesty sent for Lord Shelburne, and offered him the vacant post of First Lord of the Treasury. Lord Shelburne accepted the offer. Most of the other Ministers acquiesced in it; but Fox was fully determined not to bear the dominion of his rival.'

After adding that Fox and Cavendish wished to see the Duke of Portland, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Premier, Lord Stanhope proceeds:—

'Portland was in all points the very counterpart of Rockingham. Like him, he was a man of high birth, princely fortune, honourable character, nervous shyness, and very moderate abilities. It was plainly designed that Fox's own pre-eminent abilities should govern the country under his Grace's name.'

Lord Stanhope adds that Fox urged the King to revoke his appointment of Shelburne.

The truth is as much the reverse as possible. It appears from the Buckingham Correspondence, as well as from other authorities hardly less conclusive, that when Fox and his friends found the Premiership disposed of, they took it so temperately, in spite of the irritation which the King's manœuvre had provoked, that they next asked the King's permission to nominate to the Secretaryship of State, which Lord Shelburne's promotion had

left vacant. Lord Temple states, in a letter contained in the first volume of the Buckingham Correspondence, that Lord John Cavendish was actually named by Fox's party as the person on whom the King was to be advised to confer the Secretaryship of State. *Fox was, therefore, perfectly willing to serve under Lord Shelburne.* It was not until they were refused on both appointments that they resigned. Neither did they urge the King to revoke the gift of the Treasury to Shelburne; for they clearly came prepared with the alternative to nominate to the other Secretaryship. The fact, which Lord Stanhope disguises, is, that the Rockingham Cabinet was formed of two hostile parties, and built up on a conflict of forces, which both had found it as necessary to balance before, as they did after, Lord Rockingham died. We refer Lord Stanhope to Fox's Correspondence in the Buckingham Collection, while he was still Minister of Foreign Affairs. It there appears that Shelburne, while his colleague under Lord Rockingham, was clandestinely employed by the King to intrigue at Paris against the negotiation of the Cabinet for a general peace, which Fox was conducting in the name of the Government. The rupture between Fox and Shelburne was thus on the verge of taking place during Lord Rockingham's lifetime. No one can doubt, therefore, that Fox was justified in resisting the absolutism of Shelburne in the Cabinet.

Lord Stanhope, having thus misconstrued the ground of Fox's resignation, next affects to describe Fox as being in a nearly isolated position. He says that 'most of the other Ministers acquiesced' in Shelburne's appointment. But the fact is, that while *four peers* stood by Lord Shelburne, there were no less than *eleven resignations*. Here are the names: Fox, Duke of Portland, Burke, Lord John Cavendish, Sheridan, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord Dungannon, Lord Althorp, Lee, Montague, and Townshend. It is possible for a statement of fact to be barely true, and the inference founded upon it to be altogether false. What Lord Stanhope here states is just within the limits of truth, inasmuch as the Cabinet was formed almost entirely from the House of Lords, and but two 'Ministers'—Fox and Cavendish—were chosen from the Commons. But the fact that most of the members of the Government retired, and that there were eleven resignations, is carefully suppressed.

The Duke of Portland had certainly no striking ability. But while Lord Stanhope decries him in 1782, as a Whig Minister, he extols him as a Tory Minister in 1800.

This is but an instance taken at the outset of the work. We might quote very many such misapprehensions. Thus, at p. 213 of the same volume, Sir Lloyd Kenyon is described as raised *per saltum* from the office of Solicitor-General to the

Mastership of the Rolls; though it is well known that Sir Lloyd Kenyon held the office of Attorney-General for a considerable period, and at a very important juncture. Again, at p. 331, where the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Mrs Fitzherbert is discussed, the Royal Marriage Act is described as an absolute bar to the marriage of the Prince with any one but a princess of the blood; whereas the Royal Marriage Act simply made the validity of the marriage of a prince of the blood with a lady not of the blood dependent upon the sanction of the Crown. So also, among minor mistakes, we read (vol. i., p. 401) that Sir Robert Peel became Prime Minister in November 1835; whereas he had then already resigned seven months, having been appointed in December 1834. In vol. iii., p. 375, there is a mistake of no less than L.18,000,000 in the addition made to the funded debt in 1802, as Lord Stanhope's own figures evince. In vol. iv., p. 228, the Princess Charlotte is described as heiress presumptive to the throne, while she was simply heiress apparent of the heir apparent. At p. 96 of the same volume, Lord Stanhope describes it as being seriously contemplated to inscribe the words, 'Retained for the defence,' on the banner of the Volunteers of the Inns of Court. Everyone else knows that this was an idle jest. We take these instances at random, to show that no implicit reliance can be placed on Lord Stanhope's assertions of fact.

But if they are not enough for the purpose, there are plenty of others. These are not all, nor nearly all. Thus, again, as the present Bishop of Bath and Wells shows, Lord Stanhope wholly misconceives the ground on which the marriage of Pitt with Eleanor Eden fell through. Pitt having quarrelled at a later period with Lord Auckland (Lady Eleanor's father), it becomes Lord Stanhope's congenial task to prove that Lord Auckland was in this matter influenced by unworthy considerations. He begins by stating that the disparity of age between Pitt and Miss Eden was only eight years. On the contrary, the disparity amounted to eighteen years, the former being born in 1759, the latter in 1777. The Bishop, moreover, shows (Auckland Correspondence, vol. iv., p. 415, etc.) that Lord Auckland had readily consented to the marriage, and that it was broken off through Pitt's own sense of his pecuniary circumstances. The ground on which the correspondence, touching the intended marriage, has been kept back, is also mistaken by Lord Stanhope. We are also indebted to the right reverend prelate who has edited the Auckland Papers, for pointing out a much more important historical blunder. Lord Stanhope, in his indiscriminate zeal favourably to contrast Pitt with all his contemporaries, censures the Austrian Government for having annexed Condé and Valenciennes permanently to the Austrian Netherlands in 1793, instead of

deferring to the temperate and wise advice of Pitt to retain them only during hostilities with France. But the Bishop points out that the Austrian Government adopted this violent course in express compliance with the impolitic counsels of Pitt himself. So, again, Lord Stanhope describes General Alava, who was present at the battle of Waterloo, as having been a general officer in command of land forces embarked on board the combined fleet that fought at Trafalgar. He was then, on the contrary, an admiral, and in command of the Spanish squadron. Among petty inaccuracies, we are told (vol. ii., p. 241) that Lord Howe brought back only five prizes after the battle of the first of June. The exact number was *six* (James' Naval History, vol. i., p. 169). So in vol. iv., p. 345, Lord Stanhope states that Parliament voted for Lord Nelson's family, on his death in 1805, a sum of L.100,000, and a pension of L.6000 a year. The exact grant—as may be seen in Sir H. Nicolas' 'Letters and Despatches of Viscount Nelson'—was L.129,000, and a pension of L.5000 a year.

Even assuming that this book may yet survive among a declining circle of Tory politicians, there is much to be struck out, even where the author does not actually mislead. It contains a vast amount of trumpery, and even of *old* trumpery. Thus we find the story which has been in every one's mouth from that day to this, of Horne Tooke, when arraigned, saying to Erskine, 'I'll be hanged if I won't plead my own cause;' and of Erskine's reply, 'You'll be hanged if you do.' There are such trite quotations, at full length, as 'a king sate on the rocky brow,' etc. (vol. iv., p. 78), 'Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,' etc. (vol. iii., p. 256); which has long degenerated into a young lady's song. So Lord Stanhope thinks it needful to refute the idle story that Dumourier, who enjoyed a pension from the British Government, directed the operations of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula; and the absurd expectation that Pitt, when at Walmer, would witness our operations against Boulogne. If this book should ever reach another edition, we trust that the author will expunge the puerile satire that is contained in his answer to the well-founded criticisms of Lord Macaulay on Pitt's domestic administration. Lord Stanhope says that 'he does not conceive the fame of Mr Pitt involved in every act of every magistrate or of every judge; and that he does not even think it bound up with all the judicial decisions of Lord Chancellor Loughborough' (vol. ii., p. 187). There is something flippant in this attempt to brush aside the temperate criticisms of so great a writer as Lord Macaulay. It is certainly not by this sort of vindication that Pitt's fame will be saved. We would also draw Lord Stanhope's attention to such false metaphors as 'im-

planting a chimera,' or 'a feeling of attachment glowing beneath a satirical vein.' Such expressions may possibly be intelligible, but they scarcely become the 'Historian of England.'

It is hardly less strange to find a man of letters falling into the mistake of assuming the authorship of Junius so far settled as to enable him to state (vol. iii., p. 355) what the author of Junius said in the House of Commons in 1801. He refers, no doubt, to Philip Francis; the evidence, however, of the elder Lord Temple's authorship is at least equally strong; and it happens that the words which he ascribes to the author of Junius are generally ascribed to Sheridan. We are surprised also to find Lord Stanhope misinterpreting the fable of Jove and Danae, and describing certain lines of Silius Italicus (vol. i., p. 142)—of which we will copy one for an example :

'Implebit terras voce, et furialia bella'—

as 'a manifest and successful imitation of the Virgilian manner.' We greatly doubt if any one but Lord Stanhope would take this hexameter for Virgil's.

These and similar mistakes and inelegancies may be removed. But we are sorry to say they by no means represent the most serious of Lord Stanhope's faults. The chief and pervading failure of this book lies in the obliquities of its reasoning; in the unfair spirit in which almost every party question is discussed, as between Pitt and his opponents; in deductions which are logically and demonstrably false; and in what we may term its exaggeration of Boswellism. This ridiculous travesty of truth is the more wanton, from the fact that Lord Stanhope had a very good case as it really stood. The public at this day are generally agreed that Pitt, with all his defects, was the greatest statesman of his time. They were disposed to concur, before this book appeared, in a very large share of merit being assigned to him. But as their admiration for Pitt was an admiration without bias, they were not prepared to hold that white was black, and black white, under a weak and vapid enthusiasm.

Thus it is not sufficient for Lord Stanhope to declare that Pitt was one of the ablest debaters and the most trusted Minister of his day;—Pitt was also the greatest statesman that any age ever produced, in this country at least. He was an incomparable financier; he was an unrivalled Minister of War; he was lenient in his domestic administration; he was far-sighted beyond any of his rivals; his treatment of others was always conciliatory, generous, and forbearing; he was the only man to seek Catholic emancipation aright; and to complete the picture, this man,—

'Qui tria, qui septem, qui omne scibile novit,'—

becomes the originator of steam navigation also !

Let us see how all these positions are defended,—for Lord Stanhope is on his trial as a judge of historical evidence. With the leading divisions of Pitt's administration, and the chief incidents of Pitt's character, we shall deal presently, and in some detail. Let us first glance at the bias in which these subjects are entered upon. Take up which volume we may, the spirit of the partisan equally abounds. We have opened the fourth volume, at the page which records the final divergence of Pitt from Lord Grenville, in 1804. Up to that time, the latter is spoken of with just admiration. But from this moment Lord Grenville is, of course, disparaged. Accordingly, the activity of Pitt is compared with the alleged slothfulness of Grenville, by putting into factitious contrast the conduct of Pitt in inspecting our armaments, *when again Prime Minister and during war*, in August 1804; and the conduct of Grenville in remaining at Dropmore, *when out of office and during peace*, in April 1803! The anachronism of sixteen months, and the difference between peace and war, office and opposition, go for nothing when there is an opportunity to commend Pitt and to disparage an opponent. So, again, in the same volume, infinite credit is assigned to Pitt for his willingness—if he were really sincere—to form a coalition with Fox in 1804, on the ground that he was risking a great amount of support from his own party. Far, however, was Pitt from being entitled to credit for self-denial upon this score; for while Lord Stanhope acknowledges that Pitt was still resolved to be Prime Minister, and to place Fox in a subordinate situation, he has probably forgotten that he has reserved for the appendix a letter from Pitt, advocating a union with Fox, on these unequal terms, upon the ground that it would extinguish party in the House of Commons.

The claim that is set up for Pitt as the originator of steam navigation is yet more absurd. A former Lord Stanhope, contemporary and kinsman of Pitt, requested the Admiralty, then headed by Lord Spencer, to allow a certain experiment in this direction to be made. Lord Spencer complied; the experiment was made; it signally failed; and the penalty stipulated in the bond, signed by Lord Stanhope, was enforced. This is literally the whole of the evidence (vol. ii., p. 401) on which the noble author bases the flimsy hypothesis, 'that Mr Pitt was the earliest of all our statesmen in office who discerned, however dimly in the distance, the coming importance of steam to navigation!' There is not a letter, nor even a word, to indicate that Pitt was ever consulted in the matter. Between him and Lord Stanhope (as the present Earl acknowledges) there was a personal estrangement; and the whole correspondence—in which the Admiralty evinces no leaning whatever until after the experi-

ment is made—takes place between the projector and Lord Spencer.

Lord Stanhope's *bête noire* is the Whig party. The Whigs of 1800 were not, perhaps, perfect. To some extent, every organized political aristocracy must be illiberal. But it is very certain that the Whigs were incomparably less illiberal than the Tories. They were a highly-educated aristocracy, which the Tories generally were not. Their leading members inevitably had greater territorial pretensions than the leading members of the Tories, because they represented the oldest, wealthiest, and most powerful families. The Tory aristocracy, in fact, as it existed at the death of Pitt, was, for the most part, the mere creation of George III. To a certain extent, therefore, the King himself was to the Tories what a Marquis of Rockingham or a Duke of Portland was to the Whigs. Lord Stanhope indignantly demands whether it was 'to be borne, in a free country, that no man but the heir of some one of these houses ("the great Whig houses") should ever be deemed fit for the highest place in public affairs?' Surely Lord Stanhope must perceive that the question may be thrown back upon him with at least equal force: 'Was it any more to be borne, in a free country, that one man, who happened to be the favourite of the Crown, should monopolize its government?' Pitt's virtues and abilities would not have maintained him Minister without the aid of the Court. Again, Lord Stanhope complains that Burke and Sheridan were 'not deemed worthy' to sit in Lord Rockingham's Cabinet. Does he not himself tell us that Pitt also rarely had but one commoner for a colleague—Dundas in his first Ministry, and Castlereagh in his second? It would be just as true to say that Pitt did not deem Canning 'worthy' to sit with him in the Cabinet. It was the usage of those days to restrict the Cabinet to seven members, and to choose it chiefly from the Lords. That Lord Grey in 1830 treated Lord John Russell precisely as Lord Rockingham had treated Burke, is a fact which Lord Stanhope forgets. The Whig party were in the habit of encouraging men of genius to their ranks. The Tory party more frequently repelled them. George Canning, whom the Tories most unwillingly received, is perhaps the only instance of this qualified and exceptional liberality. But the gifted men who have been introduced by the Whigs are innumerable. We are led therefore to apprehend that Lord Stanhope is not more successful in defending the liberality of the Tories as a party, than he is in his indiscriminate applause of Pitt individually.

In the remainder of this article we shall endeavour to show what Pitt's public reputation and private character really were.

It is abundantly plain that he was a man of stern integrity and extraordinary talent, as well as of a force of character which, being built up on his genius and his virtues, enabled him to pass unharmed through disasters that would have completed the ruin of an ordinary Minister. But it is equally clear that his intellect, great as it was, was an intellect of limited application. To the end of his life he was a master of those arts only that he had been taught in his boyhood, and of some arts that were germane to them. But, when he died at forty-seven, he had not exhibited a single intellectual characteristic which had not already been displayed by him at five-and-twenty. While he was yet under age he was taught classics at Cambridge, declamation by his father, and he learned the closely argumentative rhetoric that marked his parliamentary speeches in great measure from the classical authors whom he then studied. Hence, to the last day of his life, the unequalled power which he so long exercised over a legislative assembly remained the chief excellence of his astonishing career. To be master of the House of Commons when the House of Commons governed the country, was essentially to be master of the country itself. This Pitt was; and to this position he owes a reputation which we cannot but think exaggerated. As a Peace Minister he was undoubtedly great. The nine years from 1784 till 1793 were the zenith of his fame. He understood the doctrines of Free Trade far more thoroughly than any of the Whig leaders. His commercial treaty with France was opposed both by Fox and Burke. He proposed a measure of Reform in 1785, and even induced the King to recommend it from the throne. It is understood that he advocated the abolition of the Test Act. The aid which he rendered Fox in securing the liberty of the press, and the aid which he rendered Wilberforce in suppressing the slave trade, must always be remembered to his honour. Unhappily many of these measures were thrown back for years by the outbreak of the Revolution war. But in estimating the character of Pitt, it can never be left out of view that he proposed them before the eighteenth century had closed. When the war broke out, these halcyon days were over. As a War Minister, it cannot, we think, be denied that Pitt broke down. Even his finance went wrong. He forgot the Free Trade lessons of his youth; he was led astray by the *ignis fatuus* of the Sinking Fund. He showed that he could not conduct the war with energy abroad; and he showed that he could not govern the country at home except by means of powers which were extraordinary, unconstitutional, violent, and oppressive.

The pervading mistake of Lord Stanhope in estimating the character of Pitt—after brushing aside such vapid panegyric and

such flimsy hypotheses as we have already exposed—is, that he takes Pitt's amazing success in Parliament as the measure of his capacity as a Minister. Now, in achieving that success, Pitt was supported by a great variety of extrinsic advantages. In the first place, it was the accident of his youth, before he had had any trial as a Minister, to be selected as the King's champion against all the King's enemies. When he was but twenty-four, the King happened to quarrel with the parliamentary majority, and their leaders. Thus such an opening was suddenly created for Pitt as has never presented itself to any other man that we can call to mind who was fit to be Prime Minister. Pitt happened also to be opposed to rivals whose passions were far stronger than their judgment, and whose indiscretion, in spite of their great abilities, put them egregiously in the wrong. The King's influence, the Treasury influence, and the Tory aristocratical influence in the packed Parliament of those days, gave the Minister a secure majority, almost irrespectively of his measures. The power of the Crown and the Tory party together, even in supporting an unequivocally bad Ministry, had been just before put to proof by Lord North's twelve years' tenure of office. When war broke out in 1793, it gradually increased in scope and intensity until it finally became a struggle for the existence of this country. This grew so plain, that one-half of the Whig party, as early as 1794, went over to the Government, on the simple ground of a patriotic conviction. Pitt experienced thenceforward an easy triumph over the rest of the Opposition, who were impolitic enough, for the very sake of opposing the Executive, to set themselves against the general conviction of the country.

In all these circumstances Pitt enjoyed peculiar advantages, resulting in part from the system of his times, partly from the conjuncture of affairs, partly from the practical indiscretion of his opponents. They were advantages such as Sir Robert Peel never possessed against Lord John Russell. These, to begin with, are considerations which ought to have found a place in Lord Stanhope's judgment. But, whatever may have been the cause or causes, Pitt's position in this respect was undoubted and unwavering. He was in reality what Mr Disraeli has stated Sir Robert Peel to have been—the greatest member of Parliament who ever existed. It was in managing the House of Commons that his forte lay: it was in Parliament that he preserved the ascendant of which the maladministration of many of the departments of his ministry must soon have deprived him. His own capacity as a Minister of War is quite a different affair.

Lord Stanhope addresses himself to answer Lord Macaulay's criticism, that 'the English army under Pitt was the laughing-

stock of Europe;' and, again, that 'great as Pitt's abilities were, his military administration was that of a driveller.'

'We are required' (says Lord Stanhope) 'to believe that a statesman, acknowledged as pre-eminently great in peace, became at once ridiculously little in war. Yet, in truth, history bears no magician's wand, and displays scarcely any of such sudden and surprising changes. No doubt that, during Pitt's administration, there were many miscarriages by land to set against our victories at sea. The same fate attended all the armies that were at that period arrayed against France. It was no easy matter to prevail over a nation at all times most brave and warlike, and then inflamed to a preternatural strength by its revolutionary ardour. When, therefore, the English army is declared to have been at that period the laughing-stock of Europe, it may be asked, What other European army had permanently enjoyed better fortune, or was justly entitled to smile at ours.'—Vol. ii., p. 190.

This is a defence fairly put; and the observations, so far as they go, are just. If Pitt failed, the unknown or unremembered Ministers of War at Continental courts failed also. He had a counterpoise to military defeats, unknown to foreign Governments, in our naval successes. But Lord Stanhope proceeds:—

'It is also to be borne in mind that the military failures here laid solely to the charge of Pitt, continued long after Pitt ceased to be. With the greatest of all, the expedition to Walcheren, he was not at all, except in kindred, connected.'—P. 191.

This, however, is equivalent to saying that Pitt was about as bad a Minister of War as Lord Castlereagh himself. After so candid an admission, what need we further witness? The author continues:—

'The truth is, that our generals at that period were, for the most part, anything but men of genius. Lord Grenville, writing to his brother in strict confidence, on the 28th of January 1799, asks, "What officer have we to oppose to our domestic and external enemies? . . . Some old woman in a red riband." The truth is, then, that these miscarriages in our military enterprises, far from being confined, as Lord Macaulay's statement would imply, to Pitt's administration, went on in *regular and mortifying series*, till, happily for us and for Europe, there arose a man as great in the field as was Pitt in the council—till the valour which had never failed our troops, even in their worst reverses, was led to victory by the surpassing genius of Wellington.'—P. 191.

This 'regular and mortifying series' of misadventures—if understood, as would appear, to apply to the interval between the death of Pitt and the date of Wellington's first European command, which was in the island of Zealand—exists only in the fertile brain of Lord Stanhope. Not one single military expedi-

tion was equipped from this country during the whole interval. The argument that such mediocrities as Lords Castlereagh and Bathurst did no better than Pitt, is certainly not calculated to prove Pitt a great administrator. A more fatal logical collapse could hardly be conceived. But Castlereagh had the merit of choosing Wellington, while Pitt had the demerit of choosing the Duke of York. Nor were we so destitute of military commanders during the early part of the French war as Lord Stanhope pretends. Lord Cornwallis, Lord Harris, Sir Ralph Abercromby, and some other generals, had attained a wide reputation during Pitt's first Ministry. There were no such English generals at that day as Churchill or Mordaunt. But there were those who promised fully to equal the reputation of Wolfe or the Duke of Cumberland, if Pitt gave them their opportunity. The truth is, as Lord Stanhope knows perfectly well, that Pitt preferred to please the King by appointing his son to the command of the army in Holland, rather than to secure the success of the expedition. From a similar weakness of public resolution, he entrusted the Admiralty to his brother, until all our merchants were crying out that the inactivity and incapacity of that brother were ruining the trade of the country. In a word, with good men at his disposal, he deliberately promoted high-born incapables. Nothing can be listened to in answer to this charge. It is the heaviest offence of which a Minister can be guilty. Carlyle denounces it as worse than even Walpolean bribery. 'You may buy them (votes) by money down (which is felony, and theft simple, against the poor nation); or by preferment and appointment of the unmeritorious man,—which is felony double-distilled (far deadlier, though more refined), and theft most compound; theft, not of the poor nation's money, but of its soul and body so far, and of *all* its moneys, and temporal and spiritual interests whatsoever; theft, you may say, of collops cut from its side, and poison put into its heart, poor nation!' Thefts of this sort, Pitt committed without scruple. The great Commoner was served by Clive and Wolfe; his son was content to rely on the military genius of the Duke of York and the Earl of Chatham.

There is one point in which Lord Stanhope is no doubt in the right. He argues, that if Pitt is to be blamed for the military administration which led to our disasters on land, he must have some share in the merit of our naval victories. In this respect, Macaulay, perhaps, has done Pitt but scant justice. He has referred the whole merit of our naval administration to Lord Spencer, who had succeeded Lord Chatham early in the war, and at any rate, the chief demerit of the military administration to Pitt himself. It may be quite true that Lord Spencer efficiently administered the navy, without much assistance from

the Prime Minister ; and that neither Pitt, nor any subordinate whom he could find, knew how to administer the affairs of the army. But we nevertheless agree with Lord Stanhope, that it would be unreasonable to withhold from a Prime Minister, who must have had, at any rate, great authority in the general dispositions of the fleet, all credit for the civil arrangements which enabled our admirals to achieve five naval victories in the first five years of the war.

There is, however, no palliation to be offered of Pitt's incessant military disasters. The continental allies of England experienced no such uniform failure as the English army, in all the ill-judged and ill-executed enterprises that took place, from the disastrous expedition to Holland under the Duke of York, to the ludicrous expedition against Ferrol in 1800. Nothing can place in more striking contrast the inferiority of the younger to the elder Pitt, in the administration of war, than the history of the expeditions which they respectively sent against their enemies.

But apart from the actual conduct of the war, the financial and political principles under which Pitt carried on hostilities were fatally erroneous. His thriftless, and almost indiscriminate expenditure, in the shape of foreign subsidies, was denounced even at the time by the independent voice of the country. At one moment, we find him calling upon the House of Commons to vote away millions sterling to some foreign ally, without the slightest provision being taken for the due application of the money. At another time, we find him guaranteeing loans to foreign Powers, which those foreign Powers ought unquestionably to have contracted independently of our responsibility. Again, we find him shackling this country with political as well as pecuniary liabilities towards foreign states, in which there was no practical reciprocity whatever.

Thus Pitt began the war in 1793, by guaranteeing to Austria the integrity of her territories. Instead of there being any equivalent for this liability, we found in that provision one main impediment to our making peace with France in 1796, while Austria did not hesitate to desert us in 1797, by signing the treaty of Campo Formio. For all this, we had meanwhile had to pay her into the bargain ! At another time, we paid Russia L.225,000 as preparation money, and L.50,000 monthly to keep up an army of 45,000 men. We were rewarded by the Treaty of Tilsit. The immense sums which were thus thrown to foreign states, without the faintest control over their application, and with an extreme probability of the grossest malversations, might, if applied to our own establishments, have ensured us success in all our expeditions. Pitt's principle in

making war was thus the most extravagant and impolitic that could well be conceived. He bound himself to his allies, by entering deliberately on obligations which were indefinitely great, and not reciprocal in practice; he paid those allies, for defending themselves, sums which would have equipped fresh armies and navies in this country; and he found himself deserted at the last by the very powers to whom he made these extravagant sacrifices. It is quite certain, that the principles of war-policy adopted by the Minister, and, through his influence, approved of by the Parliament of that time, and which Lord Stanhope thinks so praiseworthy, have been rejected by the unanimous opinion of the present generation.

On one occasion, in 1796, Pitt dispensed with the House of Commons altogether. He made the Austrian Government a present of L.1,200,000 on his own authority, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The House of Commons, we believe, was not sitting at the time; but so ill were the principles of the Constitution then understood, that when Fox moved a vote of censure on the Ministry for its conduct in this respect, the vote was rejected by a majority of 285 over 81.

Let us pass to some other phase of Pitt's administration. We will take Lord Stanhope's view of Pitt as a financier. There is here the same indiscriminate panegyric as in dealing with his administration of war. Such panegyric is misplaced. The defence which a judicious biographer would apply to what we now clearly perceive to have been great financial errors on the part of Pitt, is, that political economy was in his day an experimental science. There are many points on which we must be much more tolerant of financial mistakes in the case of Pitt, than in the case of Sir Robert Peel or Mr Gladstone. Moreover, there are also many points on which we observe, with satisfaction and pride, how Pitt broke down antiquated and false prejudices. But no one who aspires to financial authority will speak, as Lord Stanhope does (vol. ii., p. 185), of 'the consummate financial skill of the young Prime Minister;' and still less repose his credit on the bare fact of his having 'converted a deficiency to a surplus,' during nine years of peace which succeeded twelve years of war. It would surely have been very strange if he had not achieved that.

The commercial treaty with France in 1786 will always be regarded as the greatest monument of Pitt's financial legislation. Its object was to put an end to prohibitory duties, and thus to increase the interchange of England with the Continent. The free-trading movement of that day was confined to a few, and it was received with the sternest prejudices. Burke had, not many years before, lost his election for Bristol, because he had recom-

mended the establishment of free trade between England and Ireland, which did not then exist. Pitt hoped to stimulate manufacture, to stimulate consumption, and to render smuggling a trade not worth following, through large reductions of duty, and thus to fill the hiatus which such reductions must for the moment create in the revenue sheet. A phrase which Lord Stanhope quotes from his speech in defence of this treaty, is very expressive of the delusions which were even then not wholly discarded :—‘ I am obliged to confess, that increase of duties by means of reduction of duties was once thought a paradox ; but experience has now convinced us that it is more than practicable.’

That Pitt was behind his own colleague, Lord Grenville, in knowledge of political economy, or at least in steadiness of belief in that science, is rendered clear, if only by the following letter, which we take from the correspondence published by the author :—

Lord Grenville to Mr Pitt.

‘ DROPMORE, Oct. 24, 1800.

‘ MY DEAR PITT,—Lord Buckingham’s letter is nothing more than an exaggerated statement of my fixed, and, I am sure, immutable opinion on the subject of all laws for lowering the price of provisions, either directly or by contrivance. That opinion you know so well, that it is idle for me to trouble you with long discourses or long letters of mine about it. We, in truth, formed our opinions on the subject together ; and I was not more convinced than you were of the soundness of Adam Smith’s principles of political economy, till Lord Liverpool lured you from our arms into all the mazes of the old system.

‘ I am confident that provisions, like every other article of commerce, if left to themselves, will, and must find their level ; and that every attempt to disturb that level by artificial contrivances, has a necessary tendency to increase the evil it seeks to remedy.’

This letter is in itself sufficient to prove how much Pitt was behind Lord Grenville in comprehension of the fundamental conditions upon which the most important financial legislation must rest. Pitt, it appears, once was a believer in the doctrine which Adam Smith had laid down. But what his conviction was worth when the time arrived for the application of the doctrine in an emergency may be inferred from the readiness with which he preferred to fall back on the hallucinations of old Lord Liverpool.

It was, in truth, to Pitt’s remarkable misconception of the different influence of money on the operations of a belligerent State, according to the character of its warfare, that many of his inevitable disappointments may be traced. His mistakes were

here such as it required no political economy to point out. He continually predicted in the House of Commons the cessation of the French Revolutionary war, in its early stages, because the credit of the Republic was gone, and its assignats were worthless in the market. From the want of credit, he argued that all warfare must break down. When such was the delusion of the Prime Minister, it is not surprising that Tory gentlemen accepted, without inquiry, the conviction he expressed, and voted the loans and the subsidies he required, in the confident belief that each successive demand would be the last.

Yet it must surely have been obvious at the time, that the French Revolutionists required no credit to maintain a war whose sinews were rapine. Self-supporting campaigns require no credit on the part of the government in whose name they are waged. Lord Macaulay observes, with great force and happiness, that Pitt's argument for the cessation of the war, from the worthlessness of the French assignats, would imply that Alboin could not have laid Italy waste until he had negotiated a loan at five per cent., and that Attila's exchequer bills must have been at par. If the Federalists of North America at this day could so far carry the campaign into the Southern States as to support it by pillage and rapine, it is obvious that the expectation that is now held out in many quarters, that bankruptcy must terminate the war, would be at an end.

It is amusing enough to perceive, in Lord Stanhope's defence of an inconvertible paper currency in war (vol. iii., p. 21), how firmly the author is still imbedded in the antiquated prepossessions of that period. An inconvertible paper currency, however, is, of course, according to him, valuable just so far as Pitt used it, and no further. Foremost among the objects of its utility is stated to be that of enabling us 'to transmit repeated subsidies to foreign powers,' which would generally be considered at this day one of the greatest evils that any financial system could entail!

Pitt's views upon the Sinking Fund present another case in point. That the necessity of maintaining such a fund was his intimate conviction, there can be no doubt, for he compromised his popularity in his adherence to it. Of his belief in the power of a Sinking Fund to pour blessings on the country upon the return of peace, Lord Grenville laconically observed, long after Pitt's death, that 'what he so ardently wished, he willingly believed.' Lord Stanhope thus states the ground taken respectively by Pitt and Fox in 1786:—

'The speech of Pitt on the 29th of March, though most imperfectly reported, was indeed conspicuous, even among his own, for its masterly expositions of finance. . . . The establishment of a

Sinking Fund was by no means new. It may be traced up, as I have shown in another work, to the year 1716.; but, until now, the fund which was created in peace might always be resumed in war. Such was the course which preceding Ministers had always pursued: such was the course that Fox acknowledged that he still preferred. Pitt, on the contrary—and this was the peculiar and distinguishing point in his system—proposed to make his Sinking Fund the creation of an Act of Parliament, and inalienable, except by another Act of Parliament. . . . In vain did Fox, in several eloquent speeches, contend that our system should be to discharge in time of peace the debts contracted in time of war; and, in the event of a new war, to cease from paying off debts, and direct our entire resources against the foe.'—Vol. i., pp. 291–2.

Lord Stanhope, though he describes this as a 'masterly exposition of finance,' may be said to restrict himself to inferential commendation. But it is strange that so clear and almost intuitive a reasoner as Pitt did not perceive that by this process he was doing less than robbing Peter to pay Paul: he was taking money from the tax-payer to pay the creditor, who was content to leave his money with the Treasury, while he was borrowing so much the more money to pay the creditor who could not wait for his money. Pitt apparently could not understand, that if the public income, in war, were L.60,000,000, and the public expenditure L.80,000,000—which would involve a loan of L.20,000,000 on the year, independently of a Sinking Fund—it could be no benefit to the public exchequer, in order to maintain a Sinking Fund of L.2,000,000 a-year, to raise the expenditure to L.82,000,000, and the loan consequently to L.22,000,000. The only result to the public exchequer was the positive loss arising from the double transaction. It was like the conduct of a man in the last stage of insolvency and bad credit, who borrows a sum of B. to take up a bill that has become due to his former creditor A. (who declines 'payment by renewal'), and encounters the expense of a new transaction. It would really seem as though the illusion of Pitt in 1786 were the illusion of Lord Stanhope in 1862.

That Fox was here in the right, and Pitt in the wrong, every one (unless it be Lord Stanhope) has long been agreed. Indeed, no sooner was Pitt dead, than his system was reversed by Lord Grenville, and the principle of a war Sinking Fund abandoned. Our excellent and patriotic fellow-countryman, Sir Archibald Alison, who is sometimes apt 'to give up to party what was meant for man,' complains, with some plausibility, of the abandonment, thirty years ago, of the Sinking Fund that was resumed on the conclusion of peace in 1815. But we doubt whether Sir Archibald, with all his Pittism, seriously advocated a Sinking

Fund during the continuance of a war in which the Government could not defray its current expenses.

We now pass to another important subject with which Pitt's public character is connected—his domestic administration. During the early part of his career, this was a subject on which his admirers may be glad to dwell. He was then the champion of peace; he succeeded—after the very brief interval presented by the Rockingham, Shelburne, and Portland Ministries—to the long and desolate Ministry of North; and the blessings of peace were gratefully ascribed to the Minister who upheld peace. For so long his reputation was felt to be enviable by all. But the French Revolution, and the sedition it engendered, or was presumed to have engendered, in his own company, drew him into an opposite career of the most violent repression. His faithful biographer does not desert him in this emergency.

On this point it is more difficult to form a correct judgment than on almost any other characteristic of Pitt's government. The extent of sedition, the fury of revolutionary passions, and the scope of the danger by which the State was immediately threatened at home, are matters which it is peculiarly hard for us to estimate. There is greater difficulty also in estimating such matters aright, and in arriving at their true import, at the moment of their occurrence, than there is in justly appreciating the foreign relations of the country. We should therefore be more ready to excuse Pitt for a moderate exaggeration of the domestic dangers around him than for a misconduct of the war; and we should be less confident in pronouncing a positive opinion at this day as to the extent itself of those dangers, than we should be with regard to our international relations.

Nevertheless, there are many things in respect of which the biographer's apology utterly breaks down. There can be no defence of injustice, on the ground of policy, any more than of right. It is obvious that the cruel laws which Pitt introduced, the cruelty with which they were often executed, and the monstrosity of many of his prosecutions—independently of his Gagging Acts and his suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act—gave a great impetus to the seditious spirit which he was attempting to repress. He could not more effectually have converted his own countrymen to the doctrines of the French Revolution, than by giving them daily experience of a tyranny such as that which the French declared their Revolution to have broken up. However, therefore, the danger was to be diminished, it was clear that it would only be augmented by acts of violence and injustice. Having at the outset practised repression instead of conciliation, it became perhaps difficult afterwards to revert to the clemency which would have been more

politic. But the English people had never been friendly to a French alliance; and rarely were Englishmen unpatriotic during an even tolerably well-conducted war. The outcry which was heard against the Government of Pitt, among those said to be disaffected, seems to have arisen more from the notorious corruption of the Government itself, and from its own blind hostility to the French Revolution, than from any other causes. The power of the Crown, excessive in itself, and exercised in practice to the full, in a period in which the public spirit ran so violently towards liberty, must have provoked serious, and even just, discontent. When that power was thrown into the balance for war, its unpopularity necessarily increased. We see, therefore, an ample explanation of such an extent of sedition as we believe really existed, in the system and policy of the King's Government. For this there can be no doubt that Pitt was in part responsible. But that Pitt was led greatly to exaggerate the danger which he chose so unfortunate a mode of escaping from, may be assumed, if only from the declaration which Lord Stanhope ascribes to him at an early period of the war, that 'if he were to resign, his head would be off within six months.' Imagine Pitt decapitated under a Fox Administration!

The very cursory notice which Lord Stanhope's work affords of the prosecutions for seditious language, are in themselves conclusive of the harshness of the government. When gentlemen were sent to Botany Bay for demanding a reform of Parliament, it was clear that either the laws, or the execution of them, were very much in fault. It is not too much to say, that most of the laws of this description then in force were framed by Pitt; that nearly all the prosecutions instituted under them were with his approval; and that the gross injustice often committed by the judges themselves, if it did not meet with his sanction, at least escaped his censure. Happily, we have long ago emerged from the times in which these things were possible. But it is with the name of Pitt that they are still associated.

If we turn from these brief sketches of Pitt's public administration to his personal character, we shall find a surprising scarcity of materials. Lord Stanhope has probably done his best to collect whatever is available; and we have already said that he has gone so far as to publish as authentic the statements of Bishop Tomline, which are generally of at least doubtful credibility, and are in many cases unquestionably false. He has published a considerable correspondence which is new, but is not for the most part either personally interesting or historically important. But, independently of this, the private or personal character of Pitt is chiefly deduced from quotations from books long known to us all for their scanty information and disappointing character.

Such are his continual references to the trash of Wilberforce's journal. Thus we meet repeatedly with such extracts as these: —'To Holwood, with Pitt, in his phaeton.' Another day's record runs thus: 'To town, to see Pitt. A great map spread out before him.' Again, on a debate upon the slave-trade: 'Never felt so much on any parliamentary occasion.' What is there illustrative of Pitt individually, that, like almost every other man in the country, he drove a phaeton, and looked now and then at a map? It was bad enough to read these silly annotations once in Wilberforce's Diary, without having to read them also in Lord Stanhope's Biography.

But in dealing with that part of Pitt's management of the House of Commons which affects his personal characteristics, Lord Stanhope's predilections again lead him into absurd contradictions of fact. Pitt was no doubt inexorably honourable in all pecuniary matters concerning himself individually. But he does not seem to have been very nice as to the mode in which he should apply the public money, so long as the application of it tended to promote the policy which he had adopted. He appears to have held that it was as right upon his part to bribe men whose opposition or hostility he could not otherwise defeat, as it was to expend money in a naval or military expedition. It is perhaps a large question; but the practice, certainly, must operate as an encouragement to immoral transactions. That Pitt, however, was willing to bribe, is beyond doubt; though Lord Stanhope affects to deal with the very imputation as an affront.

The author, in his second volume, describes the interview between Pitt and Grattan for a settlement of the Roman Catholic question in 1794. The two statesmen quitted each other's presence, as frequently happens in such cases, with different impressions of what each had said. On this Lord Stanhope remarks:—

'The statements of Henry Grattan the elder, deserve our utmost respect. The reflections of Henry Grattan the younger, all through his five volumes, are marked, beyond all other things, by the greatest possible degree of invective and vituperation against all whom he dislikes. [Has not Lord Stanhope taken a leaf out of his book?] Twice in this very passage does Mr Grattan the younger declare his persuasion that Mr Pitt intended to cheat, and that he managed the House of Commons only by *arts and money*. *I hope that it will not be thought incumbent on me, as the biographer of Mr Pitt, to add to this last passage a single word of comment or reply.*'—Vol. ii., p. 287.

But that Pitt did manage the Irish House of Commons, which is here referred to by Grattan, 'by arts and money,' is matter of notoriety. When Lord Stanhope, in his third volume, comes to the Union question in 1799, he is obliged to acknowledge that

Ministers calculated on an expenditure of a million and a half in private compensations. This sum was received in part by holders of nominations, and in part by members of Parliament.

Other instances are not wanting. Pitt was as ready to buy up peace as to buy up the Irish Parliament. Barras and his friends in the French Directory offered him peace in 1797, in consideration of a *douceur* of two millions sterling to themselves individually. Pitt, though he disputed the amount, conceded the principle at stake; and Lord Stanhope (vol. iii., p. 62) quotes a letter in his handwriting, offering them L.450,000, on the condition that the transaction should remain secret. It may or may not be justifiable to acquiesce in the corruption of others for the sake of a great end. But it was certainly a leading characteristic of Pitt's mode of government; and it is vain for Lord Stanhope to claim for his hero an austere morality in dealing with others, which it is manifest that Pitt did not possess.

There is no doubt that Pitt gained a great advantage over his rivals from his private character, and even in respect of his personal demeanour in the House of Commons. Yet this distinction was much less the merit of Pitt than the demerit of his opponents. It would seem strange to be told at this day, that it was a remarkable qualification in any man for the office of Prime Minister, that he did not throw aside considerations of public principle for the gratification of momentary passion and resentment, like Fox,—that he was not found drunk in a gutter, in just sufficient possession of his faculties to give the name of William Wilberforce to inquisitive passers-by, like Sheridan. Statesmen who would sit up all night at Nando's, staking their fortunes at the card-table, and staggering out as beggars in the morning, were not quite the sort of men to whom, *cæteris paribus*, the country would trust the administration of public affairs, in preference to men who practised the discreet morality of Pitt. Those rivals who voluntarily gave him this advantage over themselves often allowed him also to reap another advantage through their indiscretions in debate. High office at all times has required a certain amount of dignity of manner to support it. It was always felt expedient, even in the most violent partisan, to abstain from speaking of an opponent in terms which would make it personally discreditable to co-operate with him at a future time. This expediency Pitt commonly held in view, and Fox commonly set at nought. Thus, much of the indignation which his coalition with Lord North had provoked, sprang from a remembrance of the colours in which he had depicted Lord North's personal character, when in opposition to him. Pitt's public decorum and private rectitude are not, however, to be challenged.

But it is vain for Lord Stanhope to attempt to conceal the

fact that Pitt's good fortune turned his head. Indeed, one explanation of his abstaining from the personal abuse which Fox practised, may be that he was too haughty to descend to it. But he was free enough of a species of lofty insult, more irritating perhaps, and, as we should say at this day, more ungentlemanly, than the personal depreciation which Fox would sometimes shower on an adversary. His language to Tierney and Tyrrwhitt Jones would have consigned him in these days to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. In 1798, Tierney having opposed Pitt's bill regarding the manning of the navy, Pitt angrily rejoined that Tierney wished to obstruct the defence of the country. Tierney claimed the protection of the chair; and the Speaker (Addington) called on Pitt to explain his words. Pitt refused either explanation or retractation; and the sycophantic House of Commons permitted itself to be insulted in turn. Here is Lord Stanhope's passage with regard to Mr Tyrrwhitt Jones, and the transparent gloss with which the noble author attempts to explain the insult away. He is quoting from a speech of Pitt:—

‘Sir [said Mr Pitt], this subject has been discussed more than once. [Here Mr Tyrrwhitt Jones called out, “Hear, hear!”] Sir, I beg leave to assure that honourable gentleman that I will never interrupt any of his speeches with “hear, hear!” or, if I can avoid it, will I undergo the mortification of hearing any more of his declamations upon this subject.’—Vol. iii., p. 339.

So gross and palpable an outrage even in a Prime Minister, which Pitt was not at that time—for it happened in May 1801—would not be tolerated at this day. Of the meaning and plainness of the words there can be not the faintest doubt on the mind of any one. But Lord Stanhope's explanation of it is really charming. He says, ‘In this last paragraph, it may be noticed that Mr Pitt refers *to the occasional relaxation* which, as a private member of Parliament, *he intended henceforth to allow himself*.’ This sort of unveracious biographical explanation is simply affronting to the sense of the reader.

The conduct of Pitt towards Fox in 1804 is certainly liable to the gravest censure. Lord Stanhope, of course, sees nothing in it but what was irreproachable. But when the flimsy apologies of the admiring biographer are brushed aside, a somewhat indifferent impression remains. It is difficult to read Pitt's correspondence side by side with his verbal statements, and resist the conclusion that, though sincere, he was not zealous in pressing the claims of the Whig statesman to a seat in the Cabinet. Lord Stanhope puts forward two defences of Pitt's conduct in this matter. He says, that he repeatedly urged on the King the admission of Fox; and that the success of Lord Grenville in including Fox in 1806, has no bearing on the failure of

Pitt in 1804. The first statement is exaggerated in fact, and the second is not to be defended in reason. Lord Stanhope's statement on the former point is as follows:—

‘Mr Pitt used his most strenuous endeavours to convince his sovereign of the necessity, at that crisis, to lay aside past grounds of resentment, and to form against the common enemy a strong and united Administration. He pressed the point, again and again, as he said to Rose, and with all the reasons he could find. Nor did Pitt entirely fail. His Majesty consented to admit the Grenvilles. His Majesty consented to admit any friends of Fox. But as to Fox personally, the result was such as the King himself described in a note on the 9th [of May] to Mr Addington: “Mr Fox is excluded by the express command of the King to Mr Pitt.”’—Vol. iv., p. 170.

Again, Pitt is described as saying to Lord Chancellor Eldon on the same subject, in regard to the King, ‘Never in any conversation I have had with him in my life has he so baffled me.’

If this were all that we have on the subject, Lord Stanhope's statement might perhaps be accepted. But the author has thrown a long correspondence into the appendix, which he has perhaps scarcely read, and imparts a fresh aspect to the question, Before the Addington Cabinet resigned on the 26th of April. Pitt was already in correspondence with the King. Lord Stanhope is perfectly right in saying, that that correspondence was not the result of any intrigue on the part of Pitt. It was conducted chiefly through the Chancellor, who, like the ass between the two bundles of hay, felt the extreme difficulty of the alternative between offending the Premier *in esse* and the Premier *in posse*. The nervous anxiety of Lord Eldon is obvious throughout his conduct in this matter.

Pitt was then directly pledged to support the claims of Fox to the utmost of his power. On the 2d of May, however, before he had seen the King, he writes to the Chancellor (vol. iv., App., p. 4). In this letter he faintly recommends a union with both Lord Grenville and Fox. But he prefaces the recommendation with these remarks:—

‘. . . In doing so, I am anxious, at the same time, humbly to repeat the assurance, that *I do not presume to request more* from his Majesty than that he would condescend to give a full and deliberate consideration to the proposal which I feel it my duty to submit to him. If, after such consideration, and receiving such further explanation as the nature of the subject may require, his Majesty should feel insuperable objections to any part of the proposal, much as I must in that case regret his Majesty's decision, *I shall feel myself bound to acquiesce in it*; and if I should in that case be honoured with his Majesty's *further commands*, to endeavour to form a plan of administration *free from such objections*, *I shall be ready to obey them* to the best of my power.’

It is clear from this letter, that Pitt was only too glad to be relieved of his pledge to Fox. He knew perfectly well what the King's sentiments were, and what the King's answer would be. The King also perceived equally well, that Pitt was quite ready to form an Administration without Fox. He perceived that he had only to give the negative answer, for which, we hope, we shall not be thought unjust if we say, we think that Pitt was angling. Lord Stanhope states, on Pitt's personal authority, that Pitt repeatedly urged the sovereign in conversation to admit Fox. That he did so is probable enough. But that there was any earnestness or heartiness in his recommendation, his letter to the Chancellor forbids us to believe. Unless he really wished to slip out of his obligation in the easiest manner possible, his language to the King at the outset would have been, 'I am pledged to Mr Fox.' If he had at last yielded, rather than leave the country longer without a Ministry, no one would have complained. But the fact is, that he yielded the point virtually at the very outset. His previous language to Fox had been, 'that he did not pledge himself not to form a Ministry without him,' if he could not be included. His first act, when the time arrived, was to inform the King that he was perfectly ready to form a Ministry without him. What the Whig party suspected at the time, is now shown to be true.

Secondly, Lord Stanhope avers that there is no parallel between the failure of Pitt then, and the success of Lord Grenville in 1806. He says that in 1806, Pitt being dead, and Lord Hawkesbury having refused to become Premier, there was no alternative for the King but to concede that Fox should be a Minister. If, then, Pitt had represented it in the light of necessity to the King in 1804, that Lord Grenville did in 1806, we may assume that the King would have yielded. Though obstinate where he saw he was master, he was very ready to recognise necessity. When Lord Shelburne and Pitt resigned in 1783, he declared that it was impossible for him to admit Lord North to office again. Yet his first act, after Lord Shelburne and Pitt left him, was to give the seals to Lord North. Lord Stanhope declares that, in 1806, no Tory Cabinet could have been formed. 'Addington,' he says, 'had become a peer. Perceval was not yet risen from legal to political eminence. There was not a single statesman in the House of Commons to whom the King could apply if he rejected the terms of Grenville.'—Vol. iv., p. 179. But Perceval, in the very next year, was found capable to be leader of the House of Commons. Castlereagh, then Minister of War, under Pitt, was vastly superior to Addington. Canning even then aspired to

succeed Pitt. Lord Eldon would still be Chancellor. The moment that the King quarrelled with the Grenville Ministry in the next year, he found it possible to form a strong Cabinet, consisting chiefly of these very men. Besides, had Pitt been resolute, what course would have been left open to the King? Lord Stanhope believes, or pretends to believe, that his Majesty could have recalled Addington. Such a step would have been merely impossible. It may be doubted whether Addington would have obeyed the call; but if he had, his Ministry could not have held office for an hour. It had never been more than a fine weather Administration. Had peace endured, it might, not improbably, have misgoverned England for several years. But the moment war broke out its fate was sealed. 'Si ce Ministère dure,' said the Russian Ambassador, 'la Grande Bretagne ne durera pas.' The opinion of the Ambassador was the opinion also of the English people. The Ministry fell from its ridiculous incapacity. The fact that it was never actually outvoted in the House sets this in a strong light. Addington resigned because the ablest men of all parties were arrayed against him; because his own supporters could not be relied upon; because he felt himself unequal to his position; and because he knew that the whole nation felt the same. His return to power, when Napoleon was at Boulogne with a great army, and the safety of England depended on the energy of the Government, would not have been borne for an instant. Public opinion was not so strong in those days as it happily now is; yet, even then, it was strong enough to prevent the resumption of office by that Cabinet of Incapables. The plain truth of the matter is, that the King was vindictive and obstinate, and the Minister too readily subservient to the royal will. It is sad to think what an opportunity was then lost. A list of a proposed Cabinet, in Pitt's own handwriting, is given by Lord Stanhope. That list contains the names of all the ablest statesmen in the country. Had Pitt been resolute, England would have passed through that dark and perilous time, guided by a Ministry as strong at home as that of Henry Pelham, as strong abroad as that of Godolphin. It may be too much to say, that the war would have been more successfully conducted. But it is not too much to say, that, in all human probability, a divided responsibility might have enabled Pitt to bear reverses under which he sunk when compelled to encounter them alone.

We have often thought that a plausible if somewhat immoral argument might be maintained, to the effect that good men always make bad kings, and bad men always make good kings. Certainly this country paid a high price for the honour of being ruled by a virtuous country gentlemen in the person of

the third George. It was doubtless, at the time, satisfactory to know that the monarch was faithful to his wife, and was content with boiled mutton for his dinner. But these are not the most exalted royal virtues. Neither his immediate predecessors nor his immediate successors were remarkable for conjugal fidelity or for simplicity of taste; and yet they were all far better Kings of England. George III. was prejudiced, vindictive, obstinate, and insincere. In his youth, he drove the elder Pitt from office; in his old age, he excluded Fox, at a most critical time, from the service of the State. Nor was this the worst. In other matters the mischief that he did lived long after him. Lord Stanhope maintains that, but for the opposition of the Court, Pitt could have carried his measures for the relief of the Roman Catholics in 1800. If this be so—and we see no reason to doubt it—it is deplorable to think how much misery Ireland suffered, and how great danger England had to encounter, owing to the bigotry of the King.

Fox at this juncture behaved with a generosity which well became him. He abstained from all public expressions of resentment; he urged his own friends, and even the Grenvilles, to take office, regardless of the treatment he had received. That his immediate followers should have at once refused, could have been matter for no surprise. But that the Grenvilles should have done the same, was not perhaps what either Pitt or the Court had anticipated. They had not lately been Fox's friends. But they did not rest their refusal on personal grounds. They felt, and felt rightly, that it was a matter of constitutional principle that a leading statesman should not be excluded from power owing to a prejudice on the part of the King; and, to their credit as a party, they steadily declined to take office until they brought Fox with them. Lord Stanhope has not done justice to Fox's conduct on this occasion. Many as were the faults of the Whig statesman, he never, through his whole career, forfeited his title to be regarded as the most unselfish of public men. It is quite true that in his private letters he frequently uses disparaging expressions with regard to Pitt. He was not Pitt's friend, and therefore there was no reason why he should not have done so. But it is ungenerous, to say the least, in Lord Stanhope to rake up such casual remarks, and bring them prominently forward in order to detract from the credit justly due to disinterested public conduct; and we must add, that Pitt's letter to the Chancellor, above quoted, does not place his sincerity so entirely beyond dispute as to make it altogether unnatural or unpardonable in Fox to have entertained some slight misgivings at the time.

The days of Pitt's last Administration were few and evil. A

few personal friends, who had always adhered to his fortunes, lent some strength to a Ministry composed mainly of the Incapables of Addington. He did not long enjoy their support. Lord Harrowby fell ill: a far more distressing cause took Lord Melville from his side. The guilt or innocence of Dundas cannot be now discussed; but it is unquestionable that his accusation was a cruel blow to Pitt. When he announced to the House that he had felt it his duty to advise the erasure of Lord Melville's name from the Privy Council—"I confess, Sir," he said, "and I am not ashamed to confess it, that whatever may be my deference to the House of Commons, and however anxious I may be to accede to their wishes, I certainly felt a deep and bitter pang in being compelled to be the instrument of rendering still more severe the punishment of the noble Lord." Lord Macaulay, who had heard accounts of this scene from those who were present, thus describes it: "As he uttered the word pang, his lip quivered; his voice shook; he paused; and his hearers thought that he was about to burst into tears. Such tears shed by Eldon would have moved nothing but laughter. Shed by the warm-hearted and open-hearted Fox, they would have moved sympathy, but would have caused no surprise. But a tear from Pitt would have been something portentous. He suppressed his emotion, however, and proceeded with his usual majestic self-possession." Addington was bribed with a peerage to join the Ministry. He brought to it no support. He came in the sulks, he continued sulking so long as he was a member of it, and he left it in the same amiable frame of mind. The cause of his retiring was worthy of his mean and jealous disposition. Pitt refused to promote Bond and Hiley Addington, on account of the bitterness with which they had spoken against Lord Melville, and Addington could not endure that his relations and hangers-on should meet with the neglect which their hostility to the Government had deserved. How great their acrimony was, we may learn from a caricature of the period which Lord Stanhope describes: "It represents Lord Melville as the 'wounded lion,' lying helpless on his side, while jackasses are preparing to assail him. One of them is made to say to the other, 'Very highly indebted to the lion, brother Hiley;' and the answer is, 'Then kick him again, brother Bragge!'" To be sure, 'the brothers' had done some service to Addington. During his Premiership he had given them good places, and the duties they discharged in return may be gathered from the following address to them by Canning:—

' When the faltering periods lag,
Or the House receives them drily,
Cheer, oh, cheer him, brother Bragge!
Oheer, oh, cheer him, brother Hiley!

‘Each a gentleman at large,
Lodged and fed at public charge,
Paying, with a grace to charm ye,
This the fleet and that the army.
‘Brother Bragge, and brother Hiley,
Cheer him! when he speaks so vilely;
Cheer him when his audience flag,
Brother Hiley, brother Bragge.’

A Ministry so composed, and so distracted by dissension, could hardly be successful. Pitt had organized a great coalition against Napoleon, between England, Russia, and Austria. The fate of that coalition is well known. The capitulation of Ulm was a heavy blow to its author. Austerlitz and the Treaty of Presburg were too much for him to bear. The ‘look of Austerlitz,’ as Wilberforce pathetically called it, betokened the dying man. He expired on the 23d of January 1806.

We do not care curiously to inquire with what ejaculations the spirit of the great statesman passed away. Nor can we greatly admire the taste which has made such a topic the subject of a newspaper controversy. It is sufficient to know, that his last thought was England’s, and that his last words were expressions of alarm at the gloom of England’s future. He died for his country as certainly as if he had fallen in the front of battle; and in spite of injurious and undiscerning panegyrics, he has left an imperishable name. But it is upon the first half of his long administration that his fame is chiefly built up. His practical conduct of the war is generally allowed to have been unsuccessful. His first principles for the maintenance of war have since been exploded by common consent. He contracted an enormous debt, of which we daily feel the weight, and much of which was lavished upon foreign powers, who repaid us with duplicity at the moment, and with ingratitude in the future. He saddled the country also with embarrassing political obligations towards many of those powers, in which there was no real reciprocity. In his domestic policy he was liberal by predisposition, and violent only through his own timidity and alarm. He endeavoured to free the Catholics, to reform Parliament, to modify tariffs, and to introduce many other reforms which implied equal liberality and foresight. Lord Stanhope unhappily has not perceived that of the simple truth a disciple of Pitt might well be proud. His partiality has led him, doubtless in all sincerity, to exaggerate and misrepresent the truth; and our judgment therefore is, that in this ‘Life of Pitt’ he has consulted ill for his own reputation, and for the fame of the great statesman whose life he has recorded.

ART. VII.—*Life in the Forests of the Far East.* By SPENSER ST JOHN, F.R.G.S., F.E.S., late H.M.'s Consul-General in Borneo, now H.M.'s Chargé d'Affaires to the Republic of Hayti.

THE Indian Archipelago extends over 40° of longitude, from the western point of Sumatra to the parallel of the Arru Isles ; and 30° of latitude from the Sandelwood to the Luzon ;—in all, a space of more than 8000 square miles. It consists of an infinite multitude of islands, and clusters of islands, of every shape and of every size, teeming with luxuriant vegetation, and capable of the highest cultivation, which some enjoy, while most remain as nature left them, at the very lowest. They are peopled by inhabitants in every stage of civilisation, from the primitive barbarism of the Kayan, to the Anglo-Oriental luxury of the wealthy merchant of Singapore. There are some among them that have been thoroughly explored, and are as well known as Britain ; others are tenanted by savage men and savage beasts, and have not been trodden by civilised man. In the centre of the Archipelago, and surrounded by a labyrinth of islands, great and small, lies Borneo, the largest in the world, with the exception of the continent of Australia. This island exemplifies the condition of the whole Archipelago. The interior is still an unravelled mystery ; the coast, or at least the north-west coast, is the seat of an opulent English government.

From the sea, Borneo presents a most attractive picture. The land swells upwards in successive ridges, gradually rising from the pebbly beach and clear blue water by the shore, and stretches, thickly overlaid with a tangled mass of jungle, till it meets the mountains, which, covered with the richest verdure, are seen rising here and there with marked diversity of outline, and gradually retreating as they break away inland. Near the coast there are landscapes of no common beauty. Bays with green and sweeping shores open up to receive into their bosoms the waters of innumerable rivers, that flow downwards from the distant mountains, through forests that are almost impenetrable, and extend for miles on either bank. Islets float upon the surface of the sea, some rising from the water's edge, covered with green herbage to their very summits, and some skirted by a narrow strip of shining yellow sand ; and some again, near Sarawak, rich with luxuriant groves of cocoa nut, contrasting, by their cultivation, with the jungle of the mainland close beside them. The interior is still unknown : as the last volcanic action left it, so for the most part it has remained,—a mighty chaos of uncultivated nature. There are high mountains, large and

copious rivers, lakes of various sizes, and in the northern portions, many spacious plains. On either side of the island, numerous streams fall into the sea. Some spring from sources in the far interior; others from the nearer hills. On the north, the Brune, Rejang, Serebas, Sakarang, and Sarawak, are large, navigable, and more or less investigated. On the south flows the Great Banjar, and on the south-east the Passir; but little except their names is known of them. The population of the island cannot be estimated with any accuracy. Some make rough conjectures, and say 3,000,000. Probably that is not below the number. The tribes along the river banks are few; the levels near the sea are uninhabitable; the lowlands are of alluvial formation; and the immense wooded deltas offer but a temporary sojourn to nomadic hordes. Whether the higher districts of the interior, and their valleys, be inhabited or not, is yet unknown; or whether there be nothing wiser than ourang-outangs and alligators to frequent the woods and rivers.

Travellers who have been at Sarawak and Bruna, tell you that the island is of unrivalled fertility; that forests and jungle are spread over nearly all the surface; that there are in it minerals of the greatest value; that the productive capacities are inconceivable; that the climate is free from all extremes of heat and cold, and is, on the whole, salubrious; that the air is purified by the constant succession of cool currents, and by the regularity of the monsoon, from all miasmatic influences that are generally contracted in the swamps and forests by a tropical sun; and that its inhabitants, so far as they are known, are an intelligent and improvable people. If nothing more were known of Borneo, it could not fail to strike the imagination of all who hear of it; but when the romantic enterprise of such a man as Sir James Brooke is intimately connected with this great island, and when its capacities for future usefulness in the work of civilisation are taken into consideration, and added to the vague mysteriousness that now enfolds it, there is a living interest thrown around it, which must influence every man who has a thought to give to the future of the world.

Mr St John, the author of '*Life in the Forests of the Far East*,' has spent the last fourteen years in Borneo. He went out in 1848 with Sir James Brooke, appointed by Government as his private secretary. In 1852, when Sir James Brooke returned to England to give the lie to the baseless charges made against him in the House of Commons, Mr St John was left in Borneo as acting commissioner, and was subsequently appointed consul-general at Brunei, the capital of Borneo. He has thus had greater opportunities than almost any other man of studying the country and its inhabitants, both in their semi-Anglicized state at

Sarawak, and in their natural state at Brunei together the result of his experience in a very a very silly title. A name such as 'Life in Far East' suggests matter of an entirely different what these two volumes contain. It is foolish taste for showy titles, which has stolen along with variegated bindings and illuminations suit the caprice of publishers, or the taste of a circulating library. The worth of a book is no estimation of an educated public, or the use of reviewers, but by the verdict of the leading. The publisher does not look to what is : whether its outward appearance is sufficient, to please 'the trade.' Hence the taste for alliterative titles. Hence the mania for sensation headings; hence such books as 'Seasons with the Sea-Horses,' 'Butcherings among the Buffaloes,' and the like. Now-a-days there is not a magazine or journal published that does not offend good taste by the appearance of such silly titles in its advertising columns. How such a fashion has been suffered to become supreme it is impossible to say; the sooner it dies out the better. We cannot imagine how a gentleman who can write such a book as this on Borneo, could permit it to go before the public under such a title. It is most unfair to the book and to its author. From its name, we are led to expect the uninteresting journal of a vainglorious sportsman; instead of which, we find a full account of some of the least known and most interesting populations in the world, with much other information of a perfectly novel and most attractive nature. The island of Borneo is no longer a dead letter, and its inhabitants a blank, to any one who has read this book. The nature of the country, as far as it has been explored, is very graphically described; so are the prevailing characteristics of the different populations, and their domestic life, manners, and customs, and the relative positions which they hold in the sphere of human society. We learn a good deal of the animal and vegetable life of the island, of its natural productions, and of the inadequate means taken to turn them to account. Mr St John takes us with him to Brunei, and introduces us to the Sultan, to the state of his dominions in the last stages of decrepitude, and generally to the society of his uninviting capital, which Mr St John pronounces to be the most immoral city of which he has ever heard. He then comes back to Sarawak, and draws a sketchy outline of its conditions and its prospects. He describes the Chinese settlers, their secret societies, and their insurrection against the Sarawak Government in 1857. He enters slightly into the state of the missionary undertakings, but gives a far from satisfactory account

at they have hitherto accomplished. Nor, without a very considerable change of arrangements, does he think they are likely to do much in future. Lastly, he narrates in full an exploring expedition up the Limbang, one of the many unknown rivers in the island; and he gives a graphic sketch of his ascent of Kina Balu, the loftiest mountain yet known in the Indian Archipelago. These topics are brought together under their ill-fitting title; a *soi-disant* sporting book is, in reality, a compendium of useful and varied information. On the whole, the information is well compiled, but it might have been much better. It lacks system and arrangement sadly. Had the material been condensed, the subjects classified and exhausted, this book might have been most valuable. As it is, it can hardly hope for anything but an ephemeral existence. The chance of fame has just been missed, and that too from want of will, and not from want of power.

The subject was as new to English readers as that of M. Du Chaillu last year, which made him the hero of the day, and his book the book of the season. An exhaustive account of what is known of Borneo, would have been as interesting as a full description of Ceylon, and would have been received as favourably as Sir Emerson Tennent's volumes four years ago. Mr St John had as much to tell as Dr Livingstone, and as interesting a field to work upon. Very little was known of Borneo and its inhabitants. Few had heard of Brunei, and Rajah Brooke and Sarawak were realized only in a hazy and visionary manner. The Rajah's letters are very interesting, but they are necessarily confined to personal matter. Keppel and Mundy's descriptive voyages are all but forgotten. Mr Horace St John's Indian Archipelago was never known as it should have been; Mr Low's Sarawak was little appreciated; and no one wanders through five hundred pages of blue book for pleasure, particularly when that blue book was published eight years ago. Thus Mr St John had a most attractive subject entirely to himself. He has made a good deal of it, but he might very easily have made much more.

Take it as it is, it is a very entertaining book. It does not profess any very profound thinking, or any very animated writing; but it is full of common sense, and is very amusingly and unconventionally written. The style is easy and pointed, without being flippant or affected. There is no pretension and no prolixity to annoy or weary the reader, and it abounds with much curious and important information very pleasantly detailed.

In the following pages we propose to dismiss the personal part of the book with the utmost brevity. Many readers will find the 'Limbang Journal,' and the ascent of Kina Balu, the most entertaining portions. Both of these may be conscientiously

recommended to all who care for that sort of literature. Either is better worth reading than any of the contributions to 'Vacation Tourists;' and readers find much intellectual food in that volume. Votaries of climbing will meet with soul-stirring incidents in the description of the ascent of Kina Balu. There is no snow upon the mountain; and Mr St John had some object in ascending it besides that of making accessible what was inaccessible before; but with these drawbacks Kina Balu is as good a mountain as the Matterhorn, and Mr St John's description is quite as graphic as any of the articles in the log-book of the Alpine Club, and infinitely less prodigal of muscular egotism. He tells his story plainly and pleasantly, without any exaggeration of his own powers of endurance, or any wearisome monotony of climbing. His mind is at least as strong as his body; and his interests are those of a human being in a country's welfare, and not merely the instincts of a wild cat or a goat. His book may be unsystematized, and his writing desultory; but it is always entertaining, and perfectly free from braggadocio and self-laudation.

We dismiss the personal portion of the book, and propose instead to give our readers some conception of the life and manners of the different races in Borneo as they are known to Europeans.

The inhabitants of Borneo may be divided into three classes: The Malays, who came over from Sumatra, from Java, and from the Peninsula at a very early period; the Chinese, who emigrated later, were driven out, and have begun to return; and the Dayaks, who are aboriginal. Besides these, there are some half-caste Moors, some Sulus, and some of the tribes of the Celebes; but their numbers are insignificant, and the interest attaching to them is small. The Malays have been and still are the governing class, so far as any government exists; the Chinese represent the working population; and the Dayaks lead a half savage, half subject life, partly in the interior, and partly on the shores of their great island.

Much has been written on the Malay races: on their origin, on their character, and on their habits. They are Mahomedans. Their rulers are the descendants of the Prophet, 'a mongrel race of tyrants, gamblers, opium smokers, pirates, and chiefs who divide their time between cockfighting, smoking, concubines, and collecting taxes;'¹ and the inferior classes, as a rule, are not much better. Sydney Smith has long ago summed up the moral characteristics of the race, as it was represented in Ceylon—

'The Malays are the most vindictive and ferocious of living

¹ The 'Indian Archipelago,' by Horace St John, vol. ii., 267.

beings. They set little or no value on their own existence in the prosecution of their odious passions; and having thus broken the great tie which renders man a being capable of being governed, and fit for society, they are a constant source of terror to all those who have any kind of connection or relation with them. A Malay servant, from the apprehension excited by his vindictive disposition, often becomes the master of his master. It is as dangerous to dismiss him as to punish him; and the rightful despot, in order to avoid assassination, is almost compelled to exchange characters with his slave. It is singular, however, that the Malay, incapable of submission on any other occasion, and even ready to avenge insult with death, submits to the severest military discipline with the utmost resignation and meekness. The truth is, obedience to his officers forms part of his religious creed; and the same man who would repay the most insignificant insult with death, will submit to be lacerated at the halbert with the patience of a martyr. This is truly a tremendous people! when assassins and bloodhounds will fall into rank and file, and the most furious savages submit (with no diminution of their ferocity) to the science and discipline of war. They only want a Malay Bonaparte to lead them to the conquest of the world. Our curiosity has always been very highly excited by the accounts of this singular people; and we cannot help thinking that, one day or another when they are more full of opium than usual, they will run a muck from Cape Comorin to the Caspian.'

Truly a tremendous people, if these predictions were to be fulfilled! In Borneo, they hardly sustain this bloody-minded and ferocious character. They seem simply tolerably respectable, and rather stupid. Mr St John thus describes them:—

'The Malays, except the followers of the Brunei nobles, are found, on the whole, to be very truthful, faithful to their relatives, and devotedly attached to their children. Remarkably free from crimes; and when they commit them, it is generally from jealousy. Brave when well led, they inspire confidence in their commanders; highly sensitive to dishonour, and tenacious as to the conduct of their countrymen towards them, and remarkably polite in their manners, they render agreeable all intercourse with them. Malays are generally accused of great idleness; in one sense, they deserve it; they do not like continuous work, but they do enough to support themselves and families in comfort; and real poverty is unknown among them. No relative is abandoned because he is poor, or because an injury or an illness may have incapacitated him from work. I like the Malays, although I must allow that I became weary of having only them with whom to associate.'

These two summaries of the moral characteristics of this people are hardly consistent. Perhaps they exemplify the difference of association upon race; perhaps merely the uncertainty of moral as well as political speculation.

Whatever people think of them, there can be but one opinion upon the restless and energetic character of the Chinese, and their connection with Borneo singularly illustrates the truth of it. At one period, the Chinese population in this island was so great as almost to eclipse the native power. The emigrations of this singular people have always something peculiar to themselves. They never emigrate gradually, family by family, with their wives and children. The men come alone in bands at a time, and fall upon the land like swarms of locusts. The women are more domestic, and are not easily brought to leave their country. They are intrinsically stayers at home; and are so attached to their family and parents, that almost no inducement will prevail on them to emigrate. But the male population emigrate in thousands every year. The Eastern Archipelago seems destined to be overrun by them. In Siam, they number between four and five millions; British India receives an annual inroad; Singapore is swarming with them; half the population of Anam is Chinese; and a nucleus of a vast multitude is gradually being formed in Borneo, which is calculated to have room for upwards of a hundred millions. Those who emigrated to this island in former times soon found a noble field on which they could expend their energy. They cleared wide sweeps of land, and were busy on its surface. Traces are found around the neighbourhood of Brunei of their gardens, of terraces where the pepper plant was grown, and of levelled spots where they built their houses. They soon wandered up into the interior, spread along the borders of the rivers, felled the finest timber trees and floated them down the stream to primitive docks, constructed by their own contrivance, where they built substantial junks, in which they stored their wealth, and transported it to China to realize enormous prices. This lasted for some time, and Borneo was rich and prosperous. But inter-tribal wars broke out, and anarchy succeeded; and the industrious Chinaman, who had no stomach for such strife, was driven from the interior to the coast, and then by piracy to other and less troubled scenes. But their too short residence in the North was not without results. They left behind them many traces of their influence. Not only have they given their names to many places, but they have stamped their character on a race of their half-bred descendants, who have so amalgamated with the natives as to be undistinguishable from them, except by their excessive energy and their attention to good husbandry.

When Sir James Brooke went out to Borneo, there hardly was a Chinaman in the Sarawak territory. In 1841 they numbered about 600, and in 1850 about 3600. A sudden swarm had settled on the land, during an expedition which Sir James

had made to Siam. They began at once to show their two most marked characteristics,—excessive industry, and a disposition to be troublesome. Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, had become a new place, and the Rajah hardly knew his city. Shops were opened; trade was brisk; new houses in dozens were built and building; and the surrounding forest was falling rapidly before the axes of the Chinese. They had wandered up the Siambau river to join their countrymen, who were settled at the little village of Siniawam; they had made roads to Bau, the principal settlement, where numbers had joined the Kungsi or Gold Company, and were hard at work, gold-washing, after the following original method:—

‘They dammed up the end of the valley at the back of the Kungsi’s house, thus forming a large reservoir of water, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length. The dam was very neatly constructed, being completely faced with wood towards the water, and partially on the outside, to enable it to resist the very heavy rains which fell in this country. A ditch, about four feet broad, was cut from the reservoir towards the ground, which the overlooker of the company had selected as a spot likely to produce a good yield of gold; and a well-made sluice-gate was constructed in the dam, to supply the ditch with as much water as might be required: minor sluice-gates to the main ditch enabled the smaller ones also to receive supplies of water. When this was all prepared, the sluice-gates were opened, and the earth in its neighbourhood thrown into the ditch; and the rushing water carried off the mud and sand, and allowed the particles of gold to sink to the bottom. After three or four months they cleared out the ditch, and carefully washed the residue, which generally yielded them sufficient to make a tolerable division among the workmen after all the expenses had been paid.’

In 1856 they numbered above 4000, and were in high prosperity. Near Sarawak their rice plantations and vegetable gardens presented a picture of flourishing agriculture and good farming. ‘I had never seen in Borneo,’ says Mr St John, ‘anything more pleasing to my eye than the extensive cultivated fields which spread out around the scattered Chinese houses, each closely surrounded by beds of esculent plants, growing in a most luxuriant manner.’ Higher up the country they carried on a ceaseless war against the jungle. Roads were laid down, spaces cleared, gardens and orchards formed, fish-reservoirs made; houses and villages were springing up on every side; the gold and antimony works were prosperous, and everything betokened a successful future. At the end of this year, all this prosperity vanished in a single night. Their insurrection against the Sarawak government broke out, and it ended in the destruction of the town of Kuching, and the almost total annihilation of the Chinese. This

insurrection was the most ill-judged enterprise that ever entered into the mind of man. It is unique in its fatuity and recklessness. The story of its origin and its extinction is as follows:—

The Chinese form themselves into secret societies wherever they settle. These are ramifications of the Tienti, or Heaven and Earth Society, which spreads its arms over the country to which the inhabitants of China wander. This Tienti is a species of Freemasonry, except that it has some object in its existence besides convivial gatherings, and that the oaths by which the initiated are bound to each other are of a much more genuine and solemn nature than those which bind the masonic brotherhood. The members are banded together with the utmost secrecy, and are bound, under penalty of death, to divulge none of the secrets of the society, to assist their brethren under every circumstance, to bear no witness against them whatever be their crimes, to shield fugitives from the laws of the country, and to carry out the orders of their chiefs whatever may be the consequences. These societies are very wealthy; and, from their secret organization, they become very powerful wherever they find a footing. Even in Bengal they are not innocuous. A Chinaman acknowledges the superiority of some European races to his own, and bends his will to their decrees; hence he will not meddle with an Englishman. But a native official, who is troublesome to their societies, may be found dead upon his bed; and in the streets of Singapore it is no rare occurrence to stumble on the body of a murdered man, with the fatal mark of the secret society upon him. For several years the Chinese had attempted to establish these societies in Sarawak, but they had been prevented by the steady vigilance of the Rajah. In the interior, however, high up the river, they had formed their kungsi or company, which, under the ostensible purpose of working gold, carried on extensive transactions with the societies in Sambas, Pontianak, and Singapore. By means of this intercourse, opium was smuggled in great quantities into the Sarawak and Dutch territories. This was traced to the kungsi, and the members were fined L.150,—a trifling sum compared with their immense gains. News arrived at this time that the English were totally defeated before Canton, and that the British Government were so discontented with Sir James Brooke, that they would not interfere if he and his officers were destroyed. These two pieces of authentic intelligence were diligently spread by special emissaries of the Tienti, and the kungsi was aroused to seize upon the government of Sarawak, and to revenge itself upon Rajah Brooke for his efforts to secure his revenue. The gold workers were only too credulous; and on a February night in 1857, with 900 armed men, the leaders of the kungsi silently

floated down the Sarawak to Kuching, to effect a revolution. They surrounded the Rajah's house, determined to kill or secure him who was the motive power of the government. He was totally unprepared, and lying sick in bed. Fortunately he managed to escape to his bathing-house upon the river bank; and from there, by diving under the Chinese boats, he succeeded in swimming unobserved to the opposite bank, where he lay exhausted and all but dead. Meantime the town of Kuching was aroused, and the Chinese had missed their object. The Dayaks and Malays were mad with indignation. They loved their Rajah, and vowed vengeance on his intended murderers. Soon the news spread throughout the whole of Sarawak, and the faithful Dayaks could not be restrained. They would not listen to the Chinese proposals and schemes of government, but attacked them with impetuosity and rancour. The Chinese fled precipitately into the jungles; and out of 4500, not above 2000 escaped from the Sarawak territories. 'Had they been,' says Mr St John, 'five times as numerous, there were forces in the background which would have destroyed them all. Before the Chinese had fled across the border, thousands of Serebas and Sakarang Dayaks had arrived, and the people of Sadong were marching overland to attack them in rear, while the distant out-stations were mustering strong forces, which arrived only to find all danger past.' Such was the termination of this foolhardy enterprise. How the Celestials could have deluded themselves into the belief that their 4500 men would hold the country against 200,000 Malays and Dayaks loyal to the government surpasses comprehension. That they did do so, and suffered justly for it, is thus beyond all question. Now their numbers are greatly diminished. The kungsi exists no longer, and the natives are rejoiced at its disappearance; and Mr St John says with confidence, that if they were to increase to ten times their former numbers, they would do no harm, but, on the contrary, they would be most desirable settlers, if only ordinary precautions were adopted to prevent the formation of companies or societies. The fact is, they are indispensable as colonists in the East, and that, too, on social no less than political grounds. 'There is but one people,' says Mr St John, 'who can develop the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and they are the Chinese.' They are a thoroughly industrious race; they have great knowledge of the peculiar sort of agriculture suitable to the East, and they are ceaselessly energetic. As a rule, they are saving, but by no means niggardly. In their personal expenses they are free and easy, and they invariably keep up a liberal household. At home a Chinaman is a comfortless being: abroad he is very different. He is a sharp tradesman—too sharp for the simple-minded

Dayak, who philosophically makes up his mind 'to be taken in once by a Celestial'—but he also is an excellent customer. He must dress himself in English broad-cloth, and he uses English iron, and crockery; beer and biscuits of English manufacture, are almost necessities to him, if he be well to do. As emigrants, this people are particularly desirable, from their facility in amalgamating with the native races in Borneo. They marry readily either Malay or Dayak women; and the women are not reluctant. Women are redundant as they are in England, and they are looked upon too much as beasts of burden by their native husbands; whereas a Chinaman, with a gallantry that does him credit, will never suffer his wife to engage in laborious duties. The domestic is her department in a Chinaman's *menàge*; and even then her labour must be limited to what becomes her. She may not cook her husband's dinner: that menial office he performs himself. As tax-payers, moreover, in everything but opium, the Chinese cannot be too highly appreciated by an European government. They are the only Asiatics who will pay a good revenue. In Sarawak, before the insurrection, the 4500 Chinese paid, in indirect taxes, more than the quarter of a million Malays and Dayaks put together. There is room in the Sarawak dominions for half a million Chinese cultivators, without in any way inconveniencing the other inhabitants. This half million would pay, without feeling the pressure, L.2 a-head in indirect taxes, and that would very materially increase the value of the State of Sarawak. Every inducement is held out to them to emigrate at present. Sir James Brooke has established a regular steam communication between Singapore and Sarawak, by which they may come over quickly and economically, a free passage being guaranteed to settlers. The Brunei government, on the other hand, does not encourage them to settle among its subjects, as they are too independent in character to permit the Malay nobility to exercise the stringent and oppressive monopoly of trade which is their main source of wealth. Sir James Brooke, both by his actions and his letters, shows the strongest disposition to encourage their emigration to his dominions. In his evidence before the Commission of Inquiry at Singapore in 1854, he spoke in the highest terms of their utility; and in one of his letters to Mr Templer, he says,—'They are so industrious, that the whole aspect of the country soon changes wherever they settle; and, as they are most desirous to gain a footing, there can be no doubt of their success, ultimately, in developing the resources of the soil and working the minerals to great advantage.' We have Mr St John's testimony, that their mistaken conduct in 1857 has not changed these opinions; and now that China is

so miserably desolated by internal feuds, there is every probability that many of its inhabitants will find their way to Sarawak and fulfil the prophecies of the Rajah.

The third class of inhabitants are the Dayaks. They may be regarded as the aborigines of the Archipelago. In Borneo the name has become generic, and comprehends under it all the native races in the island. Its principal subdivisions include, among others, the land and sea Dayaks, the Kayans, the Murwts, and the wandering tribes of Pakatan and Punan. The social life of these various tribes is very interesting; and their manners and customs, some of which we propose to bring together here, are sufficiently peculiar. Most of the tribes are stationary, and live in villages on the banks of their respective rivers, from which they take their names. Some are wandering and migratory, despising the conventionalities of a domicile, and leading a sort of Bedouin existence. Their chief haunts are in the neighbourhood of the Kanowit river, a branch stream which falls into the Rejang, some two hundred miles above its mouth. These tribes, called the Pakatan and Punan, seldom build regular houses, such as peculiarly characterize the stationary tribes, but roam about the jungles at will, running up temporary huts as they come to a new place; and when they have exhausted it of wild beasts and other food, they leave it for another. They are popularly supposed to be fairer than the other inhabitants of Borneo, as they live in the thickest parts of the old forest, and rarely see the sun. It may be so; but Mr St John's experience leads him to an opposite conclusion. 'They themselves, however, assert that their women are fairer.' Collecting wax, edible birds' nests, and camphor, are their principal occupations; and shooting wild beasts with poisoned arrows through a blowpipe, their principal amusement.

The habits and customs of the stationary tribes are very quaint and curious; but, upon the whole, are indicative of a population that is capable of the greatest amelioration. They are, generally speaking, a sociable and talkative people, hospitable to a degree that is often embarrassing; fond of oratory, like most nations in the earlier stages of civilisation; domestic, and passionately attached to their children and their families; singularly sensible in some points of social economy, and singularly nonsensical in others. They appear to live, as far as their houses are concerned, a sort of socialist life, with all things in common. Each tribe has a village house, built on high posts above the ground. Some of these are enormous buildings, measuring from five to six hundred feet in length; others are circular, with a sharp conical roof and large windows, which are raised like the lid of a box in fine weather, and supported upon props; in rain the props are

removed, and the windows close. The verandah, or common room, stretches uninterruptedly the whole length of the building, and in it the tribe carry on their occupations. Around it there are rough divans, in which the bachelors sleep. Each family has separate divisions, and these divisions are subdivided into separate apartments entered by low doors, which rise about two feet above the floor; and these apartments are set apart for the married people, and the young girls and children. The flooring and partitions are made of long rough planks, the walls are of yellow matting, and the roof is generally of shingle. From it the war trophies of the tribe are ostentatiously depended: grisly heads of enemies, half concealed and half displayed, in open baskets, swaying backwards and forwards above the fire-place. Such is their habitation. Their ceremonies now demand attention. Those commemorative of any domestic event are generally original, sometimes ludicrously amusing.

Marriage, which generally succeeds a lengthened routine of enigmatical courtship peculiar to these people, is celebrated with great pomp and considerable originality. The bride and bridegroom are conducted from opposite ends of the village to the spot where the ceremony is to be performed. They are seated on two bars of iron, symbolical of the vigorous and lasting blessings in store for them. A cigar and betel leaf, carefully prepared with areca nut, are put into the hands of each. One of the officiating priests advances, waves two fowls over the heads of the betrothed, and in a long address to the Supreme Being, and a short one to the couple, calls down eternal blessings on them, implores that peace and happiness may attend the union, and gives some temporal advice, sometimes of a character more medical than saintly. The spiritual part being thus concluded, the material succeeds. The heads of the affianced are knocked against each other three or four times; then the bridegroom puts his betel leaf and his cigar into the mouth of the bride, and she puts her betel leaf and her cigar into the mouth of the bridegroom; and thus they are acknowledged a wedded couple with the sanction of their religion. At a later period of the nuptial evening the fowls are killed, the blood caught in two cups, and from its colour the priest foretells the future happiness or misery of the newly married. The ceremony is closed by a feast, much dancing, and noisy music. The next step in family life is the declaration of pregnancy; and a ceremony called 'Beruri' inaugurates that interesting event. Two priestesses attend; a fowl, as usual, is killed; rice is provided by the expectant father; for two nights the priestesses howl and chant continuously in the nuptial chamber; and it is 'pamali,' or interdicted. From now till the period of delivery, the unhappy husband is rather in a false

position. He may do no work with any sharp instrument, except what may be absolutely necessary for the cultivation of his farm; he may not tie things together with rattans, or strike animals, or fire guns; or do anything of a violent character. Such inconsiderate proceedings exercise an evil influence on the unborn babe. Why they do so does not quite appear. That they do so is undeniable. On the birth of the infant, another fowl is killed; the family is tabooed for eight days; and the father may not go into the sun during that time, and is dieted on rice and salt. The reason is obvious. This seclusion and parsimonious nourishment on the part of the father 'prevents the baby's stomach swelling to an unusual size.' The mother's actions are of less consequence to her offspring, and are no way circumscribed. 'The Dayak women suffer very little at their confinements, and seldom remain quiet beyond a few days.'

Death is not much dreaded by these people; and their funeral rites are in no way very peculiar. Warriors who have fallen in battle are not removed; 'a paling is put round their bodies to keep off the pigs,' and they are left ingloriously where they fell. Those who commit suicide are buried by themselves apart. They cannot mingle with the others in their seven-storied heaven, neither shall they lie with them on earth. Those who have died a natural death are generally buried; but if they express a preference for more majestic sepulture, their corpses may be laid out in state upon a platform. In the western parts of Sarawak they are universally burned. On the whole, their funeral ceremonies do not differ very widely from those of most Eastern nations. The wailings of the women and the hired mourners; the washing of the body, and dressing it in its armour and its finest raiments; the rolling it up in cloths and fine mats tied together with rattan; the sacrifice of a fowl or pig to the spirit who guards the grave; the provisions thrown in to feed the soul on its way to heaven; the money, gold and silver ornaments, and utensils buried with it; the solemn funeral feast; and the visiting the graves of the deceased,—are all relics of Oriental customs prevalent among the natives of the East from earliest times. Most of them are mentioned by Herodotus as existing in Egypt three-and-twenty hundred years ago.

Their domestic life, thus scrupulously guarded by so many ceremonies, is not invariably a happy one, and their morality is not above reproach. Mr St John finds himself in some perplexity on this subject, and leaves his readers uncomfortably doubtful. 'The women,' he says, 'are modest, and yet unchaste; they love warmly, and yet divorce easily; but are generally faithful to their husbands when married.' Some of the tribes are morally in advance of others. Among those of the Batang Lupar, for

instance, chastity is rather the exception, whereas the Sibuyaus have tolerable notions on the impropriety of connubial anticipation. The Superior Powers, they consider, are offended if an unmarried girl forgets herself and is prematurely pregnant; and instead of visiting the sin upon the guilty alone, they send misfortunes on the tribe. 'They therefore, on the discovery of pregnancy, fine the lovers, and sacrifice a pig to propitiate offended Heaven.' Thus inducements, economical as well as moral, influence the heads of families to prevent any untoward circumstances. Great care is taken of the young girls, and it is seldom necessary to sacrifice the pig. Perhaps a greater preservative to chastity is the facility which prevails of effecting a divorce. Dangerous though such a system may be to the permanence of family ties, it works well for the protection of morality among a population who have scarcely any higher motives for morality than convenience. Marriage among these tribes is a business-like transaction, for the purpose of having children, dividing labour, and by means of their offspring providing for their old age. It is entered into and dissolved almost at pleasure; but when the terms of the contract are fairly carried out, the partners generally remain faithful to each other. If they have children, if their industrial powers are equitably balanced, and if after trial they suit each other, then generally they live and die a married couple. But if they do not suit, there are no difficulties in the way of separation. A trivial cause is quite sufficient; a sudden quarrel, an unlucky dream, an evil omen, discontent with each other's powers of labour, would, collectively or individually, constitute good grounds of separation. Certain compensation is demanded by the repudiated partner; and as it is rarely exorbitant, it is generally granted. If a wife forsake her husband, she pays him one rupee; if the husband put away the wife, except for adultery, he pays her two; if she be faithless, and he overlook her infidelity in consideration of her industrial qualifications, her lover pays a fine of one large jar, valued at twelve little ones at one rupee a-piece. If no blame should rest on either party, but an omen should be sent to warn them to part, compensation is not expected. If a deer, or gazelle, or mouse-deer, should pass the house by night, and utter a cry of woe, they must separate at once, or the death of one or other must ensue. Hard as this may seem, it is incontrovertible, and the Dayaks take it philosophically.

'Mr Chalmers mentions to me the case of a young Peninjaw man who was divorced from his wife on the third day after marriage. The previous night a deer had uttered its warning cry, and separate they must. The morning of the divorce he happened to go into the "head-house," and there sat the bridegroom contentedly at work.

' "Why are you here?" he was asked, as the "head-house" is

frequented by bachelors and boys only; "what news of your new wife?"

"I have no wife; we were separated this morning because the deer cried last night."

"Are you sorry?"

"Very sorry."

"What are you doing with that brass wire?"

"Making perik"—the brass chain-work which the women wear round their waists—"for a young woman whom I want to get for my new wife."

The blackest spot upon the Dayak moral character is the singular but almost ineradicable passion for the possession of human heads. This passion has prevailed among them from the earliest times, and it is so intimately connected with their religious faith that it is scarcely possible to root it out entirely. They believe that the owner of every head which they procure will serve them in the next world, and their highest ambition is to swell an ideal retinue of future slaves. And if in heaven a warrior's importance is regulated, and his spiritual position estimated, by a numerical superiority of headless menials, it follows that on earth a goodly number of these representatives of future power will bring him high consideration. Hence the zeal with which they used to engage in this all-absorbing pastime was perfectly incredible and appalling. Whole families were slaughtered, and the spoil secured; every conceivable stratagem was put into execution; and all feeling of friendship or relationship thrown to the winds. A chief of high standing declared, with a total abnegation of filial reverence, that if any of his people met his own father in a head-hunting expedition, he would not scruple to become a parricide, so that he could carry off his father's skull. 'The white men read books,' they say, 'we hunt for heads instead;' and so they do with an energy and a long-suffering patience that rarely finds its parallel in any literary effort in this country. They will undergo any hardship or fatigue, and any privations, in their cat-like warfare, provided they secure their much-longed-for prize. 'They have been known to keep watch in a well up to their chins in water, with a covering of a few leaves over their head, to endeavour to cut off the first person who might come to draw water. At night they would drift down the river silently on a log, and cut the cable of a trading prahu, while others of their party would keep watch on the bank, knowing well where the stream would take the boat ashore; and when aground they kill the men and plunder the goods.' Plunder, as a rule, is of secondary importance; their whole energies are concentrated on gaining possession of the heads. The Malays knew their failing, and utilized it to some purpose. They used to organize maraud-

ing expeditions on a vast scale, invite the Dayaks to accompany them, give them all the hard work and most of the fighting, and in the end divide the spoil,—the heads of the killed and wounded for the Dayaks, the goods and captives for themselves. This arrangement, hardly equitable according to European ideas, was highly pleasing to both parties. The Malays were happy with their plunder, the simple-minded savages with their heads. The possession of a single head is a matter of no small importance; the acquisition of a number produces results so boundless as hardly to be conveyed in words. Without the offering of a head, a lover finds no favour in his mistress' eyes. He must commit a murder or remain a bachelor; and she is doomed to be a spinster, or to accept another suitor who can acquit himself with glory, and gratify her passion for a skull. Nor is it only as a token of affection that a head is necessary: a similar offering must be presented to appease the spirit of the newly dead. A man may not go out of mourning until he has secured some such dismal consolation: a woman's, or a child's, will do, but a *bonâ fide* head is indispensable. 'I once met,' says Mr St John, 'the Orang Kaya Pamancha of Serebas, the most influential chief in the country. He was dressed in nothing but a dirty rag round his loins, and thus he intended to remain until the mourning for his wife ceased by securing a head. Until this happens they cannot marry again, or appease the spirit of the departed, which continues to haunt the house, and make its presence known by certain ghostly rappings. They endeavour to mollify its anger by the nearest relative throwing a packet of rice to it under the house every day, until the spirit is laid at rest by their being able to celebrate a head-feast. Then the Dayaks forget their dead, and the ghosts of the dead forget them.'

So far, a new head is valuable on personal grounds alone; it is also valuable on wider and more material grounds. A new head presents an occasion for a 'head-feast,' and the results of such a celebration are manifold. It makes their rice grow well; it causes the forest to abound with wild animals; it enables the dogs to hunt with vigour and with unerring smell; and it makes the snares successful in securing game. After such a feast the streams swarm with fish, the people are healthy and active, and the women are prolific. The ground is benefited and rendered fertile, and all the blessings of prosperity surround the land. A head, moreover, is a proof of manliness and courage; and the greater number of these imposing testimonies to worth, the more respectable and dignified the man. The possessor of several is readily distinguishable by his proud and lofty bearing. They are displayed conspicuously in the village room, and descend as heir-looms for generations. 'When they quarrel, it is a constant

phrase, "How many heads did your father or grandfather get?" If less than his own, "Well, you have no occasion to be proud." One chief, of irreproachable character and the highest eminence, possessed a Golgotha of five hundred skulls!

This unproductive mode of industry is fast disappearing under the influence of the Sarawak government. As civilisation is spreading, and the thoughts of the inhabitants are turned into more profitable channels, the superstitious groundwork of this taste is undermined, and the practice is gradually dying out. Sir James Brooke has found it one of the gravest evils that he has had to deal with; it was more difficult to eradicate than piracy, from its secrecy and subtlety, and from the hold it had upon their faith. While these people believed that so many benefits were secured to them both in this world and the next, by an occupation that combined the excitement of sport and war with the active duties of religion, they continued, by some means or other, to exercise their double function, and to gratify their passion for the chase while they enhanced their future glory. Now, however, we have Mr St John's testimony to the fact, that it is almost a thing of the past among the tribes which have been brought under European influence. That it does prevail to some small extent is undeniable, but it is confined entirely to the wilder and more conservative of the savage tribes. And this is no small victory on the side of civilisation. It shows that the finger has been placed upon the sore spot, and that the cure has begun to act. That this is due to the government of Sir James Brooke rather than to missionary enterprise, is only too apparent, from what Mr St John says of the want of success attendant on the Sarawak mission. Yet is strange that it should not have been more successful, as no more promising field for missionary labour could be found than that presented by the Dayak tribes. In the administration of their religion, there is no fanatical priesthood to combat, and in their faith and observances no stubborn prejudices to overcome, except the superstitious origin of head-hunting, such as meet the Christian missionary at the outset in all his dealings with Mahomedan, Brahmin, or Buddhist nations. The Dayak faith is simple; and if it be overlaid with all sorts of childish superstitions, on that account it only presents more openings to the judicious missionary.

They believe implicitly in one Supreme Being, who is above all, and over all, and the Creator of all. 'When I speak of the god of the Pakatan tribe,' said an old man, an Islam convert, 'I mean Him who made the heavens, and the earth, and man.' Emanating from this Supreme Being, but subordinate to Him, are three inferior beings: 'Tenebi,' who made the material world; 'Iang,' who first taught the Dayaks the mysteries of their re-

ligion ; and 'Jirong,' who superintends the birth and death of human beings. The present world and the next are under the government of this quadruple godhead. They are worshipped individually as invisible and omnipresent beings, whom it would degrade to personify or reproduce in any material form. Graven images therefore do not exist ; but faith in the spiritual existence of the godhead is not on that account less steadfast. These four beings represent the higher powers whom the Dayaks righteously worship ; but, besides them, there are other spirits in the present world, who are often seen of men, and who exercise no small influence upon their lives. These are of two kinds : 'Umot,' spirits by nature ; and 'Mino,' spirits of departed men. The Umot reveals itself in diverse forms. Sometimes it appears as the 'Trui' and 'Komang,' who, like the Gnomes and Trolls of Scandinavian myth, live among the dark primeval forests on the loftiest mountains. They are fierce, and wild of aspect : they delight in war and deeds of blood ; and love to shed a baneful influence over every head-feast, and to participate in its savage rites. At other times the Umot takes a meeker form. It is the 'Umot Sisi,' a harmless and domestic spirit that accompanies the Dayak to his home, and picks up the fragments of his food which he lets drop, or which have fallen through the open flooring of the houses. There it sits in secret, and 'is heard all night munching away below.' Akin to it is the 'Umot Perusong,' who comes invisibly and eats up everything it can lay its supernatural hands on, but more especially the rice and corn stored up for winter's use. The ghosts of the departed appear at stated times and seasons, differing in their spiritual as their originals differed in their corporeal aspects. The 'Mino Baw' are the ghosts of those who fell in war. They appear as savage beasts or headless spectres ; they haunt the jungle ; and they hate all living men. The 'Mino Pajabun,' like the Umot Sisi, is a mild and melancholy ghost. In life he died by some fell accident ; and now he spends his time in endless mournful wailing over his unhappy fate. He is generally seen bowed down with care, at the foot of some gigantic camphor tree, weeping his spiritual life away. There is yet another ghost of eminence, the Mino Kakanak, or woman's spirit—the ghost of those who died in child-bed. Vindictive and inimical to the race of men, she searches out the loftiest trees, and there delights herself with terrifying belated rustics hurrying home at night, by horrible and unearthly noises.

Strange and simple as these superstitions are, they are perfectly harmless, and are suggestive of much more good than evil in the nature of these people. They indicate, among other things, the constancy with which, in a vague and glimmering

light, the future is ever present to their minds; and at the same time they afford another illustration of what is always true of barbarous nations, namely, the predominance given to the cares of the present over any mysterious hopes or fears of the future. Hence it is that their religious system relates chiefly to the present. Their principal observances are of two kinds, negative and positive. Among all the tribes, 'Pamali,' or Interdict, is a common negative observance, and is constantly practised. Whenever they desire to propitiate the superior powers, they proclaim a Pamali. It may last from one to sixteen days; and during that time they shut themselves up in their houses, and do nothing but eat and drink and sleep. But their food must be of the most sparing kind,—rice and salt; and even this they cannot share with any but their families, as no stranger may enter the interdicted village, or house, or room. They may not bathe, nor touch fire, nor employ themselves about their ordinary occupations. But their rewards are great. By righteously observing Pamali, sickness is averted, and sick people are cured; unlucky omens are purified, and become as nought; the crops grow abundantly, and their harvest home is plentiful. Their positive observances are very singular, the result of religious ideas, confined to them alone among known nations. Besides their continual sacrifice of fowls and pigs, they perform incantations for the purpose of 'catching the soul, or divine principle.' In mankind, animals, and rice, there is a principle which is the mainspring of life and health. Sickness is caused by the temporary absence of this principle, and death by its total departure. If any one is sick, the spirits have inflicted invisible wounds upon his soul with their invisible spears; or they have entered in and driven out his soul. So far as we can understand their theories, they bear some analogy to the exorcism of spirits prevalent in all times in the East. But they go beyond anything hitherto practised by the exorcist's art; for not only do they drive the principle out of the body, but they charm it back again. There are several methods of producing this remarkable phenomenon. The most invariably successful is called 'Berobat Pinya.' In cases of severe illness, it is as follows:—

'One priest and four priestesses attend: the interdict lasts four days, and one pig and one fowl are killed. Outside the door of the family apartment in which the incantation is held, are gathered together in a winnowing basket, an offering of fowls, yams, and pork, fowl and pig's blood in a cup, boiled rice and sirih-leaf and arecanut: these are for the various spirits. On the first day of the incantation, two priestesses pretend to fight with each other with drawn swords, which they wave and slash about in so furious a manner, as at once to put to flight the trembling ghost. After this display of

valour, chanting begins, accompanied by the music of a small gong and a drum, the latter beaten by the priest: this continues for a day and a night. Towards midnight, the priest proceeds to get the soul of the patient. Carefully wrapping up a small cup in a white cloth, he places it amid the offerings before mentioned; then with a torch in one hand, and a circlet of beads and tinkling hawk-bells in the other, he stalks about shaking his charms. After a little time he orders one of the admiring spectators to look in the cup previously wrapped up in white cloth, and sure enough there the soul always is, in the form of a bunch of hair, to vulgar eyes, but to the initiated, in shape and appearance like a miniature human being. This is supposed to be thrust into a hole in the top of the patient's head, invisible to all but the learned man. He has thus recovered the man's soul, or, as it may be called, the principle of life that was departing from him.'

This singular remedy is generally effectual. Instant death, we should have imagined, was the commoner result; but the patient's faith, in all countries, is the physician's best assistant.

There are many feasts and incantations to propitiate the spirits to take a kindly interest in agriculture. When the jungle is cut down there is a one day's interdict, and a fowl is slaughtered; when it is set on fire there is another; and when the seed is sown there is a great display, with much music and dancing. The harvest feasts are numerous, and of a brilliant description: priestesses, gongs, and bamboo-altars are the more important features; but the sacrifice of pigs and fowls is carried on with vigour. The last harvest feast secures the soul of the rice. It is a most exciting spectacle, especially at night.

'A large shed is erected outside the village, and lighted by huge fires inside and out, which cast a ruddy glow over the dense mass of palms surrounding the houses; while gongs and drums are crashing around a high and spacious altar near the shed, where a number of gaily-dressed men and women are dancing with slow and stately step, and solemn countenances; some bearing in their hands lighted tapers, some brass salvers, on which are offerings of rice, and others closely-covered baskets, the contents of which are hidden from all but the initiated. The corner posts of the altars are lofty bamboos, whose leafy summits are yet green, and rustle in the wind; and from one of these hangs down a long narrow streamer of white cloth. Suddenly elders and priests rush to it, seize hold of its extremity, and amid the crashing sound of gongs and drums, and the yells of spectators, begin dancing and swaying themselves backwards and forwards, and to and fro. An elder springs on the altar, and begins violently to shake the tall bamboos, uttering, as he does so, shouts of triumph, which are responded to by the swaying bodies of those below; and amid all this excitement, small stones, bunches of hair, and grains of rice, fall at the feet of the dancers, and are carefully picked up by

watchful attendants. The rice is the soul sought for, and the ceremony ends by several of the oldest priestesses falling, or pretending to fall, to the earth senseless; when, till they recover, their heads are supported, and their faces fanned by their younger sisters.'

These are their great solemnities: there are also occasional ceremonies with special services, and there are ordeals which are interesting from their similarity to the old Saxon customs of eight hundred years ago. An unlucky dream is always an occasion for a ceremony. It is an actual occurrence. In sleep the soul sometimes remains in the body, sometimes it leaves it and travels far away: when on its travels, it sees, and hears, and talks, and generally conducts itself with a prescience higher than that which it enjoys when encumbered with a body. If it meet with evil on its wanderings, there has been a spirit in the way, and a ceremony is necessary to assuage its malice. A pig or fowl is sacrificed, an interdict proclaimed, and rice and betel-nut is humbly offered to the malignant spirit.

Justice in Sarawak is honestly and ably administered; but, failing justice, there are more faultless modes of ascertaining truth. If a quarrel should arise, which cannot be settled by ordinary means, a simple process is adopted. The disputants are conducted to a deep pool in a neighbouring stream. There they are placed up to their necks in water, and, at a given signal, they must plunge their heads below the surface. He who first rises to take breath is in the wrong. There can be no doubt about it; physical causes have nothing to do with it. If there should be no deep pool conveniently near, a simpler and equally conclusive trial is enforced. Two wax tapers, of equal size and length, are prepared. They are lighted, and the owner of the one that is first extinguished or burned out resigns his claim, and is condemned to pay a fine. Two lumps of salt are equally efficacious. They must be of equal weight, and must be placed simultaneously in water. One represents the innocent, and one the guilty. The salt of the sinner succumbs immediately, while that of the immaculate remains unharmed; and when the one has liquefied and become as water, the other is firm and stable as a rock.

We hope we have given our readers some conception of the more prominent manners and customs of those naturally half-civilised barbarians, and of their ideas upon religion and on life. We hope we have shown them to be a people in the highest degree improvable,—a people, as Sir James Brooke says, who present greater facilities for amelioration than almost any uncivilised people in the world. They are, beyond all doubt, a very interesting and apparently an intelligent race of men.

morally and politically they are capable of a high development; but to accomplish that development, it is necessary that political and material welfare should go hand in hand with moral improvement. When, some four-and-twenty years ago, Sir James Brooke advocated a judicious exercise of personal influence among the natives of the Archipelago, as the only means of civilising them successfully, he was looked on as a politician whose theories were Quixotic, and whose philanthropy had got the better of his reason. He carried his theories into practice; and what has been the result? In 1838, Sarawak was a state in the lowest depths of misery, ruined by anarchy, by piracy, and by a lengthened course of misgovernment, almost unparalleled in the history of nations: now it is a well-governed, prosperous, and advancing country, where justice is well administered, and where its 250,000 inhabitants are happy and contented, and which appears, as Mr St John says, a green oasis in the barren desert of misrule and mouldering decrepitude that spreads over the rest of Borneo. This change in the condition of the country is due entirely and absolutely to the moral influence of that man who was deemed a theorist four-and-twenty years ago; and to his moral influence alone, backed by neither power nor wealth, nor even by the undivided approbation of his country. It proves what may yet be done for this great island, if to well-conducted missionary enterprise there be added a liberal and enlightened policy on the part of that country whose power is paramount in the East.

But in whatever way the influence of Great Britain may be spread, it must be done with judiciousness and caution, and a single eye to the public good. The missionary must be specially on his guard against a mode of operations that will but engender hostile feelings; against a spirit of denunciation which may smother the fire of error for a moment, but will make it blaze out more fiercely and more violently than ever. His whole proceedings must be pervaded with the spirit of patience, gentleness, and consideration. Personal character, influence, and example are wanted to work on such material as the natives of Borneo. The missionary must make up his mind to seek his people out. He must reside far up the rivers, away from European society, among the distant tribes, and gradually spread his teaching further and further from some established centre. He must begin at the bottom of the ladder; he must live quietly among the people, attending to their wants, relieving their distress, fostering and protecting them, giving them the benefit of his medical knowledge if they are sick, receiving their confidences, giving them good counsel, and, above all, educating their children. He must enter with a will into all their little interests, their

household ways and means, and their agricultural pursuits. He must get at their understanding before he can expect much from their faith, and must bestow some thought upon their prosperity in this world if he hopes to enhance their well-being in the next. So, if Great Britain is to extend her power in the Archipelago, she must introduce a righteous and liberal policy, both commercial and governmental. She must not turn these Eastern islands into a place of refuge for her own redundant population. She must develop the native populations, and spread her civilisation through their means. Colonization will not do: that will swamp the original population, and will not develop it. Commercial settlements will not do: they enrich the settlers and impoverish the natives. Personal influence, such as alone affects to any purpose an Oriental people, is what is wanted,—an influence such as Rajah Brooke's, that can accommodate itself to what it has to deal with, and, through a friendly interest, gradually penetrate into the heart and substance of that on which it has to work.

Were such an influence judicially exerted by Great Britain, great things might be in store for both Borneo and for her. In the Eastern Archipelago—though, with the insignificant exception of the island of Labuan and the town of Singapore, this country does not possess a foot of land—she is more respected, and her protection is more desired, than that of any other country in the world. Sir Stamford Raffles is not forgotten, and Sir James Brooke still exercises his judicious government over a portion of the population.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Papers relating to the Mutinies in the East Indies.*
 2. *The Mutiny in the Bengal Army.* By one who has Served under Sir Charles Napier. London, 1857.
 3. *My Diary in India, in the Year 1858–59.* By WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, LL.D., Special Correspondent of the *Times*. London, 1860.
 4. *Papers relating to Rewards to Native Princes and Chiefs.* 1859.
 5. *Papers relating to the Administration of Oude.* 1861.
 6. *The Administration of Lord Canning.* Reprinted from the *Bengal Hurkaru*. Calcutta, 1862.
 7. *The Overland Friend of India.* March 22, 1862.

It is easier to write of the dead than of the living. And most of all is the writer conscious of this, when the work that lies before him is the record of great deeds, and the illustration of a noble character. We may shrink from scattering flowers in the path of a living hero; but without fears or misgivings we may cast a wreath upon his bier. Flattery cannot 'soothe the dull cold ear of death;' and nothing can be rendered back in exchange by the dust of departed greatness.

The inclination which we had, whilst Lord Canning stood in the rank of our living statesmen, to write of his Indian administration, need no longer be withstood. We may write now, sorrowfully, but freely. Nothing that we can say can please or grieve him. History may declare, with as little reserve, what he did, and what he was, as if Clive, or Hastings, or Wellesley, were the theme of discourse. In this place, bound by the exigencies of time and space—writing, indeed, at the eleventh hour—we can only indicate a few of the more salient points of his career, and the more prominent features of his character. We must necessarily leave unsaid much that we could wish to say, and pass cursorily over incidents on which we could desire to dwell. We profess, indeed, only to throw together a few rough notes, which may guide the inquiries of others to some of the more remarkable circumstances of Lord Canning's public life.

When, after an administration protracted far beyond the wonted term, Lord Dalhousie intimated his intention to lay down the reins of government, the question of succession was one of unusual interest. No Governor-General had ever before gone out to govern such an empire as was now to be consigned to the care of an English statesman, trained in the schools of Westminster and Whitehall. It was a magnificent charge, and a mighty responsibility, to descend upon a minister of any degree;

and when it was said that Lord Canning had been selected to fill the office, the outside Public asked sneeringly, whether there was anything to recommend him but his *name*? But those who had something more than common report whereon to base their opinions, felt that there were in the man the germs of undeveloped greatness, and that he needed but an opportunity to show that he had inherited more than that illustrious name. Belonging to that party in which the traditions of Toryism and Whiggism are blended together into a mild and reluctant liberality, he had held office under more than one political chief, and in different departments of the State had shown good capacity for administration. But he was diffident of his own powers; and it is said that he unwillingly accepted the greatness which was thrust upon him. In those days, the East India Company, with that unstinting liberality which contained so large an infusion of political wisdom, were wont to bid their departing Governors-General 'God speed' through the medium of a grand banquet in the city. On that occasion, the chairman of the Company made a graceful allusion to the appointment of George Canning to the high office which his son was about to fill, saying, that the recollection of this would be 'an inspiration as strong as any that could rouse the energies of a man in his struggle for success.' To this Lord Canning responded, in a speech modest but decided in its tone, 'I shall, indeed, consider that there is a blessing on my work, if it be granted to me to justify by my own acts the preference which has been shown to the name I bear, and to vindicate my right to bear it.' And there were those present, who, seeing then that pale, calm, resolute countenance for the first time, never doubted for a moment that, the opportunity being granted to him, he would justify the choice of the Government, and add new lustre to his father's name.

He went out to India with a fair prospect of peace before him. 'No prudent man,' wrote Lord Dalhousie in the elaborate farewell minute in which he reviewed the history of his administration, 'who has any knowledge of eastern affairs, would ever venture to predict the maintenance of continued peace within our eastern possessions. Experience, frequent, hard and recent experience, has taught us that war from without, or rebellion from within, may at any time be raised against us, in quarters where they were least to be expected, and by the most feeble and unlikely instruments. No man, therefore, can ever prudently hold forth assurances of continued peace in India. But having regard to the relation in which the Government of India stands towards each of the several foreign powers around it, I think it may be safely said that there seems to be no quarter from which

formidable war can reasonably be apprehended at present.' And, indeed, there were at that time no external sources of inquietude. It is true that even then the seeds of the Persian war had been sown; but that was an event not in the circle of Indian politics, beyond the power of a Governor-General to prevent,—almost, it may be said, not within his scope to foresee. Indian troops were employed, and an Indian officer led them; and the East India Company were compelled to pay a part of the cost; but it was altogether a Foreign Office war, and we believe that the majority of the English in India knew as little 'what they killed each other for' as the wondering little Wilhelmine in the poem. Neither Lord Dalhousie nor Lord Canning had anything to do with the making of that war; and it cannot be said in any way to have belied the anticipations of the former.

And there was nothing in it, when it did come, greatly to disturb the latter. Lord Canning, as we have said, was not responsible for it. Scarcely, indeed, was he responsible for its conduct; for the plan of operations had been determined and the commander had been appointed in England, and it was sure to be numbered among the little wars of our great country. Read in connection with later events, this rupture with the court of Persia has a grave significance, which was not apparent when it was commenced. What Lord Canning thought of it at the time we do not know, and we scarcely care to inquire. It is sufficient to record here, that he gave to Outram an ungrudging and a cordial support, which elicited the grateful acknowledgments of that distinguished soldier; and that he rejoiced as much in the successful operations of the campaign as if he had planned the war and selected the commander.

In India itself, there was little or nothing to disturb him. If there was one part of our vast empire to which, more than to all others, an anxious eye might have been not unreasonably turned by the new Governor-General, it was the great province of Oude, which had been annexed to our dominions as the crowning act of his predecessor's administration. But there were no symptoms of inquietude in that part of the country. 'Is all well in Oude?' 'All is well in Oude.' Such was the question flashed from Calcutta to Lucknow—such the answer flashed back again from Lucknow to Calcutta, on the day of Lord Canning's arrival. It was rather, we believe, to test the working of the telegraph, which had just been established between the vice-regal city and the capital of Oude, than to ascertain the state of the province, that Dalhousie charged the wires with this message; but the fact stands recorded, in the departing Governor-General's own words, that 'All is well in Oude' were the first tidings which greeted his successor on his arrival. And Lord Canning

had no reason to think that there was danger beneath that apparent calm.

And throughout the year of his noviciate the favourable appearances, which had greeted him on his arrival, continued to encourage his hopes of a peaceful reign. The truest wisdom at such a time consisted in doing the least; and Lord Canning, during this first year of office, was content quietly to watch the development of his predecessor's measures. He had, of course, everything to learn. Fortunately, he had nothing to unlearn. He carried to India no crude theories to be exploded, no bitter prejudices to be dispersed. He neither looked upon his colleagues in the Government with suspicion, nor upon his departmental subordinates with contempt. They were men, for the most part, of large experience and undoubted ability; and without blindly adopting their views, he accepted with respect the counsel which it was their duty to offer. That during this year, 1856, he did not see the speck on the horizon which in time was to swell into a great cloud overshadowing the whole land, is simply to say that he was human. If the men by whom he was surrounded, with the experiences of their lives to guide them, habituated to the study of the national character, and skilled in the interpretation of political signs and symptoms, did not foresee that a great peril was impending over the English in India at that time, how could an Indian statesman of a few months be expected to discern it? Nay more, wise as we may be after the event, there is still room to doubt whether the danger actually existed at that time—whether, we mean, the British Empire in the East was in any greater peril than it had been for years past, and was likely to be for years to come. That 'in India we are always in danger,' is the recorded dictum of more than one of our greatest Indian statesmen. Lord Dalhousie had not denied, and Lord Canning, we doubt not, readily believed, that this must be the normal state of things in an empire whose very existence was an anomaly, without a parallel in the world. But that in 1856 events were certainly tending to the speedy development of the tremendous crisis of the following year, and that there were then indications of an approaching outburst, which human penetration ought to have discerned and human sagacity provided against, is what we have hitherto failed to discover.

But the storm burst; and if it did not find Lord Canning prepared, it found him equal to the occasion. He confronted it stedfastly. He was not alarmed. If he did not clearly see, at first, its full extent and frightful significance, it was because he did not calculate upon the mismanagement—to use the mildest word, not actually violating the truth—which caused the extension of the evil. A single house on fire may end in the conflagration.

gration of a whole city, or a single fever-stricken patient may cause the death of a multitude of men. We all know that such *may* be the result; but if we anticipate any such calamity, we are called idle alarmists. And knowing well what is the disposition, in such cases, to attach blame to men in authority, we have the strongest possible conviction that, if Lord Canning, at the time of the Barrackpore mutiny, in March 1857, had treated the matter as though it were to be the precursor of such events as subsequently occurred, he would have been accused of precipitating the crisis by a display of causeless alarm. Not to foresee the coming of a crisis, is one thing; not to comprehend it when it comes, is another. That Lord Canning regarded the assault of Mungul Pandey on Adjutant Baugh as a tragic event, symbolizing the great massacres to come, we have no desire to assert. Nay, we readily admit that he did *not*. Until Meerut had broken out into revolt, and the mutineers had rushed to Delhi, he did not clearly see that any great danger was threatening the security of the empire.

But we deny that in the early part of the year Lord Canning failed to perceive the importance of the matter of the greased cartridges. The author of the 'Red Pamphlet' (the work whose title is placed the third on our list), so highly extolled by Lord Derby in the House of Lords, says that at this time the Government were 'confident and callous.' 'Although,' he adds, 'the excited state of the minds of the Sepoys; consequent upon the discovery of the nature of the grease, was reported to them; not a single explanation was offered, not an attempt made to soothe them.' This was written by an officer of the Indian army—an honourable gentleman, we believe, of as much integrity as intelligence. But how stands the fact? The very first official despatch laid before Parliament, 'relative to the mutinies in the East Indies'—a despatch from the Government of India to the Court of Directors, dated February 7, 1857—contains this passage: 'Your honourable Court will observe that the matter has been fully explained to the men at Barrackpore and at Dum Dum, and that they appear perfectly satisfied that there existed no intention of interfering with their caste; and also that proper measures will be taken to remove the cause of their objection to the composition of the material used for greasing the cartridges.' Now, it is very clear from these two antagonistic statements, that either the author of the 'Red Pamphlet' or the Governor-General of India in Council told an untruth. We believe that the one was just as incapable as the other of stating a deliberate falsehood. The difference between the two authorities is, that the one knew what had been done, and the other *did not*.

It must be admitted, however, that the feeling indicated by

the passage which we have quoted from the 'Red Pamphlet,' was very generally shared by the British inhabitants of Calcutta. Even after the full proportions of the mutiny in the North-western Provinces had displayed themselves, it was believed that Lord Canning was 'confident and callous.' It was natural that, in the posture of affairs which had then arisen, the European community at the Presidency should have turned their thoughts with intense eagerness to the statesman at the head of the Government, and should have asked each other whether he was to be trusted. Up to this time they had not known much of him as a man of action; and there were those who began openly to declare their longings for 'one week of Dalhousie.' There was manifestly a tremendous crisis in Upper India; and it appeared plain, to what is called 'the most ordinary comprehension,' that it was the duty of the Government at such a time to be 'up and doing.' But the virtue of *not* doing was not quite so plain—never is quite so plain—to that same 'ordinary comprehension.' There were two kinds of measures which might have been resorted to in that conjuncture—the one tending to protection and security, without in any way increasing the danger itself; the other, with some possible eventuality of good, having a tendency to make matters worse. Of the first class was the gathering up of every possible European regiment within an available distance; and the second was the disarming of native regiments, not tainted with active mutiny. It is admitted that, in the former direction, Lord Canning did everything that humanity could do to draw reinforcements to the seat of danger from distant parts of India, and to collect them from points beyond the limits of India, as the Persian Gulf, the Mauritius, the Cape, and the China seas. All this was done quietly, and without any manifestations likely to alarm and irritate those whom we wished to tranquillize and to pacify. Bengal was, at that time, almost entirely denuded of European troops. Until reinforcements could be brought up, he could not strike an effectual blow at developed or undeveloped rebellion in the Lower Provinces; and there was a reasonable apprehension that 'strong measures' would drive into active hostility men who were merely dallying on the banks, and not yet prepared to plunge into the stream. It is an undoubted fact, that more were driven into mutiny by their fears than by their hopes. Lord Canning's experience of the native character in general, and of the Sepoy character in particular, was little more than a year old; but there were men who had been familiar with the habits and feelings of the native soldiery for nearly half a century, and whose rooted faith it was, that the best means of keeping the Sepoy firm in his allegiance was to manifest confidence

in him. To act upon the principle of *quieta non movere* might still have been wise, if Lord Canning had been strong in the means of suppression ; but destitute as his resources were of every element of strength, it was unquestionable wisdom not by any measures of his own to excite the wavering to acts of open violence, with which he had not the means successfully to grapple.

But there were other causes besides the tardiness with which Lord Canning consented to disarm the troops at Barrackpore and Calcutta, which filled with bitterness the hearts of the European community at the Presidency. He gave sore offence by his cold reception of their offer to form themselves into a volunteer guard, to aid in the defence of the capital. His first feeling, we believe, was, that they might advantageously act as a special constabulary force in connection with the Police. This they resented ; and we cannot doubt that, after a few years' experience of the temper of the European community in India, he must himself have acknowledged that it was a mistake. The offer was subsequently accepted, and arms were served out to the volunteer force then raised ; but it was never forgotten that the Governor-General had looked coldly on the proposal. To many of our readers, this admitted fact will appear to be wholly unaccountable. Two or three such volunteer corps as our own Civil Service or Inns-of-Courts regiments, must, it may be thought, at such a time, have been a pillar of strength from which any Government would most willingly derive support. But Lord Canning thought that the European inhabitants of Calcutta had too many ties to admit of their becoming efficient volunteer soldiers. There were few without engrossing avocations to occupy them by day, and without wives and families whom they would not desert at night. It was doubted whether, if called upon for any continuous duty, such as the garrisoning of the Fort, any large number of them would have left their business and their home, and have responded to the call. If this conception were right, Government might greatly have embarrassed itself, and, indeed, have jeopardized the interests of the State, by placing reliance on what might, in a critical conjuncture, have proved to be little better than a broken reed. Still, to say the least of the matter, it was unfortunate in the extreme that such an offer as this, which ought to have drawn the Governor-General and the European community more closely together, should in reality have resulted only in a schism between them.

But, unfortunate as it was, it is by no means inexplicable. The simple truth is, that Lord Canning at that time did not understand the European community, and that the European community did not understand Lord Canning. The two epithets quoted from the 'Red Pamphlet' convey the general

impression of the Governor-General's bearing at this time. 'Confident' he was, with a noble confidence; but he was not 'callous.' But the safety of the empire required that he should resist appeals to his feelings, and turn a deaf ear to personal importunities of every kind. Not only was there continually breaking upon him the cry of 'For God's sake, help!' but men of all kinds and degrees were offering him advice—'Do this,' and 'Do that;' often tendering the wildest or the most puerile suggestions. It was right that he should put on armour at such a time; but it did not pain him less to wear it. 'It is enough to break one's heart,' he wrote to a correspondent in England, 'to refuse, day after day, the imploring prayers of the Europeans at out-stations for protection by European troops against the rising of the Sepoys in their neighbourhood, or against the savage marauders and mutineers who are a-foot. But to scatter our small force over the face of the country, would be to throw away every chance of success.' No one knew so well as the Governor-General himself what was the poverty of his resources at that time, and how utterly impossible it was to succour detached communities without ruining the general interests of the State. It would have been equally impossible to accept all the counsel that was offered to him. Every fresh symptom of danger, as it arose, called forth a clamorous outcry for the adoption of some specific measure. All sorts of strange and incredible reports were floating about in the social atmosphere; and if the Governor-General had heeded all that was said to him, and done all that he was advised to do, his administration at that time would have been a series of petty shifts and temporary expedients, often at variance with, and perhaps neutralizing, one another. But it is not to be doubted that all these prayers refused, all these counsels rejected, had a tendency to sow broadcast the seeds of bitter resentment. People said that he was heartless and obdurate. This would have been said, perhaps, of any strong man in a similar position. A weak man, shedding tears and wringing his hands *coram populo*, might have gained credit for a feeling heart, but would hardly have been a seemly spectacle in such a conjuncture. Lord Canning had, doubtless, a sore struggle to veil his emotions; but knowing how much depended on his outward calmness of demeanour, he *did* veil them; and it was said that he was 'callous.' Something, too, may perhaps be attributed to a naturally reserved manner. At such a time, any man would have appeared to be thoughtful and self-involved; but the weight of care that was upon him, in his case, appears to have increased this constitutional reserve, and people thought that it indicated want of sympathy. A more demonstrative and impulsive man would have been more popular at such a time;

but he might have wrecked the vessel, which Lord Canning steered safely into port.

But that which, of all his measures, brought down upon him the greatest amount of obloquy at this time, was his interference with the liberty of the Press. We do not say that it was really the most unpopular of his measures, but it provoked the hostility which made itself most noisily heard. It is wholly unnecessary, in connection with this incident of Lord Canning's career, to discuss either the character of the Indian Press, or the wisdom of its liberation. We have a profound conviction that the Indian Press has rendered essential service to the cause of good government, and that its liberation was a measure of unquestionable political wisdom. But we are equally convinced that, in this particular crisis, the Indian Press, both Native and European, was doing anything but service to the State. The former was unscrupulous in the extreme, and the latter had been guilty of grave indiscretions. That journals of such high character as the *Friend of India* and the *Bengal Hurkaru* should have intentionally written a single line calculated to embarrass the Government, is wholly incredible. But a man who heedlessly tosses about firebrands in a village of mat-huts is not less dangerous than a malignant incendiary. Lord Canning read certain articles in the journals we have named, and he saw at once the mighty mischief they might do. He had good information, too, that much seditious matter was being published, day after day, in the native journals. Whether, if the publications of the European press had been altogether innocuous, the Governor-General would have drawn a distinction between the two classes of journals, and instituted stringent measures of repression with regard only to those printed in the languages of the country, we do not undertake to say; but with such evidence as he had before him of the mischievous character of some of the articles printed by European publicists, it seemed impossible, with any show of reason and justice, to distinguish between them. He was especially vexed and alarmed by a statement in the *Bengal Hurkaru*, to the effect that European troops had been sent to Berhampore to arrest the Newab-Nazim of Moorshedabad, who, with his principal officers, had been discovered, it was said, through the agency of papers which the Government had seized, to have been implicated in the rebellion. There was not a word of truth in this story. The Newab-Nazim had been faithful to the British Government. The bigoted Mohammedan population of Moorshedabad would have burst out into open rebellion on a signal from that prince; but he never spoke a word, or raised a hand, to encourage them. It was only too probable, however, that this announcement, in a leading Calcutta journal, would

rouse the smouldering hostility of the people, and throw the Newab, in terror and desperation, into the arms of the rebels. In a native journal, such a story would have been comparatively harmless. But in an English paper of good repute, such a statement was sure to be believed. Indeed, the mischief which, under such circumstances, an English journal could do, was double or quadruple that which any paper printed in Persian or Oordoo could achieve, with all its intentional malignity. In the case to which we have adverted, Lord Canning took prompt measures to arrest the circulation of the offending journal in that part of the country in which it was likely to do most harm. It is not to be alleged that this indiscretion caused Lord Canning to place restrictions upon the liberty of the press. He had taken his stand, in consequence of other indiscretions, before the Moorshedabad article appeared in the *Hurkaru*. But he was strongly confirmed in his impressions by this most ill-considered announcement, dangerous and censurable in the extreme, even if it had been true; and it abundantly exhibits, not only the mischief that might have been, but that actually was disseminated, by the most discreet and well-intentioned English journals. We confess that these things surprised us. The Government of India, especially in troubled times, have been for many years quite unreserved in their communications to the English journals. An editor could always obtain from Government House a correct version of the incidents of the day. If he wished his own information to be confirmed or corrected, he had only to write a note to the Private Secretary. Nay, more; information of importance was afforded to the leading journals without solicitation upon their parts. Lord Canning thought, therefore, that there was no excuse for the publication of untruths (and, indeed, he might have added that, in such times, there was no excuse for the publication of truths that might jeopardize the safety of the empire), and complained that, in spite of all the privileges granted to him, an English editor could insert paragraphs without a shadow of foundation, not having the perception to see that he was imperilling the lives of a whole community of 'unprotected Europeans.' It was said to be an anti-English feeling which incited this general crusade against the Press, and struck down Europeans and natives alike—nay, struck primarily at the former. But it was for the sake of his countrymen that he caused the Press Act to be passed; and we believe that there are not many Englishmen who do not, in these days, cheerfully admit that the measure was forced upon him by the exigencies of the times.

And we may observe here, that if any proof were needed that the son of George Canning had no prejudice against journalism,

and no desire to restrain its liberties, it would be found in the manner in which he received Mr Russell, the special correspondent of the *Times*. We had marked, as a personal illustration of our subject, a graphic passage in this gentleman's Diary in India, which cannot perhaps be inserted at any more appropriate stage of our article than that which we have now reached. The following is, on many accounts, worth reading:—

‘As the Governor-General is going to Allahabad at dawn to-morrow, I drove over to present my letters early in the forenoon to Government House, a residence not altogether unbecoming the Viceroy of India, but at the same time by no means overwhelming, splendid, or in faultless taste. . . . At half-past six o'clock I waited upon Lord Canning, whom I found immersed in books and papers, and literally surrounded by boxes, “military,” “political,” “revenue,” etc. I had never seen him before, to my knowledge; but the striking resemblance of the upper portion of his face to the portraits and busts of George Canning, would, I think, have told me who he was. His Excellency was kind enough to explain to me, at great length and with remarkable clearness, the actual state of affairs at that time in India; to show me on the map what had been done in order to re-establish our power, and to indicate generally what the operations would be by which that object was to be effected. In doing so, it is true, Lord Canning took for granted I was in ignorance of what had happened; but, though a little time might have been lost, there was certainly no room left for misunderstanding on my part. Looking at the map, the work seemed heavy. In Oude, Bundelkhund, Gorruckpore, Rohilcund, and portions of Central India, the British rule had ceased to exist for many months, and the rebel leaders almost fancied they were secure in their new possessions. He seemed proud—and am I not bound to say, with justice?—of the exertions of his Government to forward the troops up country with comfort and despatch, and to provide for them when sick and wounded; but it struck me that he overestimated the amount of work that can be effected by any one man, however zealous and self-sacrificing,—unless, indeed, he be such an administrative giant as Cæsar or Napoleon. I was not astonished to find a Governor-General of India, at such a time, worn-looking and anxious, and heavy with care; but when I learnt incidentally, and not from his own lips, that he had been writing since early dawn that morning, and that he would not retire till twelve or one o'clock that night, and then had papers to prepare ere he started in the morning, I was not surprised to hear that the despatch of public business was not so rapid as it might have been if Lord Canning had a little more regard for his own ease and health.’

In this passage, Mr Russell hits the blot—or what is generally conceived to be the blot—in Lord Canning's character as an administrator. We have often heard of his habits of delay—often heard it said, that when business got into his hands, or rather into his boxes, it was difficult to get it out again. Thus

the consideration of important questions was often injuriously deferred, and action taken, months, perhaps years, after the right time. The fact is asserted on evidence far too good for us to doubt it. But it was hardly possible that it should have been otherwise, unless the Governor-General had left much important work to be done by his subordinates, and committed himself to measures of which he might not have approved. Now, we readily admit, that in nothing more than in the right use of subordinates are the qualities of a great statesman apparent. 'The most important qualification of one who is high in the service of the State is'—it has been well said—'his fitness for acting *through others*; since the importance of his operations vicariously effected, ought, if he knows how to make use of his power, to predominate greatly over the importance which can attach to any man's direct and individual activity. The discovery and use of instruments implies, indeed, activity as well as judgment, because it implies that judgment which only activity in affairs can give. But it is a snare into which active statesmen are apt to fall—to lose, in the importance which they attach to the immediate and direct effects of their activity, the sense of that much greater importance which they might impart to it, if they applied themselves to make their powers operate through the most effective and the widest instrumentality.'¹ It is impossible to feel more strongly than we feel the truth of this. But the circumstances in which Lord Canning was placed in 1857, were entirely of an exceptional character; and it would be unjust to apply to his conduct at this time any rules or tests of general application. The ordinary business of a Governor-General, if conscientiously discharged, is more than sufficient to occupy every hour of every day. The responsibility of every measure, small or great, is with him. If he interferes in small matters, and has a weak desire to do everything himself, he betrays his unfitness for the office. But it is right that every great measure should have his most deliberate consideration. There is certain to be, even in ordinary times, a sufficiency of such measures to employ his mind, without leaving room for trifling details. Indeed, the work which had been thrown up by Lord Dalhousie's annexations was in itself sufficient to occupy the time of an active-minded statesman. But Lord Canning, after the outbreak of the mutiny, had not only to work through the current business of his high office, but to grapple with the urgent necessities of the crisis—to meet each day's dangers and difficulties as they arose. The wonder is, not that the ordinary business of the Government moved slowly at such a time, but that it was not brought to a dead stand. Moreover, much

¹ 'The Statesman,' by Henry Taylor.

of this business was necessarily so much influenced by passing events, that the decisions of to-day might be stultified by the incidents of to-morrow; and sound discretion therefore counselled delay. At such a time, it was more than ever necessary that the head of the Government should not commit himself to any hasty judgments. The quality which most predominated in Lord Canning's character was conscientiousness. It may, perhaps, be said of him, that he was conscientious even to a fault. It is not improbable that the settlement of important questions was sometimes deferred till a convenient opportunity (which never came) for deliberate consideration should arrive, and that at last the business was despatched, quite as hastily and imperfectly, at the end of the year as it would have been at the beginning. But there is a natural tendency amongst us, both in public and private life, to look for opportunities of leisure, which never come; and if we have for our postponements and delays any such good and valid excuses as those which the historian may truthfully allege in behalf of Lord Canning, we need not greatly disturb ourselves about our shortcomings.

'When, in January last,' wrote Lord Canning in June 1858, alluding to the departure to which Mr Russell refers in the passage above quoted, 'about the time at which the army of the Commander-in-Chief began to be concentrated on Lucknow, I left Calcutta for Allahabad, one of my chief motives for doing so was the obtaining of full, accurate, and recent information in regard to the temper and disposition of the chiefs and people of Oude; the extent to which they felt themselves aggrieved by the Government; how far that feeling was just; the nature of the influences at work among them, and other points requiring consideration, before a decision could be taken as to the mode of dealing with the province.' We are coming now upon one of the great facts of Lord Canning's administration. Delhi had been taken. The Lower Provinces were safe. The seat of war had been transferred to Oude and to Central India, where Sir Colin Campbell and Sir Hugh Rose were leading their armies to victory. It was in the former country that the main interest of the war was concentrated. In Oude, more than in any other part of the empire, the insurrection had a national character. Not only was it the home of a large portion of the mutinous soldiery, but all the influential classes had been aroused to a state of intense antagonism to the British usurper by the measures which had been taken, after the annexation of the province, to despoil them of their rights and privileges. To tread out the insurrection in Oude, would be to restore the country to tranquillity. But Lord Canning felt that our enemies in that province were to be regarded in a very different light from the

mutinous soldiery, who had turned upon their British officers, and in cold blood murdered innocent women and children. The allegiance of the people of Oude, he said, 'when they broke into rebellion, was little more than a year old. They had become British subjects by no act of their own; our rule had brought loss of property upon many of them, and on some an unjust loss; and it had diminished the importance and arbitrary power of all.' 'I considered,' he added, 'these facts to be a palliation of rebellion, even where hostility to us had been most inveterate.' And we do not doubt for a moment that this view of the case of the Oude insurgents was as sound in policy as it was liberal in sentiment. The chiefs and people of the province owed us nothing. The former had, indeed, suffered nothing but wrong at our hands, and the latter had by no means appreciated the theoretical benefits which we had purposed to bestow upon them. We had struck down the great landholders in Oude for the sake of the village occupants; but when war blazed out, not a single one of these men, for whom we had braved the hostility of the great landholders, ranged himself on the side of the British Government. 'It might have been expected,' wrote Lord Canning, 'that when insurrection first arose in Oude, and before it had grown to a formidable head, the village occupants, who had been so highly favoured by the British Government, and in justice to whom it had initiated a policy distasteful to the most powerful class in the province, would have come forward in support of the Government who had endeavoured to restore them to their hereditary rights, and with whose interests their interests were identical. Such, however, was not the case. So far as I am yet informed, not an individual dared to be loyal to the Government which had befriended him. The village occupants, as a body, relapsed into their former subjection to the Talookhdar, owned and obeyed his authority, as if he had been the lawful suzerain, and joined the ranks of those who rose up in arms against the British Government.' In short, the system had utterly failed. It had alienated the one class, and had not attached to us the other.

When, therefore, the victorious arms of Outram, Havelock, and Campbell placed the province again at our feet; when Oude became, by conquest, a second time British territory, and Lord Canning was in a position to deal with it as a conquered country, he saw only a *rasa tabula* before him, and felt that there were no existing obligations to any particular class which restricted him from carrying out the broad general policy which seemed to be at the same time the most expedient and the most just. The land-revenue system, which had been introduced into Oude in 1856, had been avowedly that which had been carried out, as was said, with 'so much success in the

North-Western Provinces of India.' But in those very provinces the system had collapsed. 'The real feeling of the country, unequivocally exhibited,' said Lord Canning, 'during the period of anarchy which followed the mutinies, has declared, or made more manifest, defects in the land-revenue system of the North-Western Provinces, which we cannot safely leave out of mind when reorganizing the land-tenures and administration of a new kingdom. The maintenance of a territorial aristocracy in India, wherever we have such an aristocracy still existing, is an object of so great importance, that we may well afford to sacrifice to it something of a system which, whilst it has increased the independence and protected the rights of the cultivators of the soil, and augmented the revenues of the State, has led more or less directly to the extinction or decay of the old nobility of the country.' Adopting these sound principles, which had been utterly repudiated during the reign of his predecessor, Lord Canning cast about in his mind how most expediently to give them effect. There had been a settlement of the land-revenue on the annexation of the province, which had recognised the rights of the village occupants, as we have said, often to the exclusion and ruin of the great landholder, who may have been little more than a middleman or contractor, but still had vast powers and privileges, and a high social position, derived from his connection with the land. The village occupants, as has been shown, had forfeited by rebellion any rights which the British Government had bestowed upon them, and the great landholders, with two or three exceptions, had brought into the field all their resources against us. The British Government, therefore, was fully entitled, in our opinion, to declare all antecedent rights forfeited by rebellion, except in the cases of those who had demonstratively been true to us during the crisis. Lord Canning had no intention, and no wish, to condemn all the proprietors, great and small, to a wholesale confiscation; but he saw no means of setting aside the settlement of 1856, and beginning *de novo* upon a new system, except by authoritatively declaring such a confiscation. He assumed the right of the British Government to dispose of all the land in Oude, solely for the purpose of reorganizing the landed tenures in a manner consistent with ancient proprietary rights and the social institutions of the country.

But when the news of this confiscation reached England, the measure was wholly misunderstood. It was said to be harsh and tyrannical, and there were those who compassionated the very men whom Lord Canning purposed to benefit. Then Lord Ellenborough, being for a little space President of the Board of Control, sent out an insolent despatch, signed by the Secret

Committee of the East India Company, which was published in England before it was received by the Governor-General. Nay, more, before the despatch was published, the tenor of it had been made known to Parliament, and the ministerial disavowal of Lord Canning's act was conveyed to India, and flashed by telegraph across the whole length and breadth of the country.

Many then said that Lord Canning would resign. The few who knew him better, took a correct measure of the man, and said that no private considerations would move him to jeopardize the interests of the State, by throwing up the reins of Government in such an important conjuncture. They were right. The Governor-General, in a despatch equally dignified in its tone and masterly in its arguments, replied to the stinging letter of the Secret Committee, and said:—

‘No taunts or sarcasms, come from what quarter they may, will turn me from the path which I believe to be that of my public duty. I believe that a change in the head of the Government of India at this time, if it took place under circumstances which indicated a repudiation, on the part of the Government in England, of the policy which has hitherto been pursued towards the rebels of Oude, would seriously retard the pacification of the country. I believe that that policy has been, from the beginning, merciful without weakness, and indulgent without compromise of the dignity of the Government. I believe that, wherever the authority of the Government has been re-established, it has become manifest to the people in Oude, as elsewhere, that the indulgence to those who make submission, and who are free from atrocious crime, will be large. I believe that the issue of the proclamation, which has been so severely condemned, was thoroughly consistent with that policy, and that it is so viewed by those to whom it is addressed. I believe that that policy, if steadily pursued, offers the best and earliest prospect of restoring peace to Oude upon a stable footing. Firm in these convictions, I will not, in a time of unexampled difficulty, danger, and toil, lay down of my own act the high trust which I have the honour to hold, but I will, with the permission of your Honourable Committee, state the grounds upon which these convictions rest, and describe the course of policy which I have pursued in dealing with the rebellion in Oude. If, when I have done so, it shall be deemed that that policy has been erroneous, or that, not being erroneous, it has been feebly and ineffectually carried out, or that for any reason the confidence of those who are responsible for the administration of Indian affairs in England should be withheld from me, I make it my respectful but earnest request, through your Honourable Committee, that I may be relieved of the office.’

Long before this reached them, the Court of Directors had recorded a Resolution, expressive of the fullest confidence in the Governor-General, and forwarded it to Lord Canning. It re-

moved at once all doubts and disquietudes from his mind. 'Such an expression of the sentiments of your Honourable Court,' he said, 'would be to me a source of gratification and just pride in any circumstances; but the generous and timely promptitude with which you have been pleased to issue it, and the fact that it conveys approval of the past, as well as trust for the future, has greatly enhanced its value. Your Honourable Court have rightly judged that, in the midst of difficulties, no support is so cheering, or so strengthening to a public servant, as that which is derived from a declared approval of the spirit by which his just acts have been guided.' This was one of the most generous acts of the Court of Directors of the East India Company. Soon afterwards, they had ceased to exist. But Lord Ellenborough, who had struck this blow at Lord Canning, had then gone down beneath the shock of condemnatory public opinion, and had ceased to be President of the Board of Control.

In the meanwhile, it had been discovered that the harsh and tyrannical measure of the Viceroy was really distinguished by mercy and generosity—that practically, instead of a measure of confiscation, it was a measure of restitution. With a clean score before him, there was no impediment to the inauguration of a system based upon the recognition of the rights of all classes, and entirely in accordance with the usages of the country. This, in fact, was the old Talookhdaree system tempered somewhat by a clearer definition of the rights of the under-proprietors. Thus, many who in 1856 had been excluded from the settlement, and driven into rebellion by the wrongs they had sustained, found themselves restored to their possessions, with no chance of being despoiled of them again. For, although the amount of the revenue to be paid to the Government was left for future assessment, *sunnuds* or grants were given to these landholders recognising the proprietary rights of themselves and their descendants in their several estates. And that the greatest force might be given these promises, and the great solemnity to the occasion, Lord Canning went himself to the capital of Oude, formally to inaugurate this policy of restoration. On the 26th of October 1859, the Viceroy held a grand Durbar at Lucknow. The grants had been issued on the preceding day; and the Talookhdars now, full of loyalty and gratitude, flocked to the tent of the Governor-General, to see the man to whom they owed so much. He addressed them in English; saying that he rejoiced in such an opportunity of speaking to them in the name of their sovereign the Queen. 'A year has not passed,' he said, 'since this province was the seat of anarchy and war. The conduct of its people had been such, that the Government was compelled to

lay a heavy hand upon it. But peace and order are now restored to every corner of Oude; and I am come to speak to you, not of the past, but of the future. You have, all of you who are here present, received yesterday the grants of those estates which the Government has restored to you. You will have seen by the terms of those grants, that the ancient Talookhdaree system of Oude has been revived and perpetuated. Be assured, that so long as each of you is a loyal and a faithful subject, and a just master, his rights and dignities as a Talookhdar will be upheld by me, and by every representative of your Queen; and that no man shall disturb them. You will also have seen by those grants, that the same rights are secured, on the same conditions, to your heirs for ever. Let this security be an encouragement to you to spend your care, and time, and money upon the improvement of your possessions. As the Government has been generous to you, so do you be generous to all those who hold under you, down to the humblest tiller of the soil. Aid them by advances of money, and by other indulgences, to increase the productiveness of the land, and set them an example of order and obedience to your rulers. Let the same security in your possessions encourage you to bring up your sons in a manner befitting the position which they will hereafter occupy as the chiefs of Oude. Learn yourselves, and teach them to look to the Government as a father.'

From that time Lord Canning had the hearts of the chief people of Oude in his safe keeping. He had restored to them their most cherished rights; and he was anxious, at the same time, to enhance the dignity which they derived from their territorial possessions by investing them with authority, and teaching them thoroughly to understand and appreciate the principle that property has its duties and responsibilities as well as its privileges. He desired to associate some of the best-disposed and most intelligent of the Talookhdars with the officers of our Government in the work of internal administration, and they accepted the offer with alacrity. They took upon themselves with proud satisfaction the magisterial and fiscal duties that were entrusted to them, and they have not abused the trust.¹

That 26th of October 1859 was a great and memorable day in Oude. Its events made a deep impression on the minds of the leading people of the country. And when, after the lapse of a year and a half, the principal Talookhdars made their way to Calcutta, to appear at the Viceroy's Durbar, and to present

¹ The importance of this subject would warrant ampler notice than that in the text. We have passed it over thus cursorily, because it was discussed at some length, at a comparatively recent period, in the pages of this Review—No. LXVII., Article, 'India Convalescent.'

to him an address expressive of their thanks for the great benefits he had conferred on their country, they reverted, in emphatic language, to the ineffaceable reminiscences of that great epoch in the history of their country, saying—

‘The territory of Oude, in freshness and beauty, was beyond comparison with any garden. But for a time, being filled with wild and ravenous beasts, it became a fearful desert. Thanks! a hundred times thanks! to your Excellency, the kind and the generous. We are grateful also to the officers by whose unremitting exertions this thorny forest has become the envy of the garden. This place your Excellency saw with astonishment on the 26th October 1859, when you held a general Durbar at Lucknow. We shall never forget the remarkable day when your Excellency, as Viceroy, surrounded by the civil and military officers, received us, the representatives of the people of Oude in Durbar.

‘Your countenance then glowed with affection for the people of Oude. Blessed! blessed! blessed! be our beloved Queen, who rides on the heavens. Blessed be the day and the moment when our Viceroy restored to us those rights which we have enjoyed from time immemorial, but of which we were for a while deprived, and when you thus fulfilled the will of the Almighty, who is full of mercy and love for His creatures, and when you conferred on us khilluts, and jagheers, and titles, which will descend as signs to our posterity. These presents not only displayed the unbounded generosity of your heart, but made every one desirous of rendering services to the British Government.’

To the warm-hearted address of the Oude Talookhdars Lord Canning made an equally warm-hearted reply. It was dignified, impressive, but full of feeling. He spoke of the past and of the present. He said that they themselves were illustrations of the great truth, that it is the wish and the purpose of the British Government to seek out amongst the chiefs and great landholders of India those in whom it may safely repose its confidence, and having found them, to place power and influence freely in their hands, and to uphold them in the respect of their fellow-subjects of every class. And he concluded by saying:—

‘Talookhdars, it is uncertain whether I shall ever set foot in Oude again. Perhaps not. But though I may now be speaking to you face to face for the last time, the interest which I feel in the prosperity of your country will never cease. It is a deep interest, and it will be a lasting one, not only because the prosperity of Oude involves the happiness of seven millions of people, who became subjects of the Queen of England by circumstances which made an anxious care for their well-being one of the most solemn duties that ever fell upon a Governor-General of India, but also because the continued success of England’s Government, as it is now administered in Oude, will be a standing proof that, in spite of bygone animosities, and of the

broadest differences of race, religion, and social usage, a generous and trustful rule is the surest way to make a loyal and dutiful people.'

But he did set foot in Oude again, and then was presented the most remarkable scene of all in this strange history of 'confiscation.' In November 1861, within a few months of the close of his administration, Lord Canning again visited Lucknow. The Talookhdars were eager to pay their respects to him, and he received them in Durbar. They had an offering to make to him—a tribute of their respect, a mark of their gratitude. They did not appear before him with trays of jewels, or chests of gold, or with heaped-up pyramids of shawls, or any other of the *spolia opima* of the East; they simply came to lay at his feet a great offering of humanity. They knew that there were no other means of gratifying the noble heart of their benefactor. So they told him that they had determined among themselves to eradicate from their land the foul crime of infanticide—that they had bound themselves never to commit or to sanction its commission—but, on the other hand, to excommunicate those who were suspected of abetting it; and they concluded their address with these memorable words:—

'As this, my Lord, is probably the last Durbar that your Lordship, the kind benefactor of Hindostan, will hold in Oude, we respectfully approach your Excellency with these lines, to bring to your Lordship's notice the glad tidings that the just and clement policy of your Excellency's administration has, among others, borne this fruit, which we beg to present to your Excellency, the worthy and noble representative of our adored sovereign. May health and prosperity attend your Excellency wherever choice and circumstances may lead your steps; and rest assured, my Lord, that when we say, May God bless you, our honoured and beloved Viceroy, we simply give expression to our heart's impulse.'

To this Lord Canning, with a full heart, replied, after telling them that much as he appreciated their own action, the vigilance of the officers of Government would be unabated:—

'Talookhdars, you have spoken of this spontaneous action on your part against a hidden national crime which lurks among your fellow-countrymen, as one of the fruits of the justice and forbearance with which you have been treated; and I have accepted it as such. I have told you before, when I did not expect to visit your country again, what are my aspirations and hopes for Oude. I have told you that I never doubted that a generous rule would make a dutiful people. I will not further repeat what I have once said. But I heartily accept and return your kindly feeling; and I cannot better repay your good wishes, than by exhorting you to continue in the path of loyalty to your Queen, and of duty to the law in which it is my pride to leave you.'

Lord Canning, when he laid his head upon the pillow that night, must have been the happiest man in the Empire.

We have dwelt on this incident of Lord Canning's career, singling it out thus for especial notice, partly on account of the extraordinary sensation which the Oude proclamation and its results excited in this country; partly on account of the singular illustration it affords of the great truth, that 'the whirligig of Time brings in its revenges;' partly because it clearly indicates the general policy of Lord Canning towards the landed gentry of India; and partly because his bearing under the treatment to which he was subjected, forcibly illustrates the nobility of his character. There are few of our readers who do not remember the adjourned debate in May 1858, in the House of Commons, on Mr Cardwell's motion, condemning the conduct of Lord Derby's Government in publishing the despatch of the Secret Committee censuring the Oude proclamation. This is the only debate on an Indian question which has, within our recollection, excited any real interest, both in the parliamentary and in the public mind. Sir Charles Wood said most truly, in the course of the debate, 'The policy of Lord Canning in regard to Oude is no part of the question before you.' That policy was freely discussed; but the real question was, whether the Government deserved a vote of censure; or, in other words, whether they were to be expelled ignominiously from their seats. We have always thought that Lord Ellenborough, of whom his political, and even his personal enemies, must acknowledge that there is nothing mean and cowardly in his nature, behaved manfully on this occasion. Whatever his indiscretion may have been, first in writing, then in publishing, such a despatch, he atoned to his colleagues and to the country by his resignation, though he could not atone for the wrong he had done to Lord Canning, and might have done to the interests of India. His resignation saved the ministry of which he had been a member. We thought at the time that it ought to have arrested the attempt that was made to implicate the Government generally in the offence which Lord Ellenborough had committed. As it was, that Government was nearly wrecked; for even men who did not clearly understand Lord Canning's policy resented the treatment which he had received at the hands of the President of the Board of Control. The despatch was written, and indeed the debate proceeded, upon imperfect information. There were, however, one or two members of the House whose sagacity penetrated the actual state of the case, and enabled them to do justice to Lord Canning. The present Secretary of State for India was one of the few. He said that Lord Canning's proclamation 'confiscated the rights of the landholders; but it also

held out an expectation, amounting even to a promise, that if they came in and submitted, those rights should be restored to them.' 'My belief is,' he said, 'that such a proclamation is not an undesirable mode of dealing with an Oriental people. First manifest your power, then display your clemency.' And he appealed to the known character and past career of Lord Canning; asking whether he was a man who deserved such treatment at the hands of a Government. 'Has he so conducted himself,' asked Sir Charles Wood, 'in circumstances more trying and arduous than any with which a British statesman ever before had to deal, that you cannot treat him with confidence for a little while? Surrounded by a mutiny breaking out unexpectedly in every quarter, he alone kept his judgment calm, and acted with firmness, discretion, and foresight. He was clement and merciful when clemency was branded by the British residents as treachery. And this is the man upon whom, without knowing what the truth may be, you choose to fix the charge of inhumanity and cruelty.' They were right good words—words which we have pleasure in transcribing. Was the man whom Englishmen had called 'Clemency Canning'—the man whom the natives of India, with one accord, now call 'Canning the Just'—likely to commit himself to an act of unrighteous and cruel spoliation? We have said that Sir Charles Wood was one of the few who rightly understood, at that time, Lord Canning's policy. But we are not sure that there was any man in England who rightly understood the *whole* of it—who viewed it in connection with the unjust and impolitic settlement of the land revenue which had been made in 1856. It is clearly understood now that this form and proclamation afforded the best possible means of effacing all the injustice that had been done in Oude, on our first assumption of the government of the country.

How entirely Lord Canning lived down the reproach which was cast upon him—how, as we have said, the 'whirligig of Time brought in its revenges'—the story of the Oude Talookhdars, as we have told it, sufficiently demonstrates. But still another proof may be given of the great fact that Lord Canning was merciful and forbearing at the right time, and that the people of India appreciated his mercy and forbearance. From Lucknow he proceeded to Benares. In the estimation of the Hindoos, it is the most venerable city in the world. It is the very hot-bed of Brahminism—the great central home of Hindoo learning and literature; and there it was that he received from the chief people of the place an assurance that they dearly loved him for the Christian charity he had shown:—

‘We now approach you,’ they said, ‘to express our feelings of reverence and affection for the just, merciful, and benevolent Ruler of our country at a fearful crisis in its history. Your Excellency, instead of assuming at that time the character of an avenger, which, we confess, we might have justly expected, causing blood to flow even as water, in retribution of the fierce and bloody deeds of some of our countrymen, and, unlike previous conquerors in the history of India, who, with fearless provocation, carried fire and slaughter through its length and breadth, remembered in the time of victory, and in the plenitude of restored power, that you were the representative of a Christian Government, and extended a merciful and unlooked for clemency to those who might have looked for extermination; whilst at the same time your Excellency fully vindicated the majesty of outraged law, and upheld the honour and the dignity of your Government, confided to your care.’

No such homage as this, we believe, had ever been paid by the people of Benares to a Governor-General since the days of Warren Hastings. We have heard, too, that when it was asked how it happened that such an exceptional demonstration had been made in favour of this Christian Viceroy, one of the most influential and intelligent gentlemen of the place replied, that it was the desire of the citizens of Benares to demonstrate their gratitude for the declaration of a policy, and for a course of administration, the natural tendency of which was to eradicate from the minds of the people of India the distrust engendered by the measures of the British Government under previous administrations. The annexation of so many native states of India—especially of Nagpore and of Oude—had shaken the confidence, it was said, of the native communities in the generosity and good faith of the Paramount Power, and the whole course of Lord Canning’s policy had tended to the restoration of the confidence which we had forfeited by our past acts. And it was especially remarked, that not only had the right thing been done, but it had been done at the right time. Had the generous policy which so delighted the country been proclaimed before the insurrection had been trodden out, it would have been mistrusted as a snare, or, perhaps, derided as a proof of weakness. But, it was added, Lord Canning had waited to be merciful till the whole country was under his heel, and European troops were swarming about the provinces, so that every one regarded what had been done, in the consciousness of strength, as a proof of genuine justice and mercy.

We have no doubt that the sentiments thus expressed were shared by the entire community. The policy of Lord Canning towards the princes, the chiefs, the gentry, and the people of the country, was essentially such as to restore confidence to the native mind. Of the manner in which he gave effect to that part of the

Queen's proclamation which declared the desire of the sovereign to perpetuate the dynasties, and to maintain the ancient families, we have not spoken in this place. And yet we know that nothing has made the name of Canning so great in India as the recognition by him, on the part of the sovereign, of the 'Right of Adoption.' At the native courts this declaration of the desire of the Paramount State, that the great houses of India should live and flourish, was received with the most enthusiastic manifestations of delight. But we do not purpose to enlarge upon the subject; for only last year we fully stated the facts of the case, and recorded our sentiments in the pages of this work;¹ and anything that we could now say would be little more than a repetition of our former utterances. It has been said that this policy was not Lord Canning's policy; that it was merely a revival of the policy of the old school of Elphinstone and Malcolm. Unquestionably it was so; but with this difference. Believing in his inmost heart that this policy was just and expedient, he did not merely adopt, for his own use and for his own time, the principles upon which it was based; but he determined to give permanence to those principles—to fix them ineradicably in our system, so that, without a violent breach of faith, disgraceful to the British Government, no future representative of the Paramount Power could again lapse into the arbitrary habits which of late years had resulted in so much wrong-doing. It was truly said by Sir George Clerk,² that 'it is the inconsistency, caprice, and mutability of our opinions regarding all great principles, that is the bane of our supremacy in India.' It was the great object of Lord Canning to sweep away all this inconsistency, caprice, and mutability, and to fix the policy of the British Crown towards the princes and chiefs of India upon an enduring basis of right, to be recognised by generation after generation of English statesmen, as the faith and the practice of the nation, from which it would be flagrant apostasy to depart.

We know that there are, even in connection with this one great subject of the elevation of the Indian races, other points which might be advantageously adverted to here—such, for example, as the admission of native gentlemen to the Legislative Councils of India,—a measure earnestly recommended

¹ Article—'India Convalescent.' No. lxxvii., page 12 *et seq.*

² We cannot write the name of the late Governor of Bombay in connection with this subject, without recording our belief, that the policy of which we are writing owes much to the honourable consistency with which, throughout his distinguished career, in good report and evil report, he maintained the principles on which it was founded. With a profound knowledge of the institutions of the country, and a keen insight into the character and temper of the people, he combined a high sense of justice, which utterly repudiated the sophistries of the new school, and made right, not might, the essence of his political faith and the arbiter of his conduct.

by Lord Canning, which he remained in India long enough to inaugurate; but the necessities of time and space alike compel us to hasten to a close. We have said enough, and more than enough, to demonstrate the veneration and affection with which he was regarded by the natives of the country under his rule. We wish it could be added, that, before he turned his back upon India, he had outlived the prejudices and resentments of every section of the European community. But it was not so. Although it was often said, during Lord Canning's last year or two of office, that he was growing popular, and there were every now and then gratifying indications of a desire to do him justice, he was never thoroughly forgiven for the indisposition which he had evinced, from the very outset of his career, to govern 'India for the English.' In refusing to recognise unjust and impolitic distinctions of race, he had committed an unpardonable offence in the eyes of many members of the governing classes; and in proportion as he became the idol of the natives, he sank in the estimation of those who had never ceased to regard them with a deadly hatred, and who could not bear to see them cherished and sustained. We record with pleasure our belief, that this feeling was not general throughout the European community, even of the Presidency which Lord Canning had so unfortunately offended. But the truth remains, that he resigned the great charge that had been entrusted to him, without eliciting from his countrymen those cordial demonstrations of respectful and affectionate regret which commonly signalize the departure of a Governor, however feeble his administration, however commonplace his character and career.

Lord Canning returned to England in the spring of the present year. It was believed that a brilliant career was before him. He did not come amongst us, as Lord Dalhousie had done, a few years before, utterly broken down, with the shadow of death upon him. He was supposed to be a strong man, in the vigour of life, with a constitution which had sustained unimpaired all the toil and anxiety of the five terrible years during which so many of his comrades had been struck down. No one trembled for his safety; no one doubted that it was still reserved for him to serve his country and his Queen. After a little rest, such as all men need who have laboured unceasingly for years, especially under an Eastern sky, he would, doubtless, be called to the great council of the nation, and earn new honours on a new theatre of action, making the name of Canning even greater than before. But soon it was noised abroad that he had fallen sick—that he would not be able to take his seat in the House of Lords as soon as had at one time been expected—that he was obliged to eschew

society—and that physicians were in daily attendance upon him. Still it was not believed that any dangerous ailment was upon him; and those who had access to him in the house which had been taken for him in Grosvenor Square, did not speak of his disorder as one causing serious apprehension, until the month of June had set in; and then painful rumours made their way into circulation, and it was whispered that the great statesman, who had passed unscathed through so many fierce tempests and convulsions, lay dying in the calm sanctuary of home. It was too true. Following closely upon the great fear, came the appalling certainty. Lord Canning was dead. There is even now something strange and mysterious about the solemn fact. The only credible hypothesis that has reached us is, that, with all his organs in an extreme state of excitability, the action of nature was arrested by sudden exposure to cold. Even in India, it is cold, not heat, that kills the greater number of our European exiles; and many a returned Indian has been destroyed, in a few weeks, by want of care, when suddenly exposed to the severity of an English spring.

On the 21st of June, the remains of Lord Canning were laid beside his father's in Westminster Abbey. There was a solemn gathering of the greatest in the land—of the heroes who had served under him in India, of the statesmen who had been eager to welcome him to England; and never was more genuine sorrow written on the face of men gathered together beside the grave of departed greatness. It is not too much to say that the intelligence of the death of Lord Canning pierced through the heart of the nation. There were few houses, from one end of the country to the other, in which it was not regarded almost as a personal affliction. We have seen tears in the eyes of men, who had never seen him, when they spoke of it. The fact is, that Englishmen in England loved and admired Lord Canning for the very qualities which, imperfectly understood, had rendered him so unpopular among our countrymen in India;—‘so unpopular’—but we think that we may add, ‘only for a time.’ It has been said, by a recent writer, of George Canning, that he was ‘brave, intrepid, and honourable. No stain of baseness ever soiled his reputation. To such an one an assembly of English gentlemen can forgive much.’ Such an one was Lord Canning. Written of the father, the words apply with equal force to the son. The three epithets in this brief passage fully describe his character; and even those who most condemn him admit that no ‘stain of baseness ever soiled his reputation.’ And we doubt not that the English gentlemen who of old time were arrayed against him, receiving the sad tidings of his death, as they will even as we are writing these lines, will forget the

past, and say, even as we are saying, that a great man has passed away from amongst us; whilst the people of India, weeping for their benefactor and their friend, will echo the words we have now before us in a native Indian journal—‘His name will go down to the future as CANNING THE JUST. By this title he will be known to our children’s children.’

THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

- ART. I.—1. *The Life and Letters of John Angell James; including an Unfinished Autobiography.* Edited by R. W. DALE, M.A. London 1861.
2. *Memorials of the Rev. Joseph Sortain, B.A., of Trinity College, Dublin.* By B. M. SORTAIN. London 1861.
3. *The Successful Merchant: Memoirs of the Life of Samuel Budgett of Bristol.* By Rev. W. ARTHUR. London 1860.
4. *Memoirs of George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E., Regius Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh, etc.* By his Sister, JESSIE AITKEN WILSON. Edinburgh 1860.
5. *Memoir of Captain Sir Edward Parry, R.N.* London 1859.
6. *Memorials of the Life of Captain Hedley Vicars.* London 1856.

Two religious ages meet in the present century—two forms of Christian thought and action. The last is not the culmination of the first; it has suddenly superseded it. There are few insensible blendings and gradations. The old life survives only in the memories of the aged; the new surrounds us at this hour with the clamour of its many voices, the rush of its hurrying footsteps, and the whirl of its excitements. The swollen currents of the new religious era are surging on every side; and, while the flood is at its height, it is scarcely possible to know what has been fertilized and what destroyed, what new channels have been formed, and what ancient land-marks swept away.

Our religious biographies and autobiographies are exponents of the two ages. The old lives are mainly subjective, the new objective. The religious character of the men of the modern age is less studious, less reflective,—more active, inventive, aggressive. The private diaries of the former received those

soul-experiences which are now freely committed to correspondence and conversation, with this difference likewise, we believe, that the experiences themselves were deeper and more complete in the quiet of the older life, and under its sterner doctrinal teachings. Self-scrutiny was occasionally exaggerated into a morbid introversion of spiritual vision; indeed, to so great an extreme of unwholesome luxury was it carried, that we positively shrink from the delicate analysis of heart, soul, and motive bequeathed to us by Boston and others, as if the revelation were fitted alone for the eye of Him who seeth in secret. The old faith has less of assurance and joyfulness, dwelling in the gloom and shadow of those grey-tinted days of struggles, and difficulties, and doctrinal severity. There is no complacency in retrospect, little expression of conscious triumph over the flesh;—we can almost imagine, in some cases, that the Master's voice of approval fell upon astonished ears when the long life-conflict was done. Religious men lived in comparative isolation, feeding on old divinity—alone in thought, self-contained, stationary; or in the forefront of battle, 'contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints,' solitary in purpose, one man against a thousand; or less usefully engaged in protracted controversies concerning differences, of which many shall be recognised as verbal only in the days of that 'new logic and critic' dimly foreshadowed by Locke.

There was a piety likewise,—rare, indeed, but not altogether unknown,—alive to a lofty conception of Christian discipleship, strong in the faith which watched and waited in hope for the teaching of the Spirit and the breaking day; men and women whose Christian manhood and womanhood rose far beyond the mark of a secularized and diluted Christianity into the higher atmosphere of a holy consecration supreme over all the choices and pursuits of the mind, prolific in ministries to man, created and warmed by the love of God. There is a tendency to undervalue this older Christianity, and to accuse it of selfishness and inactivity; nor can it be denied that many persons, through a morbid disinclination to earthly activities, abandoned themselves in great measure to an isolated quietism and the luxury of still contemplation,—enjoyments which, in so far as they were fruitless in active life, may not uncharitably be ranked as religious selfishness; but it surely was no mean attainment in others to climb the steep mountain-tops and herald the first flush of morning to those who were lingering in the cold grey twilight of the valleys.

They were slow-moving days; and, to those who dwelt in them, the 'littles' and the 'meikles'—the thoughts, emotions, and conflicts which make up the sum of life—were subject to few disturb-

ing influences from the outer world. Public events in their torpid march were pondered, and their lessons appreciated, but entered not as elements into daily life. Intercourse with kindred spirits was rare; collision with unkindred minds was shunned. Religion itself was a matter between God and the soul, fed upon the communications of the closet and the sanctuary, and influencing the life; but its sacred phraseology was rarely on the tongue in the ordinary intercourse of man with man. Religious effort trod on beaten paths, and avoided the novel and erratic. Belief was arranged and systematized, and theology was perfected in comparative solitude and leisure. Profound reverence was one of the characteristics of faith. Religious individuality was strong, rugged, clearly defined; and the Christian character which the earlier biographies reflect has a massiveness, a wealth of latent energy for moral enterprise, a clearness and consistency of thought, an originality, a balance, and a repose, which were nurtured or developed by the circumstances of the age. Men had so much time to speak for themselves, and furnished such copious revelations of their own characters, as to leave small room for the efforts of the biographer. Consequently we are close to them, and know them well; and Boston, Halyburton, Edwards, Newton, and Venn, appear before us with their characteristic outlines only slightly dimmed by the haziness of the past.

The phases and tendencies of the new age are as faithfully indicated by our latest religious biographies. Diaries, with a recent notable exception, consist mainly in criticisms and general miscellanies, penned in a hasty, ejaculatory style, superficial rather than analytical. They are principally the effusions of youth, discontinued when thought has reached maturity, or the hurried and obscure jottings of a bustling middle life, or retrospects from the stand-point of old age,—in every case sketchy and incomplete. They reveal emotion rather than thought, and oscillate between spiritual joy and depression without analysing the causes of either. They fail to bring us into contact with the inner life, which is usually expressed as fully in correspondence, with less meagreness of style and detail; but letters and diaries alike impress us with the conviction that the currents of that life are shallower, and its experiences less vivid and intense; that less is revealed, because there is less to reveal. But while we state what we believe to be a fact concerning our modern Christianity, we have not the slightest intention of depreciating its value: we only affirm that religion, in those aspects of it which are capable of modification, is affected by the necessities and influences of the age.

In the absence of an abundant supply of materials, the biographer steps in to supplement the deficiency with his ideal, to

which he seeks to conform his subject, or with his undisguised hero-worship, or his ostentatious impartiality, or the wretched taste of strong affection; and the character of the dead, plastic in his hands, takes the mould in a degree of his own peculiarities of fancy and thought, so that his completed work has only a shadowy resemblance to the original. In most of our later religious biographies we only recognise that part of a man's being which is supposed to constitute his religious life, with a modicum of those incidents and acts which are assumed to be sanctified by the sanctity attributed to his character,—the most vicious and misleading, perhaps, of all biographical mistakes. In others, the foibles, weaknesses, and mistakes of good men are recorded, either from ignorance on the writer's part that they are such, or with the tacit assumption that a superior excellence atones for them. In cases where the defects are moral, such as an infirmity of temper or a domineering habit, to sketch them as deformities is not an act of unfriendliness; but there is a mode of exposing indiscretions of manner and speech, intellectual weakness, or defective taste, which is not only repulsive, but injurious to the posthumous influence of a character of substantial excellence. Absolute biographical flattery is less common than the exaggeration of what the biographer regards as the strong point of a religious character, thereby throwing the whole out of focus, and producing distorted monstrosity and stunted deformity. The minute touches with which the writers of the last century laboriously stippled in their portraits are abandoned, and detail is sacrificed to breadth and boldness (or a burlesque of both), compatible, indeed, with accurate portraiture when the pencil is in the hand of Moses or Samuel, but rather a dangerous style for their imitators. The pages of biographies are crowded with characters, so that the 'life' of one man forms a collection of episodes in the lives of his contemporaries and himself, without any strong central individuality.

These defects are in measure the reflection of the time. The age has formed the biographers, the men of whom they write, and the readers to whose tastes they appeal. Fifty years ago men stood out in bolder relief from their fellows, and the salient points of character were more strongly marked. This age casts the religious idiosyncrasy in a smoother mould, and polishes it after the casting. Christians are more gregarious, and rub off their angles against each other. In the activities of associate enterprise and the whirl of practical effort, there is scarcely time or opportunity for the development of strong individuality. Contemplative habits are rare, quietism almost unknown,—'results' are the grand desideratum. There are few 'demonstrations in favour of a higher form of Christianity,' the old heroic piety,—and the few.

have ended in impracticable theories or sublime confusion. It is an age of religious action rather than reflection—of religious work, business, novelties, excitements—of activity occasionally perverted into a superficial or unquiet and disorderly pursuit, and the new highway of external, energetic, evangelistic action is increasingly crowded. The force of circumstances, example, and precept carries men along a path from which deviation is scarcely permitted, and they are lost in the multitude. This bustling external activity leaves little for the biographer to lay hold of as a revelation of the inner life; and the outer life of one is just the reproduction of the outer life of another. The age is prolific of ‘doers of the word,’ and demands that religious biography shall not be the record of the growth and maturity of character, or of what men have thought and felt, but of what they did in particular lines of activity. We know and judge them imperfectly, linking right motives with wrong deeds, and wrong motives with right actions, and see them at a distance, scarcely distinguishing one from another in the crowd moving in one direction.

Each age has its broadly marked features of Christianity. The one had a deeper spiritual life; the other has a nobler evangelistic activity. The tendency of the one was to ‘prove all things;’ that of the other is to ‘hold fast that which is good.’ The one was as distinctively doctrinal as the other is distinctively emotional. The one systematized belief; the other systematizes action. The one probably had more depth, concentration, and intensity; the other far more motion and extension.

We propose to review the characters rather than the books which we have placed at the head of our list. With two exceptions, the volumes would never have been written if their heroes had not been religious men; consequently, they are pervaded by that which we have already indicated as the most mischievous fault of religious biography. These men are all well known, and belong in great measure to the present time. The familiar sunshine of to-day is upon their faces, the ranks of battle have scarcely closed up where they fell, the echo of their voices has hardly died away from over the river. The character, however, which we notice first has the singularity of being connected with both ages, formed under the influences of the past, surviving the abrupt transition, and acting in the present. His massiveness and strong individuality belong to the one, and his energetic evangelism to the other. The life of the Rev. John Angell James, however, was not one that could easily be reproduced on paper; and the biographer has so failed to give prominence to its distinctive features, that we leave the volume altogether, and turn to the man and his work as forming an

illustration of one marked type of Christian individuality in its strongest development.

In these days of liberal education, and diffused refinement, and rapid communication, few men (especially south of the Tweed) reach the age of twenty-one without having unconsciously passed through a process by which their rough angles are ground down, their individuality repressed, and the natural expression of their characters modified by that prevailing Act of Uniformity which ostracises everything not in accordance with our religious and intellectual conventionalism. At the close of the last century, a man born, as Mr James was, of respectable but uncultivated parents, in a quiet rural town, attained his full stature as shrub, creeper, or forest tree, without any application of the pruning-knife. Mr James's character was not diverted from its natural development by any antagonistic or modifying influences. His father had no desire that his children should rise to a higher social or intellectual level than his own. Educated by a 'dominie' of an extinct species, whose ability to 'read, write, and cypher' constituted his sole qualification for the academic office, his boyish character forming under no higher influences than those of the illiterate young boors who were his only associates, apart from the mollifying amenities of social life, he completed his education, remarkable for nothing but impetuosity, breadth of chest, and such strongly developed pugilistic tendencies as to warrant this blunt summary of character: 'The thick-headed fool was fit for nothing but fighting.'

His conversion, at the age of seventeen, possessed no features of striking interest. During his apprenticeship to a linen draper he was seriously impressed by the spectacle of a fellow-apprentice kneeling in prayer. A cobbler and his wife, of rigidly Calvinistic sentiments, became his spiritual advisers, acting the part of Priscilla and Aquila to the very ignorant inquirer; and under their instruction and prayers he decided upon beginning the Christian life, and shortly afterwards became a student for the ministry. It is essential to our appreciation of Mr James's character, to remember that at that time the Nonconformist denominations were not in possession of any well-appointed machinery, either on the low or high pressure principle, for manufacturing passable theologians out of the student raw material; and the course on which he entered at the Gosport Seminary was extremely scanty and limited, failing altogether to correct and supplement the deficiencies of his early education. Yet its very imperfections favoured the growth of his peculiar character; for the institution did not possess the mould in which to cast the student in the likeness of any dead or living theologian, or in any one of our conventional forms; and if the mould had been

there, the time for the operation was insufficient. After mastering the alphabet of the most dissimilar branches of knowledge, and passing in a period as brief as was consistent with propriety from lectures on Original Sin to those on the Solar System, from Xenophon to Homiletics, and from Tacitus to Church Polity, it was to be expected that a mind possessed of any force or strong proclivities would seize upon and master its congenial study, and, partially at least, ignore the rest. Thus Mr James disentangled theology, strictly so called, from the mass of things indifferent, and devoured it with a mental greediness, recognising in it his appropriate nutriment, and acquired a solid acquaintance with old divinity and a relish for the Titanic theological writers of earlier periods which never deserted him. The influences under which his habits of religious thought attained maturity, and which tinged his preaching to his dying day, were those of the rigid systematic theologians of the English Puritan school—of Owen, Charnock, Howe, and Baxter, and of that giant among theological metaphysicians, Jonathan Edwards. The theology of his training was almost exclusively dogmatic, and he heard little of Hermeneutics and Exegesis,—omissions which led to that absence of both, subsequently observed in his preaching.

The natural bent of his mind and character had met with few antagonistic influences either of circumstances or education, when, at the age of nineteen, he was called to the pastorate of the Carr's Lane Congregational chapel at Birmingham, and entered upon that public life which is so well known as not to require any illustration at our hands. He writes of himself,—‘No one could say more about me than that for fifty years I was the pastor of one church, preached the Gospel, wrote some books, and was honoured of God to save many souls.’ But within the compass of this modest statement the great lesson of his life is contained, and outside of it, his influence, denominational and extra-denominational, the weight of character which lent force to his expression of opinion, his world-wide celebrity as a writer, a success as a preacher which few have achieved and fewer still have retained, are memories yet in their vernal freshness.

But as an author and preacher his admitted success can scarcely be traced to its usual sources; neither can it be estimated in the ordinary way, by the number of editions through which his books have passed, or the crowded aisles and lobbies of his church. The results of his life are far more durable, and, in one sense, more tangible; and the grand distinguishing feature of the success of his labours, to which all else was most truly subordinate and accessory, is found in the extraordinary degree in

which they were instrumental in the conversion of souls. Neither was this the consequence of sensation speaking, or under 'a wave of revival influence,' or by means of any high pressure system either of preaching or writing, but through the most sober routine of a stationary pastorate, and a few quiet books which have neither originality nor literary merit to recommend them. We shrink from anything like detail on this subject; yet, in order to illustrate the magnitude of Mr James's success, we give one statement, reluctantly furnished by himself with all the sensitiveness with which he shrank from personal topics. Shortly before his death, he was asked if he possessed any record, based on satisfactory testimony, of the number of persons to whom the 'Anxious Inquirer' had been blessed? His reply was, 'I kept such a record until the number exceeded 3000, and then I abandoned it, feeling that it was tempting me to pride and self-complacency.' The usefulness of his other works, in a lesser degree, has been very decided, especially in the case of the 'Earnest Ministry,' which has acted as a potent stimulant upon many ministerial laggards. His preaching, down to his latest day, was so prolific in conversions of men of all ranks and understandings as to afford some justification of the fear occasionally expressed, of venturing within its sound when this result was not desired. We write reverently, and with a full conviction of the helplessness of all human agency without the influence of the Holy Spirit, when we express our belief, that one important element of his amazing success was the freedom with which he permitted the peculiar Christian idiosyncrasy which we are about to notice to take its full and unimpeded development.

From the date of his conversion he was a man of *one idea* persistently carried out. He may have recognised and admired the beauty of other modes of action than the one for which his character fitted him; but he would not be any man's imitator, he would not be a conventional religionist; he would be himself and no other man, or, more truly, he would sink self in his purpose. The bias of his nature towards one outgrowth of Christian life showed itself early in his college course. In his limited reading of ecclesiastical history, he had met with such names as Savonarola, Thomas à Kempis, Pascal, and Fenelon; but they stirred in him no longings after the fascinations of a mystic or heroic piety: he was more intimately acquainted with Augustine, Calvin, and Luther, but he never aspired to be a divine or reformer. Whitefield and Wesley alone touched a chord within him, and became the objects of his early admiration; and to tread in their footprints, and be honoured like them in regenerating the religious life of England, was the goal of his ambition. The temptation to espouse, as a whole, the doctrine of either, and to

follow their itinerant practices, was happily resisted, in time to prevent the execution of a stunted and imperfect copy, by the force of a character which was too massive, vigorous, and self-poised to permit its possessor to sink into an imitator. Thus he sought only to catch their inspiration from the upper regions of its source at the throne of the Eternal, and, having breathed it, turned it into action in the mode which suited himself.

The purpose of his life was completely formed at the age of seventeen. He writes, 'I set out in my ministry with the idea of usefulness so deeply imprinted on my heart, and so constantly present to my thoughts, that I could never lose sight of it for long together; and I mean *usefulness of one kind*, that is, the *direct conversion of souls*.' At seventy, in looking back upon that purpose carried out, he writes, 'I have aimed at usefulness both in my preaching and writing, and God has, to an extent which utterly astonishes and overwhelms me, given me what I have sought. It seems a daring and almost presumptuous expression, but, with a proper qualification, it is a true one, that usefulness is within the reach of us all: the man who intensely desires to be useful, and *takes the proper means*, will be useful.' We accept most gladly the proposition with this important qualification, which is not only indicative of Mr James's sound good sense, but implies a much needed caution to the many who, with a sincere desire to be useful, are vague and destitute of purpose, or, having a purpose, attempt its execution fantastically, or poetically, or pictorially—the means and end antagonistic; and to others who, instead of consulting their own individuality, or natural bias, or capacity for some one mode of usefulness, rush blindly upon the path which some strong idiosyncrasy has marked out for its exclusive use, and consequently stumble and fall.

Mr James's carrying out of his purpose was marked by tenacity and intensity rather than enthusiasm. In fact, he had very little of what is called enthusiasm; but that little was as unworn and unfrittered when, at the age of seventy, he 'laid down his pen, which had written much,' as when, at seventeen, he left a linen draper's counter for the work of the ministry. A larger enthusiasm, linked to his intense desire for 'the direct conversion of souls,' would have made him a missionary of Martyn's stamp, or an itinerant preacher after the type of Nettleton. His life-work bears little impression of that enthusiasm, or fiery zeal, or gigantic ability, or tumultuous energy, or rapt devotion, which, combined or singly, are often supposed to be essential to success; but it is pervaded by an intense and steady conviction of truth, and a faith, concentration, and earnestness, rarely equalled.

The character of his mind stamped itself upon all his efforts.

Religious truth, as evolved from the Scriptures, and as expounded by the Puritan fathers, presented itself to him in one aspect only, and with a vividness and force possessed by no other truth; and being thus apprehended, his vigorous muscular intellect held it with a vice-like grip. With the intense consciousness of spiritual objective reality which was one of his characteristics, he had a keen realization of the vitality, adaptation, and innate diffusiveness of truth, and believed that in it he possessed an engine which, if wielded forcefully, would never fail of the great end of converting souls. His mind was not original, strictly logical, or speculative; but it was acute and vigorous. He never liked to take anything on trust; he required a truth to be, in his estimation, positively proved before he accepted it as such. He abhorred hair-splitting, flights of imagination, mystical meanings, and crudities of every description; but the close reasonings on which the Puritan fathers piled

‘A fabric theologic,
And fenced it round with bristling logic,’

brought with them convictions of systematic doctrinal truth which incorporated themselves with his mental being.

It was the mighty strength of his religious belief which constituted the central power of his preaching. With convictions less intense and a purpose less strong, only feebly ascendant over the natural oratory which enabled him to move an audience to horror, admiration, reverence or action as he willed, he might have degenerated into the mere *orator*, blazing for a time among pulpit meteors of the first magnitude; but his object was neither to charm men's ears nor to dazzle their imaginations, but to save them from perishing. Condemnation and salvation, death, eternity, and judgment to come, were to him the most vital and outstanding realities in the universe. His single aim, to which thought, manner, and language were subordinated, was to impress them as such upon his hearers, and his success was but the fruition of his intense faith and desire. So great was the mightiness of his conviction, so intense the yearning of his earnestness, so irresistible the force and verity of his eloquence, that no man ever departed with the conviction that the trumpet-tongued evangelist, whose incandescent utterances were piercing, melting, or scarifying the souls of men, had a solitary earthly ambition, or a cause on earth to serve but that for which he was a minister, or a lower aim than to win each soul to be reconciled to God.

The same strong convictions which gave power to his preaching vitalize his writings. Of this the ‘Anxious Inquirer’ is the best illustration. It has been to the religious life of the 19th century what the *De Imitatione* of Thomas à Kempis and Dod-

dridge's *Rise and Progress* were to earlier periods—a book to which tens of thousands have resorted for illumination, teaching, and guidance in the most momentous crisis of the soul. Simple and unambitious as it is, totally deficient in literary merit, without any pretension to the discovery of new truths, or the presenting of old ones in a new guise, it is eternally associated with the most sacred passages of personal history. The secret of its unique success, however, is easily apprehended from its opening pages. They greet the reader with a solemnity which may startle him or shock his sensibilities, or rouse him to indignation with a writer who thus makes a rude and unprefaced intrusion into the most sacred of his personal concerns; but we doubt if any man could rise from their perusal with a sneer. It has nothing in common with the attempted solemnity of many of our modern tract writers, who in a most offensive materialism degrade the terrors of the unseen by their vulgar portraiture, till their pages are redolent of sulphurous fumes. It is the profound seriousness of a man in earnest, confident of the truth of his assertions and their bearing upon the eternity of his readers, and who is resolved to rouse them from apathy and make them as much in earnest as himself. It is a solemnity instinct with his own conviction, that 'except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' The book is vitalized and set apart from other books by its concentrated earnestness and truthfulness. It brings the reader into the presence of things eternal, invisible, and divine; its solemnity and sense of reality are irresistible and contagious; and its extraordinary success is a singular tribute to the vast power which resides in a vivid conviction of religious truth, when that truth is wielded with the single desire of reconciling man to God.

We have left little space for any inquiry into the inner life which lay behind Mr James's Christian activities. He had no pleasure in the vivisection of his religious being in conversation, letters, or diaries; and as no dissection of it has been attempted by his biographers, we are left in the main to judge of the tree by its fruits. His religious character was in harmony with his natural character—manly, vigorous, intensely practical. He revealed very little of the inner life of his soul even to his most intimate friends; he rarely used that conventional phraseology which is often supposed to be necessary in speaking on religious subjects; he never narrated his own experience, and he was not in the habit of giving to conversation an abrupt or violent twist in a religious direction. From one or two very brief private papers we learn that he 'laboured to the uttermost after a more impressive and heart-satisfying view of the glory of Christ;' but that his chief solicitude was for greater patience and trustfulness

in suffering, for victory over besetting sins, for more effectiveness as a preacher and more usefulness as a pastor. His own conversion was eminently gradual, and unattended by pungent or appalling conviction of sin, or agony of godly sorrow, or suddenness in finding peace, or rapid illumination in knowledge. His youthful religion was defective in its extent of sphere and operation, and existed too much in the luxury of emotion; and he learned only very gradually that Christianity is a universal thing, dictating and regulating conduct in every department of life. There was nothing mystical about his faith. He never speaks of doubts and despair, of raptures and triumphs. He never 'soared in vision bright' into regions of ecstatic joy, or grovelled in abysmal depths of spiritual despondency; his mind reposed habitually in the calm of an assured belief. He loved righteousness and hated evil; his conscience was vigorous and healthfully sensitive; his heart was imbued with love to God; and his mature religious life was distinguished by reality, sobriety, quietness, and consistency.

We do not erect Mr James's Christian character into a model to be copied, except for its absence of imitation and permitted individuality; for his one idea in its faithful execution was accompanied by, or perhaps involved, some defects, of which he evinces a consciousness in his review of his life. 'I have perhaps been in danger,' he writes, 'and I now feel it, of restricting that idea within too narrow a circle.' It so occupied his mind as the grand central truth and purpose of living, that he placed on what we must think far too low a platform various schemes of moral and social reform—the literary labours of those who held the truth, but not with his own intensity—the influence of pure art, music, and poetry,—with various ameliorating and genial agencies which raise men up to a higher level, and render them less sordid, less brutal, less vicious. He was singularly deficient in mental sympathy. He had not the gift, and he never acquired the art, of entering into feelings which he had never experienced. He could not appreciate the reality of joys or griefs, the sources of which were puerile, dreamy, or unworthy; neither could he understand temptations which had no power over himself. The spectre of disbelief, which refuses to be laid to rest at the bidding of our creeds, had never intruded its ghastliness upon his own soul, and there was a visible impatience in his manner of dealing with doubters or persons who had any tendency towards mysticism. The truths which he held had come to him unquestioned, wrought out by the labours of other men, and the logic of the Puritan fathers was to his mind as clear and satisfactory as a mathematical demonstration. He knew nothing of the agony of doubt—of those sterner and more

earnest questionings—of the spirit's craving unrest—of truth weighed, sifted, and sought out with an intensity of earnestness, till at last it is 'grasped in the great struggle of the soul' with the victorious utterance of '*Credo!*' He could neither sympathise with nor enter into honest doubt in any one of its painful phases; and his absolute inability to understand the state of mind produced by or causing it, had the effect of repelling from his instruction many sincere thinkers. This inability was almost inseparable from his peculiar character, and from the intense consciousness of truth which gave him his power. We trace to the same cause a certain asceticism and austerity of opinion which prevented him from a full and cordial recognition of the honesty and Christianity of some who differed from him on what he regarded as vital points. He was neither illiberal nor narrow-minded in the ordinary acceptation of these terms; but the clearness and intensity of his own convictions, with his incapacity to occupy the stand-point of other men, inclined him to a degree of intolerance in opinion only kept in check by a certain geniality of disposition.

We have depicted Mr James as a man of one dominant idea. To what extent his usefulness would have been diminished by the more divided purpose which we should probably have designated as *greater completeness of character*, we cannot say; but it is probable that if his ideas had existed in the perfect harmony and proportion which we crave in our ideal, and if he had attempted to 'bear his part in the world's regeneration' by a combination of lower aims with the highest, his influence on that world would have been but a fraction of what it was, and his own reward a brilliant and ephemeral fame, tarnished by envy and detraction, rather than the many-jewelled and unfading crown reserved for those who 'turn many to righteousness.' He is worthy of our attention as a type of that Christian individuality which finds its expression in a dominant idea of Christian life and work carried out to its extremest verge in 'a faith which laughs at impossibilities,' with intensity of earnestness and concentration of purpose and will. To him this idea of 'direct usefulness in the conversion of souls' was the central motive power of life from early youth until the day when the aged man rested from his triumphant toil in his Master's approving presence.

The men who do a great work in the world are rarely, if ever, men of completeness, whose reason, emotions, faculties, and qualities are all in perfect equipoise; but men in whom some one attribute is singularly developed, and who, possessing a strong impulse in one direction, carry out that impulse with an intensity which to the onlooker frequently wears the aspect of exaggeration. As Perthes wrote to Falk, 'Your success arises from this,

that you are entirely occupied with one idea ; what has no relation to it is nothing to you, and what has only a slight relation you consider only as auxiliary to its realization ; small successes appear to you great, obstacles and failures do not appear at all. He who is thus filled—thus possessed, I may say, by one impulse—when he listens to his inmost soul, may hear only profound *truth* ; but when he speaks to others, *they* may hear according to Goethe's happy expression—“ *Wahrheit und Dichtung.*” Perhaps the world of this decade, outside of a man so constituted, hears ‘ *Wahrheit und Dichtung* ’ less often than Goethe fancied, though it may not fully recognise the deep truth of his inspiration.

The Christian character of the Rev. Joseph Sortain of Brighton differs so widely from that of Mr James, that the only points of actual resemblance are the love for souls which characterized both, and the conviction of each, formed under very different circumstances and carried out into practical effort, of the necessity of a higher culture for the ministry. The elements of Mr Sortain's character were neither subordinated to nor dwarfed by a master idea, and the harmony in their development constituted the basis of a different and less aggressive species of usefulness. The turn of his mind was metaphysical, and his vision was to some extent introverted, and in early life constantly occupied with jealous self-scrutiny, and an attempted analysis of motives and religious feelings. He was unusually reflective, and partially escaped the tendencies of the age towards careless investigations and hasty conclusions. Deeply tried in his youth with disbelief of the whole system of revelation, the exchange of doubt for the calm of a trustful faith was never accompanied with that vivid consciousness of spiritual reality which was one of Mr James's distinguishing characteristics ; but this very experience endued him with the power of entering into and meeting the difficulties of candid and earnest thinkers, united as it was to an ardent mental sympathy so rich in its genial outgoings, as often to allure men up from the Cimmerian regions of scepticism to those luminous heights whereon his own faith dwelt, and to such an insight as enabled him to discriminate between the careless conceited caviller and the man whose ‘ lame hands of faith ’ were stretching feebly in the dark with the earnest desire to grasp the Christ. It was, perhaps, in his unusual sympathies, in his capacity of regarding objects from the stand-point of others, in his charitable judgments of men and things, in his hearty appreciation of whatever is praiseworthy, and in his deep, warm lovingness, that his power, as distinguished from that of Mr James, is to be found.

The natural bias of his mind, the broadening studies which he

had pursued, his college associations with men of large views and sympathies, and his high intellectual culture, combined to produce an eclecticism which contrasts with Mr James's tendency to that asceticism of opinion, which doubtless was far more a feature of the past religious age than of the present. With superior literary gifts, with a literary ambition which in early life required a perpetual curb, with an almost exaggerated estimate of the value of literary talent, purely as such, and with a refined critical taste, it appears singular at first sight that nothing which he wrote should have attained the thousandth part of the influence and celebrity of Mr James's works. It is, we think, apparent that the one valued literary ability too little as a power for good, and the other prized it too highly for itself;—the pen with the one was the slave of the ruling idea of 'direct usefulness in the conversion of souls;' with the other, it was a rover obeying the impulses of genius, ranging unfettered through every field of wholesome intellectual activity;—with the first, the master purpose was the sole motive power; with the last, literary tastes were forcibly, and perhaps with difficulty, subordinated to the service of Christ.

Mr James's tendency was to despise all efforts in the cause of moral truth alone; and he never entered very cordially into any schemes for raising the lower classes, or for providing the young with innocent recreation. Probably, to a man so intensely practical, a change of work was a sufficient relaxation, and he could not sympathise with the cravings of those natures for which it is not enough. Mr Sortain was an earnest advocate of every species of harmless enjoyment for the young, and, as a part of it, of the moderate use of the higher orders of fiction, with the design of studying human life and ancient manners. The development of the intellectual powers in a right direction, and the training of young men to regard the subjects of their studies from a Christian stand-point, were promoted by him in the formation of atheneums and literary societies, for which he composed some of his finest lectures. Mr James possessed little, if any, imagination, and few æsthetic tastes, and, in common with many Christians, lay and clerical, ignored their needs; thereby repelling the young, and those who regarded the renunciation of the treasures of refinement as a forced and unpleasing asceticism. Mr Sortain, on the contrary, was deeply sensible of the claims of every part of his intellectual and emotional self, of the cravings of a being in harmony with the beautiful and the pure in nature and art, and fully recognised these claims and cravings in others. Rich in that attribute which Mr Ruskin has happily termed *Theoria*, all things lovely were to him as divine hieroglyphs, and were prized as emanations of the inner light—reflections of

the higher beauty—silent teachers, in their frail visible forms, of things eternal and invisible—aids to the purification and ennobling of our natures by developing their spiritual part;—so he taught that *consecrated use*, not renunciation or contempt, is the law for all the treasures of nature, intellect, and art.

We cannot pursue further the contrasts between the characteristics of these two men. The one, with his ruggedness, massiveness, and concentration, represents the end of the old age; while the smoother, more harmonious, eclectic character of the other, is the growth of the new. Each filled the niche for which the Great Designer fitted him,—a niche of different size and shape; thus obviating the necessity for the paring, chipping, and planing which, in our judgment, would have been essential for one or the other. Each possessed an individuality, more or less strong, acted out in his life, and stamping itself upon his ministry and activities; each possessed some of the qualities which were absent in the other; each performed a work for the Church and in the world; but the men were eminently unlike in themselves, their work, and its results. Each filled his place, each had some admirable peculiarities; but an imitation of either would probably result in a fanatical narrow-mindedness on one side, or a shallow latitudinarianism on the other; and a thoughtful study of the Christian idiosyncrasy of each rather inculcates the lesson that there are excellences in varieties, and that things which differ may both be good. The superior force, the one-sidedness, and intensity of Mr James's character, burned a far deeper brand into the world than the superior harmony, breadth, and winningness of Mr Sortain,—a distinction which, if our sympathies are with the latter, we are bound not to overlook.

Mr Sortain appears to have been a Christian from infancy; and his brief records of his youthful experiences, battlings, and tempests of soul, evidence something of the discrimination of a more mature Christianity. An early consciousness of mental power, burning aspirations after literary fame, chafings of the spirit against the dry, plodding theology of Cheshunt, and the dulness and inferiority of fellow-students,—cravings for a higher intellectual atmosphere, a love of the classics so intense, that his mind often reverted from 'the sublimities of Isaiah to the inferior beauties of Virgil,'—great ambition, an 'unboundedness of glee,' and an enthusiastic love of the beautiful, all wrestled, as he supposed, with his purpose of self-dedication to the ministry, until he learned to consecrate rather than neglect or dwarf his gifts, and to regard them as elements of ministerial power rather than as antagonists or sources of weakness.

Parental wishes, early associations, reverence for antiquity, and strong æsthetic tastes, attracted him towards the Church of

England, while what he conceived to be the erroneous teachings of her baptismal service, and the damnatory clauses of her Athanasian creed, as strongly repelled him; and, after a long and very painful struggle, he decided on entering the ministry in 'Lady Huntingdon's Connexion.' From this it has been supposed that he held 'unsound' views on the divinity of our Lord; but, in fact, his own *Athanasianism* was as strong as that of the creed, and his scruples arose solely from a native abhorrence of anathemas, and a reluctance to impose his distinctions on other men.

His church at Brighton constituted a neutral ground on which men of all denominations and modes of thinking met, and he won his fame almost entirely as a preacher. Some of the peculiarities of his eloquence arose from the singularly receptive and *appropriative* character of his mind, which was always occupied in collecting treasures for pulpit use—incidents, impressions, and illustrations from every phase of life, which buried themselves in his brain, and were afterwards revived in all their pristine freshness; but there was no apparent employment of the decorative art. He usually presented a leading or central idea or principle in each discourse, bringing it out in its true and relative proportions with a luminosity arising from the clearness of his own mind, treating it with such a unity of detail and breadth of general effect as to inspire his hearers with full confidence in his mastery of his subject, which was the more essential, as he was in the habit of bringing forward the more subtle and difficult phases of truth, which a mind less acute would have missed, and an intellect less powerful would have avoided or obscured. Arguments from his own thought and experience, from his intimate acquaintance with the mental attributes of man, and the deep unuttered yearnings of the human spirit,—illustrations borrowed from all things, and radiant with the rich colouring of his brilliant fancy,—all that could rivet the attention, convince the intellect, awaken the conscience, and thrill the heart, and that, according to the rules of human thought, might be supposed to sway the minds of men,—was freely appropriated and used; while at the same time he enforced and elucidated his meaning with rare metaphysical acumen, keen analysis, and sound logic.

This style of preaching was specially adapted to the motley crowd of hierarchs of the Anglican Church, ministers of every denomination, and the foremost men in various departments of political, professional, scientific, and literary life, who composed his fluctuating congregation. Men who abhorred cant and conventionalism found nothing of the peculiar phraseology of a party, but truth, warm with love, and invested by the earnest-

ness of conviction with dignity and reality. Men of learning found themselves met on their own ground, and their objections vanquished with their own weapons. Sceptical thinkers learned that the preacher had personally sounded the depths of doubt, and could sympathise with and appreciate their difficulties, while with his conclusive logic he hacked to pieces their flimsy speculations, plausible sophisms, and shallow philosophy, taking the 'awful step beyond ethics' into a region of revealed truth which he had personally explored. But it was not frigid, didactic, anatomizing metaphysics which melted hearts, but the passion, feeling, and earnestness intense, which kindled in this man of feeble *physique*, and thin, shrill voice, rendering his words incandescent. The Cross of Christ was the grand central object round which his intellectual brilliancy clustered; his power was expended in rendering it solely and intensely luminous against the dark background of human guilt and woe; and in this consecration of his gifts, and in the wide sympathies which enabled him to speak as if he were intimately acquainted with the peculiarities of thought and feeling of each of his hearers, we believe that the secret of his pulpit ascendancy is to be found.

The same rare gift of sympathy, united with geniality and lovingness, and the absence of anything coldly professional in the execution of his duties, gave him marked success as a pastor. He had no asperity or ruggedness to wound the sensitive, no airs of a censor or dictator; but he carried to every house and heart the influence of love to man for Christ's sake collectively, and to man for his own sake individually,—a thorough and kindly identification of each person and his circumstances, not the laboured attainment of conscientious effort, but the spontaneous outgrowth of a loving heart. In his pastoral dealings he measured the needs and cravings of other men by his own, and knew by a bright and rare intuition that the souls of men and women, tied to the tasks of life, oppressed by routine, and depressed in many instances by physical infirmities, need sympathy as much as counsel, and spiritual encouragement and inspiration, rather than solemn, perfunctory, catechetical probings of their religious state.

Mr Sortain was eminently social, and cultivated his social instincts; he shone in society, and his presence was always eagerly sought. We learn from himself that a 'natural levity,' a superabundant gleefulness, a desire of approbation, and a conversational worldly conformity, were his social enemies; and at one time he was more disposed to withdraw from society than to struggle with these. The course he finally adopted was not, perhaps, a safe one for imitation; for, in avoiding the evils of asceticism, he ran the risk of forming worldly associations inju-

rious to his spirituality and ministerial efficiency ; but his purpose to use his social popularity as an agent in his Master's service saved him in great measure from its pernicious results, and was rewarded by many instances of permanent benefit to others.

Mr Sortain's obedience to the laws of religious fitness and good taste, with his kindly sympathies, gave him a peculiar power with non-professing people, who were astonished to find in a clergyman such thorough comprehension of themselves. Many incidents given in his *Life* show the impression made by him on men differing so widely as Mr Thackeray,¹ Sir T. N. Talfourd, Sir J. Burgoyne, a comedian, and a scoffing young naval officer. Sir J. Burgoyne, after adverting to the peculiar sympathy of Mr Sortain with those who fulfilled their duties in worldly matters with honour and credit, writes thus :—‘ As a military man, my impulse is rather to shrink with a degree of awe from much intercourse with men of strong religious sentiments, under the impression that they will have no feelings in common with me, as connected with my ordinary occupations, nor respect for persons engaged in them. But in Mr Sortain I found one who surprised me, knowing his high religious feelings, by the liberal interest he took, and the knowledge and discrimination he showed, on many matters of even military proceedings and history. By this characteristic he gained my very warm regards, and I have seldom met one for whose opinions in all concerns I should have been inclined to pay a greater amount of deference.’ The ‘characteristic’ referred to is one of the most noteworthy features of Mr Sortain's Christian character.

The constitutional delicacy of feeling which led him to shrink from irreverent and unholy familiarity with things sacred, prevented him from abruptly addressing strangers on the subject of

¹ Mr Thackeray's letter to Mr Sortain, acknowledging a present of a volume of his sermons, is honourable to both gentlemen. We give it entire :—

‘ MY DEAR SIR,—I shall value your book very much, not only as the work of the most accomplished orator I have ever heard in my life, but, if you will let me so take it, as a token of good-will and interest on your part in my own literary pursuits. I want, too, to say, in my way, that love and truth are the greatest of Heaven's commandments and blessings to us ; that the best of us, the many especially who pride themselves on their virtue most, are wretchedly weak, vain, and selfish ; and to preach such a charity at least as a common sense of our shame and unworthiness might inspire, to us poor people. I hope men of my profession do no harm, who talk this doctrine out of doors to people in drawing-rooms and in the world. Your duty in church takes them a step higher, that awful step beyond ethics which leads you up to God's revealed truth. What a tremendous responsibility his is who has that mystery to explain ! What a boon the faith which makes it clear to him ! I am glad to have kind thoughts from you, and to have the opportunity of offering you my sincere respects and regard.—Believe me, most truly yours, my dear Sir,

‘ W. M. THACKERAY.

‘ P.S.—Your book finds me at my desk writing, and I leave off to begin on a sermon.’

personal religion, or giving an immediate religious twist to every conversation. It was rather by the shimmering of the bright inner life through that which was external, by the presence of the divine love in Jesus Christ, in his enthusiasms, in his imaginations, in his enjoyments, in his opinions, in the amenities of social intercourse,—by the inspiration of high and holy thoughts, by the conquest over self and suffering, by the easy and natural conversational blending of things temporal with things eternal, by the loving longing to bring his brethren into the peace which passeth understanding,—that in society, and in the casual intercourse of travelling, Mr Sortain was ‘an epistle of Christ.’ If he had adopted the common plan of pushing ‘pointed’ tracts into reluctant hands, or had disturbed the flow of social hours by solemn exhortations and warnings, or had obtruded upon strangers the unprefaced query, ‘Is your soul saved?’ the violence done to his individuality would have produced a forced and constrained manner more likely to repel than to produce good effects. We are far from disparaging the honest and often self-denying efforts of those who ‘sow beside all waters,’ regardless of rebuffs; but we are disposed to think (especially in the case of educated persons) that Christian effort is not exempt from those laws of fitness and good taste which regulate human effort in other fields. Abrupt transitions and violent interruptions of the course of mental life and action are not usually favourable to reflection; and there is nothing which calls for more care, or nicer discrimination, or choicer address, than a personal attempt to move an irreligious mind in a religious direction.

We do not care to dwell upon the features which all real Christians possess in more or less prominence,—the trustful faith, the prayerful spirit, the holy aspirations: we rather draw attention to the fact that, in close union with a rounded, rich, outspoken, genial, expressive Christian nature, redundant in love to God and man, and with high mental powers, Mr Sortain possessed a radiant fancy, gilding all things, rare powers of realization and idealization, a boyish ardour of disposition, a perennial youth of heart, a wealth of chastened gleefulness, and an extraordinary love of the beautiful in nature, music, sculpture, painting, poetry, antiquity, childhood, and the wild majesty of the tossing sea. In youth he had dreaded this love of the beautiful as an enemy of the spiritual life with which it was afterwards incorporated; but, failing in the attempt to dwarf and stunt it, he consecrated it in its most redundant growth. The record of his life and ministry proves that the development of his nature in its normal direction under Christian influence, was *the* mode in which he was fitted for the niche he was intended to occupy. If he had pruned it and trained it in another direction, it would probably

have been unfruitful in good to the class of minds with which he dealt. If he had copied Nettleton, or Wesley, or James, he might probably have won a minor degree of success among the poor, but, in reverence we write, that he would have defeated God's plan for his life. He has left on evidence that large sympathies with men, broad culture, and a wide acquaintance with the ideas which are the aliment of intellectual life, not only can coexist with a fervent stamp of piety and extensive ministerial success, but are important elements of power in their consecrated use.

If the constant handling of things sacred has a tendency to produce that habit, conventional and coldly professional, into which Mr James and Mr Sortain never fell, continual contact with things 'sordidly secular' is not an aid to Christian progress. 'Moiling in pelf' and 'walking with God' are constantly considered so incompatible, that the walk is deferred until the pelf is accumulated. It may be that the hand of Christian sympathy is tardily and coldly extended to men in business as regards that business; it may be that the pulpit ignores their specific needs and difficulties; it may be that in all our literature there is no shelf of Christian commercial biography to evidence the possibility of reconciling the claims of both worlds; or it may be that the constant upholding of the one type of excellence, represented by incessant occupation in evangelistic effort, scares from the path of religious inquiry men who feel necessitated to abide in their callings. We are lamentably deficient in Christian commercial biographies. The pen shuns trade as if it were the plague, and the lives made up of trade: if it immortalizes Buxton, it carefully veils Buxton's brewery; and if it sketches Perthes, it does not deign to initiate us into the profound mysteries of the book trade, which was his hobby as well as his livelihood. We cannot bring this charge against the author of the 'Successful Merchant'; he takes us into the counting-house and the warehouse, and even makes us acquainted with 'P. D.' We suspect, however, that he has somewhat overdrawn the 'intuitions' of his subject in order to point his moral more effectively, and has coloured his picture highly in order to rescue mercantile life from the charge of dulness,—an attempt in which he has been more than successful.

A 'general provision merchant' was Samuel Budgett, an in-born trader, a man of 'vulgar transactions,' who bought and sold pork, and treacle, and tobacco, and flour, and peas, and canary seed, and all kinds of grocery and spicery, buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest,—working, systematizing, and ever 'going ahead,'—bustling all day in a monster warehouse, or plodding over day-books and ledgers,—the main-

spring of the largest wholesale provision business in the West of England. Blink the fact as we may, it is in this unpoetical outer life, this stern struggle of profit and loss, these prosaic realities of purchase and sale, that the most numerous and energetic class of the community are trained in youth and tried in manhood. It is not our purpose to trace the well-known commercial career of Budgett,—his first bargain, selling a picked-up horse-shoe for a penny; his scrapings of treacle; his speculations in marbles, lozenges, cucumbers, and young donkeys; his early intuition that the large purchaser has the advantage over the small, and his consequent buying in pennyworths and selling in halfpennyworths; his trading and saving; his precocious acuteness; the boyish chafferings by which at the age of fourteen he had amassed the sum of L.30, which he presented to his mother, showing that his passion was for trade, not gold; the struggles of the apprentice; the thrift, tact, and sagacity of the shop-boy; and the genius by which the retail village shopkeeper pushed and wriggled himself into an enormous trade on the strictest 'no-credit' system, till, on the verge of middle life, he found himself in possession of a business giving employment to an army of clerks and commercial travellers, three hundred men and one hundred horses, and whose annual returns were estimated at three quarters of a million.

Mr Budgett's narrative inculcates the lesson of self-help well, but it is a better illustration of the linking of the spiritual life with the outward calling. He was converted early; his religious impressions were vivid and influential; and his connection with the most fervid and emotional of our denominations fanned all that was ardent and glowing in his disposition. The struggle in which his earthly destiny was decided arose from the conflict of two ambitions—the one to go and preach the Gospel to the heathen, the other to place his family in independent circumstances. He narrates the victory of the last in unvarnished language:—'I thought I must plod on as I could, and get my bread, and help my family;' and with this decision faded his vision of planting churches in some sun-loved, balm-breathing island of the bright Pacific. He had a genius for trade; bargaining was at once his impulse, his bent, his intuition; nature had fitted him for the keen, bustling man of business; and in resolving to 'plod on as he could,' he perhaps unconsciously leant towards her dictates. After this resolve, it remained for him to show that the divine love which impelled him towards missionary labour, could expand in and fructify the transactions of mercantile life; and, on the whole, he succeeded, though the victory over his passion for trade, his consistent, deliberate, and methodical keenness, and the hard mercantile exterior, which

masked the goodness of his heart from strangers, and abridged to some extent his religious influence and usefulness, was scarcely decisively won until late in life.

The revelations of Mr Budgett's inner life exhibit an earnest struggle after right motives and actions, and against the tendency of his natural disposition towards absorbing efforts in trade. He found or made time for the strictest self-examination, sifting his heart and life, as we learn from his diary, as closely and diligently as his accounts. Every morning found him in his library at five o'clock, reading, meditating, and praying,—reviewing his unfaithfulness to his Christian profession, learning humility and self-distrust; and the calm elevating atmosphere of those quiet hours hung round him, in some measure, in the bustle of the day, imbuing him with influences and supplying him with principles which preserved his Christian character in commercial life. He aimed to combine diligence in religion with diligence in business. He preached and he taught; but he acted out his conviction, that the best sermon from a man of business is consistency in all business transactions, and in all relations between the employer and the employed, *i.e.*, consistency to Christian principle; and to this end all his arrangements were practically subordinated, with singular system in detail,—his life showing such a welding of religion and business, that it was impossible to say where the one ended and the other began. In this carrying of religion into practical life by deliberate purpose and arrangement, associating it with every department of action, recognising his business as the sphere of its initial operations, and consecrating his counting-house as well as his warehouse, the individuality of his Christian character consisted.

The Christianity of our day is exercising such an extensive though indirect influence upon the relations of employers and employed,—‘*hands*’ under its operation becoming ‘*men*,’ with moral and social needs, cravings, and capacities, in the eyes of all thoughtful and philanthropic employers, that we will not follow Budgett through his numerous admirable and practical plans for the benefit and temporal elevation of his workmen, although in many of these he took the initiative, and was in advance of his time. His ‘*hands*,’ however, were not only elevated into ‘*men*,’ with moral and intellectual cravings, but into men with religious needs—coheirs with himself of immortality, to whom he stood in a solemn and responsible relation. The scene of Christian effort was changed from a Pacific island to a Bristol warehouse; but the motive power of love to Christ and souls, which Budgett shared with James and Sortain, was as strong in the merchant as in the missionary. With all his efforts for the religious welfare of his men, and a sanguine faith

regarding their success, he was as sharp in detecting spurious piety as adulterated provisions, and considered it a Christian duty to drive fraud and deceit out of the world within the sphere of his influence; and any attempt at imposture, or the putting on of a religious profession for sordid ends, was treated with a yet more inexorable severity than a tendency to that form of 'sharp' dealing which passes for 'smartness.' This determination to root out religious deception, coupled with a quick insight into character, preserved a healthy tone in the religion of his establishment, and saved it from becoming the retreat of whining hypocrites.

Localizing his philanthropy—shunning with manly good sense extravagance and display on the one hand, and the prim fashion of ostentatious peculiarity on the other—concentrating his efforts on the neighbourhood and people with which he was specially connected—clinging to them and their needs in his altered fortunes—giving them in himself the best illustration of the success which attends well-regulated industry—reforming the morals of the young—expelling intemperance from his district—inculcating habits of frugality and self-help—aiding men to rise—spreading employment—taking an active personal interest in the judicious expenditure of the large sums he bestowed upon benevolent objects—teaching, preaching, visiting, relieving, helping, mediating, advising—aiming every day to leave that part of the world which came under his influence better and happier than he found it—dying in Christian triumph, honoured and beloved,—in resting from his labours his works as surely followed him as those of ordained preacher, pastor, or missionary. His life appears to us an eminently valuable one, although not a type of bright calm faith, or perennial confidence, or daily growth in holiness, or complete conquest over faults of character,—valuable in asserting and exemplifying the compatibility of 'diligence in business' with 'serving the Lord,' the practicability of regulating by divine law the morality of trade, and combining eminent business talent and success with assiduous Christian effort within the sphere of mercantile relations.

There is a completeness, on the whole, in the development of his Christian character. The exaggeration of some one part, which seems essential in the men who move society on a large scale, would have been needless or detrimental in the position allotted to him. Impulsiveness is rarely characteristic of men with well-balanced minds, yet, where it exists, by no means detracts from their personal titles to regard, and even admiration, though it should qualify their claims to serve as examples to all. *Balance* was necessary to enable Budgett to adjust the claims of his family, his workmen, his neighbourhood, his various

schemes sacred and secular, his business, and his mental and spiritual advancement. He did good service by evidencing that godliness ennobles trade, taking from it what is ignoble, sordid, selfish, and so consecrates business life by subordinating it to high aims and purposes, that it gains the right to say to its would-be despisers, 'What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.' To our thinking, there are few higher walks of Christian life than that which Budgett trod, as there are none more beset by difficulties. There is no romance about it; its sacrifices are offered in secret, or they bring down the world's chilling sneer and the Church's lukewarm appreciation. Its efforts and results are often despised by those who deem all work unworthy of a Christian except 'the direct conversion of souls;' it is rarely in contact with the 'angel side' of human nature; yet the man who lives it well and truly, who acquires wealth by just dealing and expends it as the Lord's steward, who invests uprightness with attractions, who raises up his brethren, who proves that to a Christian there is no employment sordid and no service menial, is a living witness unto the truth—a fellow-worker with the universal Father in promoting the universal weal.

In the case of Perthes, the German bookseller, the world found it impossible to reconcile his strong impetuous character, his ceaseless activities, and wide circle of literary and political interests, with the quiet pietism then expected from every Christian, and he was studied as a phenomenon. Like most business men, he had small leisure for doctrinal speculation; and in his maturer life religion was to him a matter of practical certainty, moulding his instinct of activity, and hallowing his ruling passion for the extension of the book trade. He is a remarkable instance of the simple and candid translation of received religious truth into practical action within the limits of business. For a considerable period of his life, his aspirations were virtuous and high; but his religious perceptions were confused and deficient in vitality, tinctured by the rationalism of the age, which had nursed the 'wrathful melancholy' of Schiller. He acted them out, however, in his vigorous attempts to elevate bookselling from a mere business into an instrument for purifying the moral and intellectual life of Germany. Time passed on, faith emerged from its eclipse, truth was clearly seen and appreciated, and, recognising that 'the Christian life can neither become nor remain sound unless Christian thought and feeling go out into action,' Perthes became a theological publisher, and practically a defender of the faith; and throughout his history men might learn his growth in truth by his aims in his legitimate trade. With him a contemplative life was an impossibility as great as an evangelistic life, the instinct of activity

was innate, and circumstances bent that activity in one direction. 'If, therefore,' he writes, 'I have gladly and actively used my energies, that is no contradiction to my Christianity; *but if I have failed to sanctify and employ them as in God's sight, I have been untrue to my convictions.*'

The pressing need of our faith is not simply faithful evangelists to proclaim its doctrines, but legions of men consecrating their worldly vocations, witnessing to that truth on which much scepticism prevails, that Christianity, so received as to become an integral part of a man, is omnipotent to keep him from the evil, not by taking him out of the world, but by making him victorious over it. He is a most worthy disciple of Christ who, like Palissy, or Buxton, or Budgett, or Perthes, exhibits religion as 'the right use of a man's whole self'—as the one thing which gives dignity and nobility to what is in itself sordid and earthy—as the mainspring of earnest and successful strivings after loftier ends and a purer life—as the power, outside of and within man, which, lifting up conduct in the individual, raises the community,—and not as a state of mind mystical, and in active life unattainable, high up among things intangible, separated from contact with work-a-day life, appropriate to Sabbath days and special hours, to leisure, old age, and death-beds. Every man who is 'diligent in business, serving the Lord,' is a sermon brimful of the energies of life and truth, a witness to the comprehensiveness and adaptability of Christ's religion, a preacher of righteousness in scenes where none can preach so effectively or so well.

The Christian world needs living sympathies with 'men in business,' our pulpits need them, our sacred literature needs them; for there are men clogged by care, jaded or flushed with mercantile ambition, floundering in difficulty, depressed by rivalries, spinning round in the Maelstrom of hazardous speculation, who from the depths of their immersion in things temporal send up from hearts wearied and unsatisfied ardent longings after the things eternal. To some such, perhaps, our teachings convey the idea that the religion, the faith, the consecration, of which they hear, is the perpetual running about on evangelistic errands, or on the high roads of a cosmopolitan philanthropy, or a mystical subjective existence apart from all things actual and tangible, in all cases for them impossible. They take exaggerated views, no doubt; but possibly we are not guiltless of a tendency to dissociate religion and common life, placing religion in the high atmosphere of the sublimities of devotion and doctrine, and the Christian life in James's idea of it, 'direct usefulness in the conversion of souls,'—leaving no place for that busy, toiling, difficult existence, affluent in ambition, temptation, worry, and depression, which thousands of our fellow-men are

leading all the weary week through, in practical ignorance that Christianity is a universal thing,—only perfect when it so baptizes all secularities in its purifying spirit, and so allies itself with all the lawful transactions of life, as to take from them all ‘that is common or unclean.’

The tendency of worldly men to regard Christian life and activity in a secular calling as incompatible, is met by a tendency less openly avowed on the part of a great mass of religious men, to ignore the Christianity which operates chiefly within the sphere of that calling, and to disparage the efficacy and value of all efforts and lines of usefulness which are not strictly speaking *evangelistic* in their sense of the word. This exclusiveness certainly checks the natural and spontaneous development of Christian effort, and often drives Christian men and women into stereotyped ‘spheres of usefulness,’ for which they are fitted neither by nature nor talent, nor, we may add, by grace. It requires considerable moral courage and strength of character in a man to withstand the modern rush in one direction, and the excitements of associate enterprise, and act out religious convictions apart from both in the unrecognised ‘sphere’ of his providential surroundings; for, in addition to the opposition and sneer of professed cavillers, only slowly subdued into respect, he encounters the suspicion of a chilling and unsympathising Church. If these remarks have any foundation of truth, the Church is surely unwise in any such limitation of her sympathies, in her ungenial recognition of these quiet labourers for the world’s weal; for the love to God and man which dictated Budgett’s plans for the moral and religious elevation of his workmen, which led Parry to toil in providing recreation and religious teaching for the crews of his ships during the long midnight of an Arctic winter, and which is fruitful in good works in many humble and unsuspected quarters, never rests within the narrow limits at first assigned to it by circumstances or self-distrust, but, welling up, overleaps them, eventually, fertilizing and blessing human hearts far outside them in virtue of its inherent law of self-expansion. The faith which works quietly and perseveringly, and sows the seed in hope on the unpromising soil of daily tasks and secularities, is not likely to be found wanting when the call to more extended, and apparently direct, evangelization is given.

George Wilson’s religious career is a partial illustration of this truth. We take it up at its commencement, in that week of foreboding agony which preceded the amputation of his foot. Boyhood’s high but dreamy aspirations after purity, youth’s metaphysical inquiries, manhood’s sterner and more earnest questionings of the things of which science takes cognizance,

had resulted in a sincere but misty belief in the God of the revelations of inspiration and nature, succeeded by hunger—cravings after a better life, and dim but earnest gropings after a vital and soul-satisfying faith; but no voice within or without spoke to him convincingly of Christ until he reached the age of twenty-five, or in his 'sore agony, alone and in darkness,' suggested better consolation than the 'constant murmuring of the words, Courage, Patience, Submission.' 'Gladly,' he writes at that time, 'would I exchange my condition for a peaceful grave. My religious faith is feeble, because my light is dim and my knowledge scanty.' A little further, and, 'a bankrupt in health, hope, and fortune,' he entered into an horror of great darkness, which that dim light and feeble faith were powerless to brighten, 'soul and body racked and anguished, life hanging in the balance and eternity in prospect.'

Out of that terrible struggle for 'Life, life, eternal life,' he emerged with 'a trembling hope in Christ,'—a hope fruitful at once in the dedication (vague at first, but none the less sincere) of his life to Christian ends and uses within the sphere of his peculiar calling. Although, in some respects, to the very close of his life he illustrated the truth that 'here we see through a glass darkly,' and never attained the steadfast calm of a subject will, the child-like simplicity with which he received Christ was the mainspring of that quiet joyfulness and truthfulness which gave a peculiar charm to his Christian character. The knowledge that for *him* Jesus died, was a source of constant gratitude. Prayer was a real personal intercourse with a person 'not separated from him by the distance which intervenes between God and man.' Faith was simple trust in Christ for safety and sanctification, the link between his weakness and the divine strength. He was not a systematic theologian, and had little taste for theological reading or the discussion of theological dogmas, and he was indisposed to the minute definitions of truth contained in creeds; but in his simple knowledge and appreciation of Christ, 'The Father' was revealed to him, with all that is implied in the revelation. This 'trembling hope in Christ,' as we have before remarked, was speedily translated into action. Possibly, if Dr Wilson's conversion had occurred two decades later in the century, a great mental strife would have arisen as to the manner of that translation; but his decision was prompt and unembarrassed. 'Still standing on the threshold of Christian experience,' he resolved to accept life as a ministry, to consecrate his scientific and literary calling, and to fight manfully against the worldliness and materialism of the age.

As he left the threshold and entered the inner chambers, a

brighter faith, a more intimate communion with God, and a more continual realization of 'the powers of the world to come,' caused the things of this life 'to arrange themselves according to a new perspective,' and his stronger religious convictions assumed a more marked embodiment in his life. He was no longer satisfied with the imbuing of his professional work with Christianity. He longed and prayed for 'a more direct way of serving God.' He laboured that chemistry should not only testify of God, but 'serve the cause of Christ,' and that he, as its devoted priest—an alchemist of another sort than those of history—should 'whisper to an unbelieving world that there is a Great Master who can transmute the vilest dross into gold seven times refined, and who died to procure for His people the elixir of life and immortality.' He desired to urge the scientific class to 'believe in Christ as the Head of the schools of science, as much as of the Church.' Dissatisfied with the expenditure of time and thought on his brilliant scientific *Life of Cavendish*, he determined to 'serve the cause of Christ' by giving the *Life of Reid* a distinctly 'religious cast,' by which he gave offence to some of his friends. But as time passed on, the field of science and literature became too limited for his Christian effort. It was no longer enough for him to teach by word and example of the sacredness of scientific life, and the subjection of all knowledge to the Infinite Wisdom: 'longing and praying for a more direct way of serving God,' he found that sick men were ready to listen to religious advice from 'a fellow sick man,' both by word and letter—that medical students who cared not for addresses from ministers, welcomed religious truth from a lecturer on chemistry—that religious meetings were greatly benefited by the aid of one who was not *professionally* interested in their objects—that by an expenditure of his strength and popular talents he could raise funds for 'ragged kirks,' and foreign missions, and Sabbath schools, and raise the aims and hopes of an audience at the same time. Thus, discoursing to a Bible class on a physico-theological subject, giving a word of help and hope to congregational soirées, aiding home-mission workers and struggling apprentice schools with brilliant lectures, laboriously illustrated—at the expense frequently of the ebbing life-blood of the lecturer, finding it 'pleasant even to sand the floor or change the sawdust carpet of the outer vestibule of the house of God,'—simple faith and love became year by year less circumscribed in their translation into action, not by forsaking the field of literature and science, but tilling it, and other fields besides.

His purpose showed itself in his lectures in a form worthy of imitation immediately after his *μετανοια*, of which, indeed, it may be accepted as an evidence. It was not the unlovely phraseology

of a perfunctory piety, or the utterances of that arid Christian conventionalism which drags in religion at the end of a lecture, but the permeation of scientific truth with the kindly glow of Christian faith, the result of the unconscious and joyful homage of his soul to the Father of Lights. The high Christian tone of his later lectures especially was less from intention than the reflection of his mental habit of regarding all things in their connection with Deity, and all beauty, harmony, and truth as the work of His fingers, and the utterance of the knowledge of Him who 'was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself.' It was this unbidden welling up of religious thought and feeling which gave their peculiar charm to Dr Wilson's prelections, warming, ennobling, beautifying them. As he stood on the heights of those sciences of which he was such an ardent and fascinating expounder, glimpses of the higher altitudes and intenser splendours of the dwelling-place of Him 'in whom all things consist,' gave a poetry to his prose and a sublimity to his thoughts, linking science in its highest aspects, not to a frigid natural theology, but to the realities of the Christian life and truth.

It is noteworthy that when his convictions of the duty of offering a more direct service to Christ were intensified, he did not at once rush upon the path of stereotyped effort. There was doubtless a tendency in his mind to an undue depreciation of 'formalism' of every description; but it is also probable that he recognised in himself a fitness for some little-trodden path of usefulness. Consequently, with a child-like simplicity of faith, he betook himself to prayer for direct guidance, and in one or two instances received singularly direct answers, which led him indeed out of the beaten track, though by lowly doors, through which only the sincere and humble could pass.

The most marked characteristic of Dr Wilson's Christian character was his consecration of common things to God, the linking and blending of religion and secularities. He started on his religious career with a decided aim, which constantly became more defined, and stimulated him to occupy larger spheres of Christian action. He welcomed his popularity, his distinctions, his professorship, as giving him greater influence wherewith to serve his Saviour; and from the increasing amount of service rendered, and from the sincerity of his character, we have little doubt that in his sober judgment this influence constituted the true and permanent value of these distinctions, and that the language which he used on the subject was not, as in many cases, the mere cant expression which thinly masks from a man's inner self the worldly greed of power, and place, and fame. None would have admitted with more readiness than himself the extent to which his practice fell short of his aim, or the existence of tendencies

which were in themselves elements of weakness, but which were dwarfed and stunted by the silence and loneliness of that sick-chamber into which he was so constantly withdrawn from the activities of the external world. We do not draw attention to his religious character as one of great force or originality, or of massive individuality—and it was certainly defective in some points—but as one worthy of very attentive consideration. He was a man by necessity living in that world of whose words, ideas, and standards a large number of professing Christians only hear by report, and from association with which they are at liberty to withdraw themselves. He lived in the strife of daily contentions, which are nowhere urged with more bitterness than on scientific and literary battle-fields; he was tried with native inquietude and sensitiveness; his body was a debateable ground, on which the hostile forces of life and death waged a perpetual war; the necessity of living by science as well as for it involved him in the stern struggle for place and distinction; he was cut off in great measure from the public ordinances of worship and the society of devout men; he was brought into constant association with ‘watchful sceptics and cavillers;’ yet, as a whole, his life, ‘often a joyous worship, always a patient endurance,’ was one of the most satisfactory combinations of manly religion and genuine science, one of the most genial instances of a heart neither ossified by the hard contacts, nor narrowed by the solitudes and isolations, of scientific pursuits,—one of the best examples of victorious suffering, and the joyful doing of the work of the day under the shadow and solemnity of an ever-impending night, which modern religious biography furnishes.

The man and the biography are representative growths of the present age. The man lived in a whirl, his occupations were conglomerate, his system was eclectic, his religious creed was simple, and derived principally from the felt adaptation of the Christian salvation to his own needs. He had small leisure even in sickness for a dissection of his religious being; he was not solicitous for doctrinal accuracy, but for motive love to Christ. He cultivated joyfulness, abhorred asceticism, mixed freely with his fellow-men, worked for Christ, and died in peace. His biography brings him only partially before us, revealing little of the inner life, disclosing no vicissitudes of ecstasy or despair, portraying his relations to science and to his fellow-men rather than to God—narrating his life-work without giving us, either in diaries or letters, any analysis of motives.

If we were to proceed with the characters on our list, each would exhibit the development of Christian individuality in greater or less degree—those peculiarities, more or less marked, which constitute *character*, in every instance determining to a

great extent Christian life and action. In all, the men who have produced the *most* impression on other men are those in whom one point of character was exaggerated, and who have not been remarkable for broad views of the extent and variety of Christian duty. In each, the tendency is stronger towards external activities than to the perfecting of the inner Christian life,—aggressive evangelism being purchased, it is possible, at the expense of the deeper knowledge, the fuller growth, the more extensive experiences which marked the religion of the last age. A sanguine faith distinguishes the Christianity of three of these men. It was undoubtedly one of the greatest elements of Mr James's power; and in him was the more marked, as it had no auxiliaries in constitutional temperament, but was victorious over a disposition prone to morbid depression. It is probable that this is an invariable characteristic of the Christianity which achieves signal triumphs. This surely may be learned by observation, apart from the scriptural connection between faith and success. What is predicated of faith, in a higher and more significant sense may be predicated of *belief*. The native force of strong convictions of truth is illustrated very remarkably in Mr James's life; and if we take its opposite, granting that the characteristics of 'saving faith' were as present in one case as in the other, it appears obvious that a man whose belief is firmly anchored and unwavering has a far larger amount of energy to spare, than he who is expending his strength in combating legions of doubts and speculations; and there is an inseparable connection between intensity of conviction in a speaker and the effect on his hearers. Uncertainty in religious belief, the sceptical questionings which are inherent in some mental constitutions, the honest doubts which in many cases form the most torturing part of life's discipline, are so many elements of failure. Facts compel us to acknowledge that the belief which is cribbed and cramped within the limits of the narrowest and most dogmatic of our creeds, if *sincere and intense*, is an infinitely more potent agent on the souls of men than the highest and loveliest form of the liberalism of uncertainty, which has no vivid and defined conceptions of spiritual objective reality to present to the spiritual vision.

There is something individual and outstanding about the Christian effort of each of our characters, something apart from committees and platforms, and the whole machinery of associate enterprise. We do not mean to imply that they by any means slighted the strength and advantages which, under many circumstances, are only attainable by voluntary association and organization, or that each was a slave to some crotchety idea of isolated effort; but that, while recognising the utility of combination, they avoided that multiplication of platform, com-

mittee, and society duties in which individual power is frittered away, and individual responsibility is shifted off upon corporate agencies, and a whirl, and bustle, and religious secularism are engendered, in which the spirituality of effort is diminished or lost. Much of what passes for 'religious activity' is merely worldly bustle, or sectarian striving, or energetic partisanship baptized with a Christian name. Mr James recognised most fully the temptations to the secularizing of associate religious schemes, and the danger of the quenching of individuality, together with the unsatisfactory expenditure of time in committee meetings, platform lucubrations, religious mendicancy, and the working of the complicated machinery indicated by the legionary appeals and prospectuses of our old and new religious enterprises. In addition to these obvious perils, we are inclined to think that there is an insidious tendency connected with the hurry, and glow, and immensity, and excitements of associate activities, towards the ignoring or depreciation of quiet individual effort of a nature which is not in modern phraseology *telling*, or prolific in apparent results, and of that large portion of the world's work which, if done at all, must be done within the circumscribed limits of individual surroundings. We must not be understood as disparaging associate enterprises; wherever their working is distinctively Christian, wherever it is a joyful service of love rendered to the Church's living Head, wherever that love is at once the bond of union and the motive for action—action instinct with living sympathies and living faith, baptized into the Master's spirit, and emulous only of the Master's smile, we welcome indications, faint indeed, but certain, of a new era in the Church's history—'the closing cycle rich in good.'

In Budgett and Wilson, the circumstances of worldly position eventually determined the line of Christian usefulness which the individuality of each character suggested. In Wilson, the aversion to stereotyped forms of effort was perhaps exaggerated; but it was not this alone which turned his desire for 'direct service' into the channels to which we have already alluded. At first he did not recognise the nature of the ministry which was reserved for him; but with a judicious after-thought, worthy of consideration, he gauged his peculiar capacities and fitness, and then trustfully sought the divine guidance. Sunday school teaching and district visiting had presented themselves to him, as they have done to others, as grooves of 'work,' into which any well-disposed person may fit. We are not informed by his biographer whether his attempt as a Sunday school teacher succeeded or failed; it was happy for him that providential circumstances turned his activities in another direction.

It is not, we think, enough that the work and the workers are brought together: the *highest* degree of success can only be attained when there is some mutual adaptation, and some definite purpose on the worker's part. Taking Sunday school teaching and district visiting, where these are wanting, as illustrations, we have not unfrequently observed that a very brief trial of the mischievous, irreverent, and belligerent rabble which constitutes the raw material of our Sunday classes, convinces the tyro far more surely of the depravity of human nature than of his own inaptitude and want of fitness, and often results in the drudgery of self-denial rather than the labour of love; whereas a knowledge of his own deficiency in the gift of teaching, in love for children, and a real sympathy with them—in the genius of order, patience, cheerfulness, and adaptation—might have saved him from the mortification of failure. With regard to district visiting, Budgett evidently realized that tact, judgment, love to man not only for Christ's sake but for his own sake, geniality, the power of appreciating rightly the difficulties and circumstances of the poor, and a genuine, patient, and elastic sympathy, are nearly essential in a district visitor; and that for want of them he is constantly soured and discouraged at the very outset by the coldness, stolidity, and apathy which meet him, and subsides into the mere perfunctory tract distributor, with very decided notions upon the impracticability of the lower classes. We believe that each species of effort to which we have referred requires for its success something more than personal Christianity, or the laudable desire to be 'employed;' and that the very individuals who fail miserably in these might bring home with rejoicing a wealth of golden sheaves from other harvest-fields.

It may be that so much of the Church's work is unavailing and imperfect because it is attempted by men and women who have never accurately acquainted themselves with their own characters and capacities, and their fitness for some given species of effort. We believe that every man and woman is gifted with a capacity for some work in the world;

‘ That nothing walks with aimless feet,
And not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God has made the pile complete ;’

and that the man and the work are sure to meet, if ordinary common sense, judicious counsel, and believing prayer for divine direction are brought into exercise.

Budgett and Vicars were remarkable for a sanguine faith in the vitality and regenerating power of the Gospel, and its effi-

cacy on individual cases. Constitutionally hopeful, they carried their hopefulness into their efforts each in his own way, recognising elements of success where others would have read the doom of certain failure. The work of all these men was animated by something more vital than a vague notion of religious employment; the motive was love to Christ; the purpose was well defined, to seek and save their brethren, and bring them home to their Father's house and heart; the hope of success was based on the promise of the Spirit. Each furnishes us with a distinct type of Christian character and excellence: the aggressive and persevering evangelist, with his intense convictions of truth, living as the servant of one idea of usefulness,—the gifted preacher adorning the Gospel, and consecrating his æsthetic and literary tastes, his intellectual culture and his living sympathies, to the cause of the truth as it is in Jesus,—the merchant raising the transactions of trade into the higher atmosphere of Christian principle, and elevating his neighbourhood socially and morally as well as intellectually,—the bookseller ennobling his calling by making it instrumental in purifying the intellectual and theological life of Germany,—the man of science and letters consecrating common things and baptizing scientific truth in the intenser light in which there is no darkness,—the explorer carrying into Arctic ice and snow the motto of the heavenly 'Excelsior,'—the soldier, whose sword flashed none the less brightly in the front of battle because the hand which raised it had grasped the cross,—these all, in following Christ, found His footsteps on different roads.

We have been intentionally eulogistic in our remarks on the individual excellences of the characters which we have noticed, and have avoided any minute representation of their defects; but there is a conception of the Christian life and discipleship which, if it be lost out of our habits of living, is still, we believe, attainable, and to which they attained not, if we are to judge of them from their biographies. We deprecate imitation, and the one-type-of-excellence notion, believing that the measure in which these or any other men are fitted to serve as examples is the measure only of their likeness to Christ. We put them forward principally for their absence of resemblance to each other, indicating by their differing Christian individualities the diversities which an honest though imperfectly executed desire to copy the great Example may create.

These, together with the mighty multitude who in all the ages have sought and found the footprints of Christ, are essential parts of the temple not made with hands; and 'though the world has lost his youth, and the times begin to wax old,' the ranks of 'the august ministry of Nazareth' are still filled up.

There are sovereigns who have esteemed the right to reign less precious than the privilege to serve; and long is the list of the uncrowned—the men who in the high places of power have stood up for Christ's sake, for justice, truth, and liberty—the valiant wrestlers for the right—the brave trusting spirits which have gone forth self-consecrated to battle with sin and woe wherever our smitten humanity is found—the hearts which have beaten in the quick response of relationship to the myriads who are groping, suffering, perishing around them—the higher *illuminati* who have irradiated the loftiest philosophical investigations and the mightiest intellectual efforts with the sublimer Light which is the life of men—the long, triumphant, radiant procession, the sound of whose *Gloria in excelsis* has won the world's passing Hosannah, as with the pomp and circumstance of most militant faith it has swept victoriously by.

But there is another and a more silent service, which has no glitter before the eye of man, and no reward on earth—the service of that goodly company which moves with muffled tread amid the world's unspoken scorn—the great army of 'the last' which may be destined to be 'first.' The *Io Peans* of this multitude are voiceless, and it has no other light than the faint halo of Christ's beatitudes; yet in its ranks some of the most celestial attainments and sublimest triumphs of faith are to be found. Here are 'God's heroes,' the heroes of the sick-chamber and the vigil by the cradle-side—the heroes of poverty and of the workshop—of silent, patient endurance, having learnt through much tribulation that waiting and suffering are their destined work—the heroes of long-suffering, forbearance, and charity, of victory over pain, of the unostentatious self-denials of the household—the lowly toiling men and women, climbing mounts of sacrifice under heavy crosses, without a human hand held out in sympathy—the noble army of martyrs who have found and followed the Master's footprints in the daily round of humble duties, transfiguring that despised, circumscribed, care-encumbered life of theirs into a living testimony to the truth of Christ's evangel—the lonely sufferers, priests by a heavenly consecration, offering the sacrifices of praise in garret and cellar—men and women far from the stimulating delights of successful activities, co-workers with Christ, sowing in hope the seed whose increase they shall never reap—'the sacramental host of God's elect,' ever ascending with songs most jubilant from the faithful performance of earth's lower ministries to the perfect service of the upper sanctuary, with its perennial and unhindered praise. They are passing up through the gates of the morning into the city without a temple, and it is for other fingers than ours to weave the amaranth round their lowly brows.

ART. II.—1. *Statistical Handbook for the Austrian Monarchy.*

By CARL BARON CZOERING. Vienna, 1861.

2. *Mit oder ohne Oestereich?* Vienna and Pesth, 1862.

3. *Die wahre Richtung der National Politik* (in German and Hungarian). Vienna, 1862.

4. *Debates in the Reichs Rath.* *Weiner Zeitung*, 1861–2.

THAT Austria is, by her position, formed to be the natural ally of Great Britain; and that, while capable of completing each other in almost every respect, the two countries have scarcely an interest that should become a cause of collision:—these are propositions we have scarcely ever heard disputed. That Austria is, of all continental countries, the most unpopular in Great Britain, is a fact hardly denied by even her best friends. The reasons for this must be grave and strong—very strong and very grave—for the people of these islands do not habitually conceive and keep up a bitter dislike to those whose friendship is obviously desirable; and of the obvious usefulness of Austria as an ally, no doubt can be admitted. What are then the reasons for a state of feeling which, unless accounted for, must be referred purely to sentiment, and consequently held to be irrational?

Of all the reasons that may be suggested, one only, we believe, will really account for this fact; distrust of Austria's individual strength, of her power of cohesion,—that is, therefore, of her capacity to help her allies, so long as she shall be held incapable of perfectly consolidating herself. We are well aware that this assertion will provoke vehement denials from all quarters; but the present time is a serious one: events are pressing onward, and it is needful that the truth should be known. We are convinced we have spoken it: an alliance with a strong empire in Central Europe being admitted to be all but an absolute necessity for Great Britain, and Austria (which occupies that situation geographically) being an object of all but unanimous aversion to the inhabitants of the British territory, it is a plain inference that Austria is not considered *strong*. It may sound very well to say, 'Austria is disliked because she has been despotic;' but that cannot be the *conclusive* reason. Austria was weakened by despotism—*there* lies a reality—but our aversion is caused more by her weakness than by her despotism. An example at ten leagues' distance from our own shores, proves that we compound with absolutism when it seems to succeed; and that of the country which is *kept together* and *kept under* by despotic rule, we complacently say, 'It has probably got the government that *suits it best*!' But when absolutism *fails*, we become implacably severe.

Now, absolutism *did* fail in Austria; of that there cannot be two opinions.

There are, in our mind, few greater services to be rendered this country, than to give it accurate information as to the internal condition and real strength of Austria. If Austria is a steadily progressing country, if her latent strength is in a way to be surely and to the utmost developed by her existing institutions, she is of the greatest utility to us: for she then, naturally and without any effort, represents the counterpoise to France and Russia upon the continent, and she indirectly but inevitably guarantees our preponderance in the Eastern question, and our position in the Mediterranean; from both of which our naval supremacy is in reality inseparable, though it may not be dependent upon either. To this it may be objected, that differences of opinion exist as to the ulterior aims of an Anglo-Austrian alliance; nay, that there is even a school of politicians adverse to the existence of an alliance at all between Austria and Great Britain; but there can absolutely be no discussion upon the fact, that a strong Austria keeps France in check. We will, therefore, in the ensuing pages, steer clear of any theories applicable to the mere workings of a political alliance; but assuming, as we have said, that Austria's strength is, *per se*, a control placed over French ambition, we will try to show the British public *what* that strength is, *where* it lies, and *why* its development is a necessity, and simply an affair of time. We repeat it: in the field of foreign politics few things bear so immediately on Great Britain's dearest interests.

We have asserted that a despotic form of government had so weakened Austria, that her weakness came to be an article of the firmest belief in the minds of the overwhelming majority of British politicians; and we feel that it is a singularly hard task to bring even the impartial to recognise force where there has been given for so long a time such deplorable evidence of feebleness. But one word will open the way to a better appreciation of the case as it now stands. Austria was weakened by despotism, because there was so little in her own natural constitution with which a despotic government could be brought into harmony. She was more ill at ease under absolute rule than most countries, for the very reason that her inborn capacity of freedom was greater than theirs. And here we must ask permission to say a few words upon certain terms, perhaps more commonly used than thoroughly understood, when discussing the various problems of political organization. We protest, for instance, against the term 'Revolution' as synonymous with the independence of a people. It is essentially illogical to suppose that the mere promptitude of a nation to overthrow its government is in itself

a proof of political aptitude on that nation's part. Violence in a people, as in an individual, is a proof of impatience, not of power. The word *self-government* implies other gifts in the races that are blessed enough to attain to it, than even that one noblest characteristic of all revolutions—generous indignation against oppression. Two examples will amply prove the truth of our statement. Great Britain, with which the practical realities of self-government are not half a century old,—dating as they do, to all intents and purposes, from the Reform Bill of 1832,—has not achieved one of those practical realities by revolution. France, which has, during a space of seventy years, exhausted every possible form of revolution, is so much further than ever from self-government, that it is past human comprehension to see by what means she could attain to the remotest semblance of it. We protest, therefore, against the aptitude for revolution being held as synonymous with a people's aptitude for self-government; and we boldly affirm that Austria, though by no means prompt to achieve political improvement by the revolutionary process, was unsuited to despotism by the large amount of her latent aptitude for self-government.

Let any one ask himself seriously, What are the cases in which despotism is not only possible, but relatively beneficial? There is but one: it is the case in which, no matter from what cause, the utter exhaustion of a nation's *moral worth* has made it at once helpless to itself and a source of insecurity to its neighbours, unless kept down by arbitrary rule. The ruler himself is then alone of importance, for the nation is lost sight of. This is the case with France. It may be a misfortune that such or such an individual should be at the head of affairs in France at such or such a period, but it can scarcely be denied that *more is made of the French* by a despot than by what are called free institutions;¹ and this comes from the radical incapacity of the nation for self-government. The conflicting forces needed for the *self-governing work* of a country no longer exist in France. Their irrepressible existence in Great Britain is the cause of the representative system being so thoroughly carried out amongst us; whilst their power of resistance in Austria has been the source of that incompatibility with despotism whence comes, at the eleventh hour, her salvation.

There are three leading points upon which it is imperatively requisite that the British public should be enlightened, because upon the complete knowledge of them and their various bearings

¹ We would refer the reader to an article on Montalembert in the number of this *Review* for August 1861, in which the impossibility was shown in detail of France ever having a *representative* government, and in which (in *that case*) the harm of mere parliamentary institutions was also shown.

depends the possible appreciation of Austria's real strength. The following are the three points to which we allude :—

1st, Austria was ready for public life when the meeting of the *Enlarged Reichs Rath* (in April 1860) paved the way for it.

2d, Austria was not so impatient for change, that revolution would have ensued had the Government not adopted a representative form.

3d, Austria would have come to an understanding with the Magyars with comparative ease had despotism endured, and had it been necessary, in order to come to an agreement, *to treat with the Crown alone.*

Any political student examining well these 'three points,' will soon see the enormous weight of what is implied by them, and the importance and novelty of the situation they reveal, if once their truth be proved. In the process of proving that truth, we must claim the perfect confidence of the reader. It will be obvious in a moment, that, in so limited a space as that before us, it must be a radical impossibility to adduce documentary evidence of every single assertion, or refute adverse statements by elaborate arguments such as would be demanded in a court of law. What we propose is, to relate facts that are publicly recognised as facts by many thousands of persons not personally interested in their existence, or to designate the sources whence we draw them, and where it will be easy to find confirmation or confutation of our words. The *whole truth* upon the subject which occupies us is too interesting not to make any trifling with it culpable : to attempt to adorn it would be impolitic and wrong, to desire to ignore it would be simply silly. We want *the truth* only ; when we have seized upon the smallest end of that clue, we shall find the way through the labyrinth sufficiently easy, and full of interest. Let us take the first point, the proofs of which are by this time notorious for the nations of the continent.

Before placing under the eyes of the English reader the rapidly repeated proofs of readiness for public life that the Austrian race has given within the last two years, we will refer to what is but little known at the present day,—namely, to certain antecedents of the Austrian people, which prove that they are by no means destitute of those memories in the past which bind nations to political progress, and help to make them look upon the management of their own affairs as a dignified duty.

In the first years of the sixteenth century are to be found traces of the active part taken by all classes in Austria in the work of government.¹ It is particularly curious that the aim

¹ The details of what we are about to state, may be found in Dr Zeibig's treatise '*on the Committee-Diet of the United Austrian Crown-Lands, held in Innsbruck in 1518.*' Also, in Karajan's '*Autobiography of Sigismund Von Herberstein.*'

pursued then, is, to a certain degree, as now, the possibility of unity of administration, or rather of co-operation in each separate part of the State with the other parts of it, so as to arrive at a just division of general political rights and duties, without trenching upon the particular obligations and privileges of each nationality.

It must not be forgotten that, at the epoch to which allusion has been made above, the *local* significance (if that expression may be allowed) of the sovereign of Austria was not inferior to what it is now; nor was it in the least impaired by the higher distinction with which it was incorporated. The 'Holy Roman Empire' was a grand abstraction; but the *German Empire* was, in the notions and in the loyal tone of the people, incarnate in the Austrian monarch. Whence this came, and when the precise moment of its birth must be fixed, is a topic calling for the minute research of the historians of the earlier ages; but of its existence, no one who reads the Chronicles of Germany, or its poetry, or its judicial acts,—no one, in short, who in any one shape devotes himself to discover the evidences of German national life,—can have the slightest doubt. The Imperial dignity is inseparable from the member of the Hapsburg House who rules over the aggregate of states which were successively added to the *Archduchy proper*, and went to form the Austrian dominions and territory. Popular tradition willed it so; and, till sixty or seventy years ago, popular tradition was something. Now, nearly a century before Albrecht Waldstein¹ (who was, in his way, no mean political *organizer*), attempted to put Austria's practical power on a level with her traditional power by the creation of a German army, the command of which should centre in the hands of Austria's Prince,—a very enlightened monarch, the Emperor Maximilian, had thought *over*, if not completely thought *out*, the many advantages that would arise from a thorough legal and political cohesion of the different component parts of Austria, each with the other, and of the union of this state with the larger state of the German Empire. The first Assembly of Deputies of the various Austrian dominions, having for its avowed and definite object the discussion of the affairs of all in common ('*gemeinsame geschäftsbehandlung*'), took place in the year 1508, at the small town of Mürzguschlag, in Styria. The personal possessions of the House of Hapsburg (those, namely, independent of the *German Empire*) were divided into two parts, denominated Upper and Lower Austria: in the former ranked Tyrol, Swabia, the Breisgau, and the Alsatian

¹ We need not remind the reader that the Duke of Friedland is only 'Wallenstein' in Schiller's writings; his real name in history was Waldstein, which is borne now by his collateral descendants.

provinces ; in the latter were counted Styria, Carinthia, Carniole, and that track of priceless land, famous for all students of Austrian annals, ancient or modern, under the name of '*ob der Enns*.'¹ In 1508, then, as we have said, the Deputies of the Austrian possessions met at Müritzguschlag. In 1509 (March), those of Lower Austria assembled at Salzburg ; and Maximilian wisely enacted, that henceforth there should be no more separate meetings, but that Upper and Lower Austria should elect men representing the interests of their country, and send them to one and the same town, there to unite also with the Deputies from the provinces of Burgundy, 'in order' (such are the terms wherein the Imperial will is expressed) to 'combine together, and once for all determine the best way in which one land can come to another's help.'

In 1514 another Assembly was held ; but in the December and January of the years 1517-18 was convened what really is not undeserving the title of a *Parliament*. Some discussion took place concerning the town in which the great meeting should be held, the Emperor having in the outset chosen the comparatively insignificant one of Schwäbisch-Wörth, whilst his Tyrolese lieges implored him to fix upon Innsbruck. Innsbruck was the spot decided upon ; but the wish in favour of the city of inferior renown, rests on a foundation well worth alluding to : Maximilian was under the necessity of meeting the Imperial German Diet at Augsburg at this precise period ; and he was anxious that the Assembly of the Austrian Parliament should be held at a distance short enough to enable him to preside personally over both, and make a first attempt at putting the Greater and the Lesser Assembly into communication. This failed, as we have seen ; and what was technically called the 'Committee-Day' (*Ausschuss Tag*), was held in Innsbruck. To the countries already mentioned, as *represented* upon this occasion, must be added Linz, Goritz, and Istria ; thus bringing together into one political and legislative assembly deputies from the most divergent portions of the land,—those from the north, the west, and the south. In all, sixty-nine men were thus called together to discuss the affairs of the State, and to debate upon the best means of ensuring the largest amount of good and economical administration. This is, in a measure, what *we* understand by *public life*. The participation of the largest number in the work of government is emphatically the British principle ; the submission of the nation to the largest amount of power vested in the hands of a *Government*, is the

¹ For an account of what are the capacities and characteristics of the population *ob-der-Enns*, we would refer the reader to a paper (in this *Review* for January 1862) upon Austrian Popular Poetry.

continental principle, as exemplified by France, Prussia, and some other nations. Now, the fact worthy of remark in the case under consideration, is, *not* that a ruler so wise and liberal as Maximilian should have called upon his subjects to come forward and help themselves and him, but that those subjects should have adequately answered to that call, and should have been found *ready* to play their part in public life. Any Englishman reading through such works as the *Archives of the Origins of Austrian History*, or as Brandis's *History of the Gentry of Tyrol*, would be astounded at the mode in which, upon the several occasions when they are required to come forward and furnish political help, these men of different ranks, pursuits, and races, honestly put their shoulder to the wheel, and do their utmost and their best. The 'Committee' of 1518 debated from the 22d January to the 15th of May; and on the 24th of the latter month, the decisions to which it had come were collected together and duly registered, and form to this day a document which will amply repay the labour any political philosopher may expend upon its perusal.

We have no space to enter minutely into the debates of this early Austrian Parliament; but one glance at *what* it was required to do, and *how it did it*, will show what a fund of information is contained in the records from which we quote:—

Maximilian, on the 15th March 1518, sent down to the Representatives of the Austrian Crown Lands a memorial, fully laying before them what he frankly termed 'the triple needs of the House of Austria.' Curiously enough, these were comprised under the heads of an 'Eastern question,' an 'Italian question,' and an 'Hungarian question!' The first touched upon the dangers with which the Turks threatened the eastern frontier; the second related to an allowance to be given in money to such Imperialist families as emigrated from Italy to the territory of Austria Proper; the third was simply one of those often repeated quarrels between the Magyars and the Empire, the end of which invariably was an appeal to the Turks for help against the *Schwab*, until the intolerable tyranny of the Infidel rendered an entreaty to the Swabian inevitable in its turn.

What a deliberative assembly *grants* to the Crown is of relatively slight importance. What it refuses is the thing to study; and from *the manner of its refusal* instruction is to be gained on the character and moral worth of those who constitute it. Here it is that the four months during which the sixty-nine Austrian deputies discussed public affairs at Innsbruck in the sixteenth century, afford such an interesting starting-point for the annals of *Parliamentary Austria*. As far as the Turks went, they were unlimitedly free-handed, and proposed to give

the Emperor whatever sums he required for the security of the country. As to the Italian immigrants, they would not hear of one farthing of pecuniary assistance for them. 'These unbidden guests must be graciously got rid of,' they say bluntly; and as to the Hungarian difficulty, they are in favour of 'conciliation,' because they suggest that the 'alliance of the Hun is useful against the Turk.' In reality, matters turned out exactly contrary to their 'suggestions,' seeing that some few years later we have the Turk overriding the Hun, and the Hungarian Chancellor meekly compounding with the rather harsh authority of Turkish Cadis. But however that may be, in 1518 the 'Committee' has its way, and Emperor and deputies discuss, nay, dispute even, in good earnest; the assembly of Innsbruck is stubborn enough, and not a man among its members evinces the slightest aptitude for the part of a courtier, such as we see them spring up so rapidly in most deliberative assemblies on the continent.

In the affairs of war and of finance, the same characteristics are preserved throughout; and though there is, on the whole, no serious misunderstanding with the Crown, it is impossible to say that the Crown gets the better of the Parliament, or has its own way. In the matter of the *Council of State* to be formed with a view to the more perfect study of 'Austrian and German affairs,' the Emperor and the deputies come to an agreement; and a body is created which, with many modifications, has endured till our days, and in more than one circumstance done good service.

If our object were to note the merits and defects of this first Austrian *Reichs Rath*, we should doubtless find numerous shortcomings to record; but what we aspire to is merely this: to show that there is in Austria a *natural* readiness for public life,—a *natural* capacity for freedom; that the instinct of these Austrian races easily leads them to help in the work of governing; and that whenever, even in less enlightened times, they have been called upon to take part in public affairs, they have given marked proofs of independence of character and of practical good sense.

No one will deny the plain fact, that two centuries later, the lead in liberalism belonged amongst the Teutonic races to Austria. Whilst Frederick the Great was fashioning Prussia into one vast *corps de garde*, imitating France and her stifling system of centralization,—governing, in short, the Prussians as hard as he could, and doing his utmost to reduce them to the condition of military and bureaucratic machines,—Maria Theresa and Joseph II. were busied with the endeavour to develop as much as possible the native capacity and strength of the countries

over which they ruled. Every reform initiated by Joseph II. is marked by the wisest and most resolute liberalism; and the play of municipal institutions, for instance, was so unfettered in the Austrian states, that, unless in our own home annals, we shall probably find nowhere such examples of self-assertion, such real though respectful independence in the 'subject,' such utter absence of courtiership or servility. No teacher or student of political history can for a moment gainsay the *fact*, that whilst France emerged exhausted from the sanguinary Revolution which her reckless impatience and utter incapacity of freedom had brought on, and whilst Prussia was left by Frederick to posterity a *mere copy*, a thing framed by the hand of a man, and unpossessed of genuine creative life, Austria had gained so much from her last sovereigns, the Empress-Queen, Joseph II., and even Leopold (whose chief aim was to walk as far as possible in his brother's steps), that she stood upon the threshold of our age, young, active, able-bodied, and fit to walk wisely and steadily on the road that leads from mere government to self-government.

But here comes in the great, radical, and destructive change; and to the account of the Emperor Francis, whose reign unfortunately endured nearly forty years, must be laid the entire responsibility of all Austria's crimes of commission and omission during the present century. We do not in these islands sufficiently recognise the dangers we have but very narrowly escaped; and our escape from which is attributable to causes connected with our insulated position, and with the peculiar physical training which develops the animal man, more than in any country on the face of the globe. Let us honestly look back to the reign of George III., and acknowledge that, so long as he preserved his reason, we had the narrowest possible escape from over-government. George III. tried by obstinacy and by cunning to over-govern England, and he only did not succeed because the force of resistance he met with was *just* a little superior (and only just!) to the force of authority he brought to bear upon the nation. We can find no better way of making the British reader thoroughly understand the Emperor Francis, than by saying that he was a George III., who failed to meet in his subjects with a force of resistance sufficient to check him in his governing propensities. The Emperor governed, and over-governed, and 'organized,' as though he had been a Frenchman, and made tremendous efforts to bind down the varied and *living* forces of Austria upon the stupid Procrustes bed of centralization. He found the elements of a free, noble, independent, but intensely loyal nation; he left a patient, much-enduring, police-ridden sort of a 'State,'—*un grand etat*, as

the French are so fond of saying, when they foolishly set up man's creation above God's. The principal fact to note in all this is, that Austria was ready for public life, in a certain measure, and in certain forms, when the Emperor Francis succeeded to the Imperial *German* dignity; that prepared, as her people had been, by the essentially liberalizing reigns of the Empress and of Joseph II., perfect safety would have been combined with an incalculable increase of power, had that people *then* been called upon to choose their representatives, and send them to help in the vast work of developing the resources of the land, and watching over the common weal. To have neglected to do this, was the great mistake, the great sin; and for that sin and that mistake Austria has paid with upwards of half a century of political helplessness and all but universal detestation.

It is false to say that the fault was M. de Metternich's, that the 'Metternich system' was the root of the evil, etc., etc. It was no such thing; nor was M. de Metternich the creator of any 'system' whatever. The fault was wholly that of the Emperor, and the 'system' was of his creating. No man in our days, perhaps, has been so over-estimated in all senses as Prince Metternich. He was answerable for neither the good nor the evil laid to his charge. Prince Metternich was simply what is called in France *un homme de beaucoup d'esprit*, who, unembarrassed by any inflexible political convictions, or by any enthusiastic admiration for his fellow-men, consented to carry out the plans of his master, without busying himself with the examination of *what they might lead to in the end*, and without seeing any adequate cause for confronting them by violent opposition.

A more short-sighted, more narrow-minded, more heartless, and less dignified system of policy than that invented by the Emperor Francis, can hardly be conceived; but let him bear the entire blame,—for, again we say, *he* invented it. The worst, too, of this system was, we repeat, that it was not only uncalled for, but its precise contrary was the one thing obviously required. Had a grand governing genius like Maximilian stood at the helm of German affairs in 1806, he would, in the first place, have laid down life before he abdicated the Imperial German throne, for the 'Empire' was so constituted that it contained the germ of institutions infinitely more liberal than any of those which its component parts have since achieved; but he would have immediately summoned the races under his rule to help the Crown in the work of government. Francis was no Maximilian, and he entered upon that worst of all policies, a *defensive* one. He defended himself against public life. In this way was Austria turned from what was her *natural* path. The living

nation was set aside, and she was henceforward ruled and governed, just as you might appoint a keeper over a young and healthy man, in the full enjoyment of his physical and intellectual faculties.

Austria was *very* loyal, as we have said, and of a patient nature, and she bore all this; but it is a most gratuitous piece of bad policy to try how much a nation will bear. *To live* is the proper tendency of communities as of men; and healthy life in a people, as in an individual, is the result only of the equilibrium of the various component forces. These in the man act directly; in the nation, indirectly or by the medium of representation. Herein lies the real morality of the representative form of government, and its superiority to all others. This is a most important point to direct our attention to, because it affords the answer—and the *only* answer—to an accusation perpetually brought against the British nation, and which, if merited, would undoubtedly constitute a grave offence against the independence of other nations. We are accused on the continent of incessant meddling in our neighbours' concerns, and of a fidgety desire to impose our own institutions on every other race, whether that race be fitted to them or not. This accusation is, we believe, undeserved in reality, and has but a semblance of foundation, because those who make it do not take time to examine what it is we are working at. What England is incessantly advocating (sometimes it may be even in an unpleasant manner), is the possibility of every other race enjoying what she herself enjoys: that is to say, the benefit of the principle of *Representation*; but, well examined, this is as if you expressed a wish that such an individual should be healthy instead of sick. This has nothing to do with the identical reproduction of our own peculiar forms, or of our own particular parliamentary habits; and the sooner we and our foreign friends understand this the better: it will be an immense point gained. Discussion upon constitutional or *unconstitutional* government is a mere waste of words. All governments are constitutional governments, and an *unconstitutional* government would be simply anarchy, or an absence of all institutions whatsoever. But let it be well impressed upon the minds of all political students: very few governments are honestly and thoroughly representative; and hence comes the mischief and the disturbance we see all over the world. For a man to be healthy, and enjoy all the life for which Providence destined him, he must be able to rely upon each and every part of his organization: let disease lame the action of any one part, and his amount of health—*i.e.*, of genuine life—is lessened. He lives imperfectly, if heart, liver, or lungs, stomach, limbs, or brain, be in any way oppressed or

impeded. As in the man, so in the nation : impede or suppress any one single force, and the whole machine must suffer. For this reason, neither a democratic republic nor a despotic monarchy can ever be *perfectly* representative. Montesquieu saw this clearly enough in the last century ; and Frenchman though he was, he could not avoid coming to the conclusion that the one form superior to all others, for the amount it affords of genuine national life, was the form of a mixed and limited monarchy. This, we believe, will be found to hold good in principle ; but that no mixed monarchy can possibly give its full play to representative institutions, unless served by a complete imitation of our own—‘Crown, Lords, and Commons’—is a fallacy and an illusion that should be got rid of ; for it is, like all illusions, dangerous. That the sum of the representation correspond perfectly to the sum of the forces of the country ; that *no one force* be allowed to stagnate—that is the important point : for if that be ensured, it is an *utter impossibility* that the particular mode of working best suited to the country in question should not be found.

We have permitted ourselves this digression, because without it we could not make the reader understand all the bearings of the case to which we are desirous of drawing his attention. No false modesty must hinder us from saying what is absolutely true : of *all* the nations now in existence, Great Britain is *the* one in which, from an infinite variety of causes (too long even to glance at), the largest number of conflicting forces are most adequately represented ; in which, consequently, the amount of public life is the strongest, and the participation of the entire community in the march of the government the most immediate. Furthest from us stand (for opposite reasons) the Republic of the (once) United States, the Empire of France, and the Kingdom of Prussia ; nearer to us,—that is, nearer to the enjoyment of the results we have achieved, though, perhaps, by different means,—stand certain lesser German states such as Bavaria and Wirtemberg, Spain and Portugal, and probably Italy, when she shall have thoroughly constituted herself ; but nearest of any, in her natural inborn capacity for political representation, stands Austria. If this were not the case, she could not have given the curious proofs of readiness for public life which she has afforded on every occasion when she has been called to do so. She has not cast away one of her resources, but has husbanded them all ; she is not, like France, forced to *over-govern* by centralization because she has destroyed her aristocracy and divested the soil of its proper significancy and weight ; neither is she, like Prussia, obliged to *rule* by the army, because she has no rich and responsible landowning families whereby to neutralize that worst of

plagues, a needy squirearchy. It is a very different thing to have to *call in the help of the army upon this* or that special occasion—(all countries may be obliged to do that) and to *govern* by the army. The latter is Prussia's condition, as present events are showing. No; however neglected (as by the Emperor Francis) or ill-employed (as by some of his successors), the true, native forces of Austria were there unimpaired; and they were all there, *ready*, as we have said, not impatient, for representation,—or, in other words, for life.

Now, what the Emperor Francis gave Austria, was suppression instead of development,—silence instead of expression,—death, in short, politically speaking, instead of life. He shut the nation up,—set it aside; and, instead of unlocking all the generous resources of the land, he framed a system which he himself undertook to work. Unfortunately, as we have said, the Emperor was an undeniably clever man, and, like most narrow-minded people, was gifted with an obstinate will, by no means incompatible with moral timidity, yet too generally regarded as firmness by the indiscriminating public. We cannot repeat it too often, *Kaiser Franz* was the Austrian George III.; far less cunning, however, than his Hanoverian brother monarch, but, at the same time, also less bold. Fear was the motive power of every government of continental Europe from 1790 till 1848; and who knows how much of what was *senseless* in the outbreak of that epoch,—of what had no aim or object whatever,—was ascribable to this absurd and humiliating state of things. The grand mistake of nearly every government was the same: frightened by the phantom of democracy, they bent their whole soul to the task of destroying that one particular force, instead of evoking other and opposing forces to neutralize it.

This was not possible everywhere, for there were countries—such as France, for instance—where the native forces still endowed with life were but few in number. But it was possible in Austria, where not one latent principle of social or political vitality had been injured. To any one who has studied the history of Austria's past, and been in any degree familiar with the peculiar characteristics of her populations, the fatal omissions and mistakes of the Emperor Francis seem almost incredible. The most superficial insight into Austrian history for the last three hundred years would have shown the persistence of the one never-abandoned idea—that of the creation of a consultative and *deliberative* body or assembly, by means of which national and political unity should be achieved, and the various component classes of the state be gradually led into, at all events, indirect participation in the work of government. In no continental country is the natural tendency towards representation more

evident; and a sort of *Reichs Rath*, more or less complete, is for ever recurring, from the time of Maximilian's death in 1519 to the reign of Joseph II.¹ In no country would any appeal to the people in general have been safer; but it must also be said that no country has had its historical annals kept so carefully out of its sight. If the Austrian Government were to found what M. Guizot founded during his Ministry of Public Instruction in France,—a collection, namely, of so many volumes each year, drawn from the different archives of the realm, and printed under the title of '*Records of the Origins of the National History*,'—it is not too much to say that Europe would arrive at a diametrically opposite estimate of the Austrian race from that which has been accepted hitherto; but probably the people most of all surprised by these revelations would be the Austrians themselves, who have for upwards of half a century been isolated from not only the bustle and stir of the outer political world, but from the knowledge of their own most interesting national antecedents.²

With the reign, then, of the Emperor Francis, we conceive all the natural and healthy tendencies of the Austrian community to have been brought to a sudden close. A *governing system* is then invented by the sovereign, which happens to be in absolute opposition to the national traditions, as they had been slowly but surely developing themselves for three centuries under a succession of Kaisers. The Imperial German dignity is foolishly (if not basely) abdicated; the '*Empire of Austria*' starts to life; Francis applies all his governing machinery himself; overlooks everything and everybody, lets loose 'administration,' with its bureaucratic locust-swarms, all over the doomed land, hushes the national voice, crushes the national strength, stifles the national life everywhere, and, in his fear-prompted enterprise, displays more activity than any ten ordinary men, doing himself about ten times more work than any sane man—especially a sovereign—ought to attempt. . To help him in carrying out this most sterile piece of work, the Emperor finds an intelligent, docile, and pleasant instrument in M. de Metternich.

Years go on, and that wonderful imposture, that tree without any root—the revolution of July—springs up and overshadows

¹ Proofs of this perpetual desire to *associate* the country in a *representative* form with the Crown are to be found in the enormous mass of State documents of all kinds with which the Imperial archives are crammed, and to which no one thinks of recurring!

² We are rejoiced to note in the Vienna press a very general demand for the publication of some of these documents. The *official Donau Zeitung* suggests that it is high time the State archives should teach Austria the great merits of her Past.

continental Europe, and frightens foolish sovereigns and would-be statesmen into all manner of fresh mistakes. Blinder than ever, not once catching a glimpse of the real truth; not once, by comparison with mutilated, impotent France, recognising the peculiar advantages of the country Providence had entrusted to his care; unawakened by a neighbour's example to the value of the treasure whose possession made it so easy to escape that neighbour's fate,—Francis actually saw in the revolution of July a reason for attaching himself more obstinately than ever to his own unpardonably narrow policy, and the Emperor and his minister congratulated themselves on their wisdom.

But, meanwhile, a quiet consciousness of power that would not, and need not, be misused, was stealing over the minds of certain classes; and the old tendency towards 'Representation' in some shape or form was beginning to crop up again in Austria. It first showed signs of life in the aristocracy—a very healthy sign; and if the walls of the Princess Metternich's *salon* in Vienna could speak, how many a long conversation would they not repeat, during which the bearers of the highest names in Austria had forced upon the attention of the Arch-Chancellor their desire for political importance, for political life!

'Where, out of England, are there such materials for a great House of Lords as here?' How often had those words struck on Prince Metternich's ear! But *he* was powerless, and they who thus spoke well knew it; and anxious, though not impatient, *they waited!* The Emperor Francis died. He was succeeded by the Emperor Ferdinand; and the relative position of the monarch and the minister were changed. M. de Metternich was now everything, and even too obviously so. No man is long subordinate with impunity. M. de Metternich really only knew what his master had taught him; he could put only those teachings in practice. Accordingly, the Arch-Chancellor evoked the spirit of the late monarch, and governed Austria under the Emperor Ferdinand as the Emperor Francis had governed it before. But there was an embarrassment for M. de Metternich, of which too little notice has perhaps been taken: just as it was impossible to suggest reforms to the late sovereign, so was it very awkward to initiate them under the new one. The *authority* of Prince Metternich over his master was so obvious, that (in the then juxtaposition of the Crown to the country) it was difficult for the minister (who, whatever his shortcomings as a patriot, was the most loyal of *subjects*) to inaugurate changes, of which not an atom of responsibility could have been attached by public opinion to the Emperor. The 'system' endured for twelve or thirteen years; not, however, without M. de Metternich hearing incessantly the word 'Reform;' not without

his being over and over reminded by his aristocratic friends of all races, what a pity it was not to employ in a work of political regeneration such magnificent elements as were contained in the empire. Years rolled on, nothing was done; and 1848 took continental Europe by surprise!

That there *had* been a tremendous mistake somewhere, stared every one in the face; but *what* it positively was, does not seem to have been at all understood, even in the moment of its recognition. The old fright of 'democracy' possessed governments and princes, whereas in Austria, at all events, 'democracy,' as a principle, had no roots whatever; and to overawe the *very few Austrians* who had any share in the Vienna disturbances of '48, scarcely a battalion of *pompieri* would have been required. We are speaking now of the Empire of Austria *exclusive of* Hungary—of what the *consequences* of 1848 were amongst the Hungarians we will treat later—and we state as a fact, perfectly notorious now, that, with the exception of the excesses committed *exclusively* by Poles, Hungarians, and Frenchmen, the so-called 'Revolution' in Vienna was a childish matter, incomparably less serious than the Reform riots of 1832 in England. But that happened which was inevitable in such a case. The Government, which, from fear of 'the wolf,' had gone on senselessly and uselessly keeping down the nation for so long a number of years, believed in the very first cry of 'the wolf,' and ran away as hard as it could.

In this sudden crisis, however, let justice be done in one respect; all behaved well, as far as self-sacrifice went. When the short storm had blown over, there was no trouble in finding people ready to give up this or that. Every man was ready to give up everything. The question was, where to find the men ready to assume responsibility. Two men assumed it resolutely—the young Emperor, a boy of eighteen, and Prince Schwarzenberg. It was settled that there was to be a 'change of system;' and there lay the harm at the very outset. A *change* there was to be,—yes! but a '*system*,' alas! still. And why a '*system*?' Where were all Austria's living and conflicting forces? *No one thought of them.* Felix Schwarzenberg's mistake was all but as bad a one as the Emperor Francis's had been. He, too, believed firmly in 'democracy;' and, just as Kaiser Franz had tried to repress it, he tried to organize it, and take it into his counsels. Fear had no part in Felix Schwarzenberg's plans, but neither had large-mindedness or generosity,—two qualities without which states may be *organized*, but men cannot be fashioned to the work of self-government. Schwarzenberg's '*system*' was as one-sided and conventional as that of Francis had been. He took France for his model, and over-organized,

over-centralized, over-governed to his heart's content, and believed himself a '*Liberal*' because he deprived the aristocratic and local element of its free play, and subjected it to the sway of the democratic bureaucracy. Schwarzenberg had visions of a *great State*; and the man himself was so bold, so convinced, so devoted to his idea, and of such an irresistible will, that, had he lived, he would probably have made Austria the *great State* he dreamt of; but the 'young, free, strong, regenerated Austria,' of which the political workers of the present day dream so fondly, would probably never more have been heard of. Like Richelieu, Schwarzenberg's great failure was his death. He left unfinished a work whereof he alone was the vital principle: with his breath had fled the soul of the work; it was dead from the hour of Schwarzenberg's death to the hour when Count Rechberg was called from Frankfort to Vienna. That is, for a space of six years, the most incapable of ministers, under the most conscientious of monarchs, were employed in the most insane of undertakings,—*in the endeavour to galvanize a corpse*.

When Schwarzenberg entered upon his governing career, he begged of M. de Metternich to 'help him with his experience.' The answer is worth attention, for its depth comes from its truth. 'I have no experience that can help you,' said the Arch-Chancellor, 'for *I do not understand* what you are about to attempt. Had I thought your "system" the right one, I should not have left it to you to establish; but you who believe in it will work it best without my help, who do not even understand it.'

And this was the condition of too many others who lacked M. de Metternich's frankness to avow it. Thus Schwarzenberg's 'system' was, after its inventor's death, entrusted to the worst hands that can possibly be imagined: to Bach, the narrowest, most bigoted of French revolutionary centralizers; and to Count Buol, the amount of whose sheer *incapacity* was such, that, whatever his other faults, they may fairly be regarded as merged in this one. These two men slipped and drifted about as helpless as untaught skaters on polished ice, and were only saved from destruction by three things: 1st, By the memory of Schwarzenberg, and the reputation for power with which he had surrounded Austria; 2d, By the maintenance of the *status quo* in Central Europe (in spite of the Crimean war); and 3d, By the genius of Bruck, and the enormous development of material prosperity he was every day achieving for the empire.

The day came when the Buol and Bach ministry could no longer be tolerated. It fell. Of the *manner* of its fall we will treat when engaged in proving our second point; for the present we are trying to show that the *Austrian people* were '*ready for public life* when its avenues were opened to them.' Even so

cursory a glance as we have been able to throw over the past, will show that for fifty-three years (from 1806 to 1859) there were but few chances afforded to the Austrian community of participating in the work of government; whereas the tendencies of previous centuries, fostered by a long succession of sovereigns, had invariably pointed towards a larger measure of possible *representation*.

In April 1860, a summons went forth, calling upon a certain number of Austrians, of various classes and professions, and of all nationalities, to come to Vienna and help the Crown in its desire to develop more largely the forces of the empire. To any impartial student of history, this measure was one of intense interest, for it was a step in the right road. It was the link put once more into the chain of real, genuine national tradition. If but *sincerely* persevered in, any and every good, however great, *might* come of it; and nothing save good could come of it. The men are not wanting, who, the moment they read the act of convocation of the *Enlarged Reichs Rath* of April '60, said Austria had now virtually 'got representative institutions,' and who, when questioned by foreigners as to how they could possibly predict such a result, replied, with smiling security, that 'no power on earth could henceforth prevent it,' for that those 'inborn forces were now called into play, from which representation only, and nothing else, could flow.' To use a homely comparison, Austria had at last sown her acorn. A pine-apple is a much finer thing to look at than an acorn; but plant it ever so much in the soil, and it will produce no oak, but only rot away into corruption. Austria had been pine-apple-sowing for half a century, and we have seen what came of it. In April 1860 she put a real acorn into the ground; and where she did so, there now stands a young oak-sapling,—very young, very tender yet, but it is an oak, and nothing else; and as the soil it springs from is a rich one, and the climate it grows in has been propitious, the growth of the young sapling has been already remarkable for altitude and strength.

We have said that the first question in April '60 was necessarily 'sincerity.' Was the Government, was the Emperor sincere? For those who knew the Emperor and Count Rechberg *personally*, this question never once arose, or could arise. Both had their enemies and their detractors; but the notion that either would put his name to a measure with the deliberate intention *not* to fulfil it honestly, did *not* enter into any one's mind in Austria. We, however, are not writing for Francis Joseph's or M. de Rechberg's friends; on the contrary, we are stating facts for the information of those who are ignorant of them. Well, then, we again say, that for any one familiar with

the component elements of Austria, it became at once evident, that if the Reichs Rath of 1860 were allowed to *go its own way*, such a mass of conflicting forces would be let loose as would quickly make everything impossible *except* representative institutions. A few weeks justified these previsions; and long before the decree of the 20th October, it was clear to those who, with the slightest political foresight, watched the proceedings of the Reichs Rath, that a 'new era' had indeed dawned. 'Systems were done away with at last; there was public life, there were public men, and men who took to their work, liked it, and were fitted for it. This being the case, the Government could only do one of two things: either honestly perform the *limited*, though not unimportant, part which belongs to it of right where representative institutions reign; or wantonly appeal to revolution and civil war by a military *coup d'état*, and blow up the whole edifice, burying itself in the ruins. There was positively no other choice. Every possible advantage was on the one side, and utter ruin was on the other; so that to accuse the Emperor and the ministry of 'insincerity,' was to accuse them of worse than madness,—of downright idiocy.

The chief mistake made by those who have written upon 'constitutional Austria,' as it is the fashion to call it, consists in the immoderate stress they lay upon the action of the Crown. In reality, the Crown has taken the lead far less than is supposed; and *the principle of the participation of the country in the governing work* once admitted, the Government has shown itself neither obtrusive nor predominant, but has, on the contrary, *sanctioned* far more than it has 'granted.' It is precisely this which makes the real friends of Austria so hopeful. Taking England and France as the completest types, the one of over-government, the other of self-government, it is difficult to conceive anything more un-French than the conduct of both Government and national Representatives in Austria for the last two years. From the moment the men meet together who are to devise the means of 'doing the best' for the country, they earnestly set to work at real business, without giving one thought to self-glorification or display. They *debate*, they don't hold forth. There is no fine talking, nor does any one prance off upon an 'idea,' as is the custom so dear to the Gaul; but what they want, or believe they want, they get; and this is a point not to be overlooked. So profound is the impression produced on those who follow the proceedings of the first Reichs Rath, that a man whom assuredly no one will accuse of being a partial witness,—Count d'Haussonville,—a 'Liberal,' if ever there was one, and a decided anti-Austrian, writes in December 1860, 'I would only wish my countrymen to speak as they speak in

Vienna. I would wish them to study the debates in the Reichs Rath.¹ And M. d'Haussonville was right: but a Frenchman studying the debates in question could only learn thereby to measure the value of all France has irreparably lost. A British member of Parliament would be a better judge.

The Reichs Rath of 1860 was a preliminary one. Its work—let this be well remembered—was that of reawakening public life in Austria. It was not, in fact, a *Constitutive* Assembly, as has been too lightly supposed; it was an Assembly whose office it was to decide whether it would not be right to restore the country, in a very large degree, to itself. It is necessary the British reader should seize this point, for all that has taken place later is its direct consequence. The *Enlarged Reichs Rath* (April 1860) was in quality, if not in quantity, purely representative! There were, at all events, men of every race,—Austrians, Magyars, Slavonians, Poles, Czechs, Transylvanians, Tyrolese,—in short, deputies from every province. There were men of every class, from nobles down to tradesmen, and of every profession,—priests, lawyers, soldiers, and *savans*. Whatever may have occurred later, the direct results of the early Reichs Rath cannot be destroyed, and must not be undervalued; they were these: 1st, The evidence that, in spite of sundry details that might seem to prove the reverse, there was a *whole* (*ein ganzes*, as the Germans say), called Austria; and that, irrespective of mere local interests, there were great political and national interests which *all* felt *must* be served.² 2d, That there was a sufficiently small amount of class antipathies to make the work of internal cohesion possible, without, as in France, striking on the breakers of democratic arrogance or aristocratic vanity. 3d, That there was a visible capacity for *business* in all ranks.

The promises made by the preliminary Reichs Rath were fulfilled by the Reichs Rath or Parliament of May 1861, as far as regarded the mere *readiness of the country for public life*, which is all we have to occupy ourselves with at this moment. Everywhere the electors of the first degree crowded to the places where the electors-absolute (*i.e.*, those who were to name the actual members of Parliament) were to be chosen. There was no lack of electors, or of those desirous to represent. No one held back; no one seemed to think public life a thing with

¹ Pamphlet on the Right of Petition, by Count d'Haussonville. Paris, Dec. 1860.

² 'Styria is my home, Austria my country,' said a deputy in the midst of universal applause. 'We all desire a united empire,' said Count Szeçsen. 'Marriages and interests of fortune,' said Count Nostitz, a Bohemian, 'have cast a net round all the various lands of the empire, which they cannot break through.'

which he had nothing to do. Public life was every man's business, and throughout its length and breadth *the land lived*. This is the one great fact,—let no one depreciate its value,—disagreements, dissensions, quarrels, nay, civil war even, all these are minor evils compared to the *indifference to public life*. Of this evil Austria showed no sign; and here is the one undeniable proof of her health and strength. Magyars sulked and swore, Croats protested, Roumans complained, democrats and feudalists abused each other, unionists and separatists were furiously wroth; but there was life everywhere: never mind how hostile they were; they *lived*, and liked the bustle and din of public life. Better any number of broken heads in a contest between factions, than the tame submission which makes it possible for the 'State' to step in and do the work people should do for themselves.

The Parliament of May 1861 called together *all* the forces of the nation. All did not choose to come, but *none* were left out; and of those who did come, *all worked*—worked hard, did their utmost, did their best; and the bitterest enemy of Austria may be challenged to adduce, from May 1861 to August 1862 (a period of sixteen months' continuous sitting), *one single* proof of *encroachment* on the part of the Government, or of servility on the part of the Parliament. Surely this is something, and may bespeak the attention of the freest and proudest nation upon earth.

Of course we cannot attempt to note down every instance in which the newly convoked Parliament of Austria gave unmistakeable evidence of public spirit and independence; but we can refer the reader to documents which lie open to every man's eye, and from which any man who wishes to gainsay our assertions may go and seek the foundations of his denial. That he will *find none*, however, we also assert.

If the Austrian Government wishes for ever to set at rest the question of the fitness of Austria for representative institutions, and of the readiness of her people for public life, let them at once cause a French and English translation of every debate in the 'Reichs Rath' to be published, and let them sow the collection broadcast over Europe. The men who read those debates will never again ask whether the Austrians were ripe for parliamentary work, or whether they knew what to do with freedom.

Let it be well noted, we have as yet said but little of the Government itself, of its merits or mistakes; we have simply attempted to show what is the political worth, and what the capacity for liberty, of those who hope one day to take rank in Europe as the *Austrian nation*. We thought it most important that ignorance should be thoroughly dispelled on *this* point, and

that the *truth* should be known in Great Britain about the readiness of Austria for public life.

We will point out a few of the characteristics of the Parliament of '61; challenging any sceptic to refer to the source we ourselves draw from (the official reports of the debates), and adduce one proof of our erroneous estimate of their value.

A greater number of *classes* are represented in the present Reichs Rath than in the preliminary one, though fewer *races* are present. In the portions of the territory that have sent deputies to Vienna, it may be said that *no force* is left unrepresented. The nobility, the army, the clergy, the bourgeoisie, and the peasantry, all have their voice; as have all sects, whether Protestants, Catholics, Greeks, or Jews. Wealth, whether in soil or in coin, trade, commerce, industry, learning, personal distinction,—each has champions of its rights. This of itself gives an importance to such an assembly which no one can dream of setting aside. There has been no 'brilliant speaking' in Vienna, though often the earnestness with which a matter of mere detail (a matter of 'business') has been treated has led to incontestable eloquence. There has been a total absence of all 'clap-trap' in both Houses, and, on the whole, a remarkable abstinence from 'exciting' topics. For one debate upon an abstract theory or principle, or upon even a general 'line of policy'—subjects which usually exercise such irresistible sway over the minds of foreign orators—there have been in Vienna at least fifty discussions upon special legislation, or upon something quite homely and matter of fact, but very practical; upon the inviolability of letters; or upon State guarantees to companies, or upon reforms in criminal procedure.

'You must have had a wearisome evening of it, with our tiresome "*Thames Embankment*" yesterday,' said an English M.P., during last session, to one of the leading politicians of Hungary: 'Ah!' replied the latter, with a sad look, 'would that I had had all the wild heads in Pesth around me; it is only when, instead of declaiming about "ideas," people enter thus practically into the minute *business* of every-day public life, that they are capable of self-government!' During her sixteen months of parliamentary experience, Austria has already had many a '*Thames Embankment*' Bill, and has never scorned the work, but tackled to it in good-humoured earnestness.

But the chief *result* of all has been, that although more than once the Lower House has initiated a measure or moved an amendment which the Crown and the Ministry did not wish for, and the Upper House seemed inclined at first to resent, the measure has *slowly*, and by dint of *mutual* concessions, and *unfailing*

good temper on all sides, been carried in the end, without a popular right being sacrificed or a legitimate prerogative infringed. A disposition to 'make the best' of things is visible in Austria; and the debates on the budget (in the House or in committees), which are those in which the greatest difference of opinion has shown itself as yet, prove how, in the long run, all branches of the Legislature understand that homely task of 'rubbing on together'—the real secret of the success of what are commonly called 'constitutional' governments, wherever they *do* succeed.

Within the limits of the space allotted to us, we have tried to establish what seems to our mind the most important fact of all—the readiness of the Austrians for the duties of public life. We have also tried to show what reasons prevented their attaining to an earlier enjoyment of free institutions. We will now look into the mode in which they did obtain those which they are at present busy in working out.

We have said that fear of revolution had nothing to do with it.

One of the results of the outbreak of February and March 1848 was to send M. de Metternich to live for a time in England. He returned to Austria some years later, in many respects an altered man. We have shown the injustice of making M. de Metternich over-answerable for either the good or the evil done under the reign of Kaiser Franz; we have never denied the late Arch-Chancellor's sagacity. England revealed to him the real meaning of the word '*Representation*;' and he left this country, convinced that, as we practise it, the *safest* of all governments is a representative one. He carried away from England a deeper antipathy than ever to French centralization, and returned to Vienna more than ever impressed by the danger of the Schwarzenberg 'system.' M. de Metternich was thoroughly disinterested in the whole question, for the exercise of power was gone from him for ever; but he had seen how a great country defends itself against revolution by the free play of all its component and conflicting forces. When he found himself once more in Austria, he could not help being struck by the large amount of *waste force* he saw on every side; and probably the question arose in his mind, Whether for the last half century Austria had had politically fair play? The last years of Prince Metternich's life are those which entitle him to the gratitude of his countrymen; and his extreme old age helps, in a slight degree, to redeem the errors of an earlier period, when he was too lightly the accomplice of weakness and wrong. All was quiet in Austria—remarkably quiet; and much material improvement was due to the efforts of the State. Roads were made, schools were founded, towns were cleaned and beautified; a great deal *was done*, but the nation *did not do it*. The nation was still

asleep. The public wealth was increasing enormously ; but wealth was still inactive as ever. There was stagnation everywhere ; and stagnation is not life. Every one who thought at all in Austria, thought of how Austria was to be so animated, as that all her many forces should be called into play. M. de Metternich, to his credit, thought of this incessantly ; and it was the subject of his constant conversations with the young Emperor. One great argument in favour of some change was, that the incapacity of the existing ministry was notorious. The Bach and Buol combination was an obvious impossibility. Anything must be better. But yet, Austria was in a state of perfect quiescence. She was extremely prosperous ; and with such a finance minister as M. de Bruck, every hope for the future was legitimate : besides which, the glory of the campaigns of '48 still lasted undiminished, and the shades of Radetzky and Jellachic seemed to protect her from any possible notion of aggression. Austria was, politically, in a state of trance, but, as we have said, prosperous ; she was unshaken in her loyalty to the reigning House, and she was intensely proud of what she believed to be her military strength. As examples of this, we will quote the very humble petition of the Hungarians in 1857,¹ praying for the smallest portion possible of political activity ; and we will refer to the all but universal belief, on the eve of the campaign of 1859, that France would get worsted in her attempt against the rule of the Austrians in Italy. The notion we ourselves had in Great Britain in 1859, that Louis Napoleon would find the Austrian armies too much for him, proves the truth of our assertion. We hated Austria for what we regarded as her despotism, but we believed her military power to be very great, and we hoped she was going to put a stop to the ambitious intrigues of France. If foreigners held this opinion, how much easier is it to understand the national confidence of the Austrians themselves.

In the spring of '58 Prince Metternich died, leaving Francis Joseph strongly imbued with admiration of British institutions, and having recommended strenuously to him, as the man best qualified to adapt them to Austria, Count Rechberg, then President of the *Bund* at Frankfort. Most luckily, that, for which M. de Metternich had enlisted the Emperor's sympathy, was rather a general tendency than a definite system. No 'system' had been built up, and what was held possible, was, on the contrary, a recurrence to tradition. It was thought advisable that the country should once more become interested in its own destinies, and should play a part in its own affairs. There were

¹ This was the famous petition of the Hungarians to the Emperor at Pesth, in which a most humble prayer was addressed to him, to grant about one-tenth part of the liberties restored since.

the old provincial diets or *landtags*—why not make them the agents of political regeneration, and through them arrive at a due amount of representation? M. de Metternich did not counsel any ‘grants’ or sudden innovations on the part of the Crown: he sought to take the basis of all improvement in the past; and when he died, it was discovered that the very last subject of his studies had been the original text of the *Pragmatic Sanction*, which had been communicated to him by the express order of the Emperor.

M. de Metternich’s death brought an obstacle to the immediate completion of any plans of reform; but the Emperor made them the subject of his frequent studies, and at last, on the eve of the war—in May 1859—he replaced Count Buol by Count Rechberg, imparting to the latter his conviction of the necessity of appealing to the nation for a larger participation in the business of public life. Yet still no ‘system’ was devised. Just the reverse. Had a *system* been decided upon by the Crown, we should never have heard the bitter complaints (made by opposite parties) of the ‘20th of October’ and the ‘26th of February;’ there would have been no hesitation, no apparent contradiction. Short-sighted partisans cry out, ‘Why not have given *at once* what you had made up your mind to? Why hesitate at all?’ The Government had a full right to answer: ‘Because I had not “made up my mind,” but gave by degrees that which the country seemed to want.’ And here is the real merit of the whole, and that of which people in Great Britain would appear far too ignorant. There was no ‘*parti pris*’ in Francis Joseph or in Count Rechberg. They had *not* resolved on imposing any particular form of Government on Austria; they had only resolved that Austria should be called upon to help in discovering what kind of Government she would desire; and the successive ‘*forms*’ of the 20th October and the 26th February correspond merely to different and successive (not divergent) phases of public opinion. They are the produce of events, not of men; and it is on this ground they are interesting¹ to the British public.

¹ As a proof of this stands forth conspicuously the magnificent speech of Count George Mailath to the Diet at Pesth (in August 1861). ‘There can be no doubt,’ said Mailath, ‘that the decree of the 20th October was a most sincere proposal of conciliation to Hungary. It ought, I say it loudly, to have been met, on our side, by the same sincere desire. It was not so. It was met by an organized resistance, which the concessions of the Government had alone made possible. . . . It was the way in which, on the one hand, we received the decree of the 20th October, and the way in which, on the other, the Slavo-German countries rejected it (public opinion there *rising up against it very naturally*), it was all this that provoked the 26th of February, and the triumph of what is termed “Constitutionalism” in the Empire. . . . It is, I think, quite natural that the Austrian Ministry should act on the unifying principles it has adopted. The majority of the Ministry is convinced that on no other basis is it practicable to found with any solidity the power and the future of Austria,’ etc. . . .—(21st

In the second week of May 1859—we repeat it—Count Rechberg became Prime Minister of Austria, upon the understanding that the forces of the country were to be in some manner called into play, and that the ‘systems’ of former days. (Metternich system, Schwarzenberg system, etc.) were to be set aside. Meanwhile all Austria rushed to the war, and the fondest dreams of glory were entertained by every Austrian, from the prince to the peasant. In May 1859, no one thought of the particular form in which the empire was governed; they only thought that the French were going to be beaten, and that ‘*Alt-Österreich*,’ as they call her, was about to add fresh laurels to those of which they were already so proud. They invoked Radetzky, and repeated the *Soldaten-Lieder* of Zedlitz with an enthusiasm not to be imagined by those who have not witnessed it.

The Emperor shared in this feeling, and believed that the most gracious act would be to announce the forthcoming political modifications immediately after the ‘victories,’ of which no one entertained the slightest doubt. Whether this was a mistake or not, opinions are much divided; whether anything would have really been gained by altering the mode of government before the war, we are not in a position to answer. But this much is certain: *till* the war, no signs whatever of popular uneasiness or excitement, no revolutionary symptoms, had called for the attention of the Government; and at the *approach* of the war, as we have said, every other subject of thought was swallowed up in the single thought of the war itself.

The war came—we know with what issue. But, so far from the unsuccessful close of the war having *hastened* political reforms, as some persons have supposed, it did just the reverse. The reforms, decided upon in principle *before* the war, and destined to complete the joy of a people flushed with victory, were retarded by defeat. The whole energy of Austria for many months was concentrated upon military, not political, discussion. Men were busy with the almost incredible traits of incapacity which had cost Austria a renown that not one of her sons had ever believed perishable. Whether this minister or that should govern, and whether Diets should be convoked or not—none of these questions occupied the Austrians. They were absorbed by their anger against the generals who had failed, and their time was taken up in lamenting the loss of ‘the Marshal’ (as Radetzky was familiarly named), and in showering proofs of admiration upon Benedek, whose conduct at Solferino had resounded from August 1861.) With the *ultras*, of course, Mailath’s popularity did not gain by this speech; but every word he spoke was strictly true, and, if life and health are spared him, he is the one man in all Hungary whose prospects of political power are the grandest, because, added to the gift of eloquence, he is a *statesman* in the widest sense of the word.

the Danube to the Rhine, and whom the popular instinct pointed out as the man who would have covered Austria with glory, had he commanded the troops. There was little or no political feeling, this way or that, amongst Austrians, during the autumn and winter of 1859. There was grief, anger, bitterness, at the issue of the campaign, and an agony of disappointment at so much fame betrayed.

By degrees, however, what are termed the 'thinking men' of the country reverted to the reforms projected so long ago, and it was agreed that nothing further stood in their way. But be it well remarked at the same time, *no pressure from without made them more urgent* at that particular moment than at any other.

In April 1860, just eleven months after the Emperor had summoned Count Rechberg to the head of affairs, it was determined to call upon the various provinces of the empire to assist, by means of representation, in the work of government. The *Verstärkte Reichs Rath* met, and after nearly six months' ardent and conscientious debating, in an assembly where (as we have already said) every nationality and every class had a deputy to promote its interests, a decision was taken; and on the 20th of October a decree was promulgated, which, whatever else it did or did not do, at all events placed the representative principle out of reach of attack, made it the soul of government in the future, and cut down absolutism by the root, unless, indeed, we discuss the possibility of a *coup d'état*, too obviously foolish to be even alluded to.

With the particular way in which Hungary received the act of the 20th October, we shall have to do a few pages hence, when treating of our third point; for the present, we are desirous of showing how the Austrian Empire came by the institutions it is now trying to 'make the best of.' On the 20th of October 1860, the *Representative mode of Government* established itself in Austria, as the simple and natural result of the prolonged debates of an assembly, in which the various component forces of the empire had been very fairly represented. The Crown and its advisers accepted the position that had been brought about by the new order of things, and the *Austrian people lived*. Great struggles and dissensions, incessant ups and downs, vexations of all kinds, nay, partial disasters even, might ensue; but that was henceforth everybody's business. Everybody must henceforth look to everything. Austria was to be governed on representative principles.

This it is, and this alone, which makes the much-disputed act of the 26th February not only legitimate, but necessary. *It is the fruit of representation!* Whatever the Hungarians may complain of, there is one thing they cannot deny,—namely, that the

right to try their strength against the other races of the empire was given to them as to every one else. The possibility of predominance was offered them : they did not choose to compete for it. Instead of seizing the advantage open to them, they at once demanded something else ; and, disdaining the legal means of supporting their own claims in a Parliament at Vienna, they began by clamouring for a totally different principle, the consequence of which was avowedly their secession from the responsibilities of the remainder of the empire. This conduct of the Hungarians decided the march of events. *Because* the empire was now representative, the Hungarians lost their first chance ; for where representation is genuine, it is a perpetual conflict, where each separate force fights for itself as hard as it can. *There is no room for abstaining.* Those who abstain are set aside. You must be, or suffer. The Hungarians may have been quite right to behave as they did. Upon that we vouchsafe no opinion. Their conduct may have been, for aught we know, essentially patriotic ; but that it was *politic*, no one can admit : for no one can gainsay the fact, that in a conflict of representative forces, they only secure a place who battle for it ; for those who stay away no place is kept.

After the 20th of October, what we would fain call the *Imperial* feeling (as opposed to the particularist or provincial feeling), grew to formidable proportions. The readiness for public life, which we have already pointed out, asserted itself in the Austrian people ; and those who might have predominated in their councils, disdaining to mix with them, the Austrians came forward, and showed that they would themselves take power in hand. It was no longer a question of what the Emperor might like, or what his ministers might wish. The Crown and Cabinet were no longer the masters. Public opinion had to be taken into account ; and the free workings of representative institutions reduced monarch and ministers, *if honest*, to be simply the trustees of public power. Francis Joseph and Count Rechberg never wavered one instant in their honesty, but did what the full and unhindered play of the new political machine required them to do. The unrestrained action of the representative principle drove forward M. de Schmerling to the front ranks of the fight. His proofs of patriotism and of courageous devotion had been given long ago. He had left his name inscribed in the annals of 1848, at Frankfort, when empire went a-begging, because princes were unworthy of their parts, but when the easy union of Austria and German Imperialism had been obvious to all. Granted the *Reichs Rath* of April 1860, and the initiative scorned by the Hungarians, and picked up by the Austrians, the advent of M. de Schmerling to power, and the decree of the 26th February

1861, are mere logical sequences. Had the Hungarians joined with all the other races, *and competed with them for power*, we should perhaps at this hour see an Apponyi, an Esterhazy, or some other great Magyar, exercising ministerial sway at Vienna, with governing institutions differing considerably from those we at present see. As it is, the Austrians took their place, and there they are, with the Rechberg-Schmerling ministry, thoroughly Austrian and Imperial, but the direct fruit of Representation, and, as George Mäilath said at Pesth, forced to the policy that affords the best basis whereon to found 'with solidity the future of Austria.'

In December 1860, M. de Schmerling became minister; on the 26th February 1861, he announced to the electoral bodies throughout the empire what they had to do, conforming their *mode of doing it* as much as possible to their ancient local traditions. The '*Landtags*' were everywhere convoked, pretty much as they would have been by Kaiser Max in 1508, if we were in the sixteenth instead of the nineteenth century; and the clumsy machinery of old municipalism was to furnish representatives of every latent force in the nation, to go and uphold that force in the Imperial Parliament of Vienna. A House of Lords was created at the same time, the elements of which abounded in the empire. But let there be no mistake: M. de Schmerling, in doing all this, simply did what the force which had driven him forwards commanded him to do. Had he done anything else, he would have been false to that public opinion, to that phase of public life which he was chosen to represent, *and which the Hungarian secession* made predominant.

We beg our readers to remark that we are not prejudging anything; we are merely stating facts. We do not side with any party, but simply register the name of the party which has had the best of it. Many people in England may wish that the Vienna Government had come at once, and at any sacrifice, to a good understanding with the Hungarians—there are not wanting those who believe the Emperor of Austria thought so too; but in the new order of policy, it was not sufficient that the Emperor thought this or that,—he was obliged to consider what the country thought. The Hungarians put themselves into a minority, and the weightier portion of the empire—duly represented, and working hard—carried things before it. Up to the middle of April 1861, and whilst the final decision of the provincial *Landtags* was not yet taken, Hungary counted on the support of Bohemia; and, undoubtedly, had the *two* kingdoms gone together, the position of the Crown would have been sensibly modified, and M. de Schmerling would have been less in the ascendant than he proved to be. But, at the last hour,

Bohemia adopted the general tendency: her deputies were sent up to Vienna; and the only trace left of the Bohemian dissatisfaction was the petulant outburst of here and there a few Czechs, who gave life to parliamentary discussion, by thoroughly representing their particular nationality, as it was proper and fitting they should do. The same course was taken by the Gallicians; and early in May 1861, when the Viennese Parliament met, instead of the Federalist principle, it was the Imperialist principle that triumphed; and instead of the Austrian Crown finding its sway disputed by its chief vassals, Hungary stood alone, whilst the confederates on whom it had counted turned aside, and resolved to do battle for their rights *inside the new Parliament*.¹ This naturally changed the entire aspect of affairs; the Hungarian question became an individual one, as between the empire and the Hungarians, instead of a question of principle affecting the political form of existence of the empire itself. Representative institutions had clearly the victory; they were established, and in their development only was henceforth to be sought the key to every solution. For the last eighteen months the Austrian Parliament has worked hard, and done its best; and if the country and its representatives have shirked no labour, the Government has made no undue interference. Stormy debates there have been in plenty—for which let Crown and Cabinet thank Heaven—but there is not a point on which the representative principle has been eluded; and the Rechberg-Schmerling ministry stands at the head of the affairs of the empire, because up to the present hour it enjoys the confidence of the majority of the public. It is the fruit of the free workings of the representative system. At some later period, other men may perhaps represent better the temper of the public mind; other men will then be borne irresistibly on to power and place. These may be ‘Federalists’ or ‘Ultra-Conservatives,’ or what not, but they will *represent* the majority, as the present men do. For the present, the strong, determined tendency of public opinion is towards Imperialism: the public will is set upon a ‘young, free, strong, *united* Austria;’ and because Rechberg and Schmerling *both* adequately represent this idea (whatever their differences on minor points may be), they head the Austrian Cabinet. But in all this succession of facts which we have tried to set as briefly as possible before the British reader, there is, as may be seen, no obedience to revolution, no sudden adoption of an ill-

¹ We have not mentioned the *partes adnexæ* of Hungary—the Slavonian provinces, because it is not yet settled definitively in *what mode* they deputate. The Government has wisely let this much-vexed question rest, and not as yet encouraged the Slavonic populations in their anti-Magyar tendencies. This is a component part of the ‘Hungarian question’—to be settled with it.

digested plan (unbelieved in by its adopters) from fear of the terrible 'pressure from without.'

We now come to our third argument; and we approach it with some slight hesitation. In the face of the now many and repeated signs of a desire for conciliation on both sides, our endeavour must be to avoid every word that can embitter the former quarrel; but, at the same time, it is necessary the British politician should be enabled to judge of the real bearings of the case.

We will take up the Austro-Hungarian question at its last official reopening. The Crown, in April 1860, convoked the Hungarians with the deputies of all other nationalities. The Hungarians came. Nobler names in the political annals of a nation cannot be found. They came, they debated, they fought for point after point during six months,—it was very generally thought they were preponderant in that assembly,—and they agreed to the decree of the 20th October. The *first* workings of the representative principle were rather in favour of the Hungarians than otherwise. This much, however, must be said, either the Hungarian statesmen, who mainly brought about the act of the '20th of October,' were wanting in resolution or in judgment; in the latter, if they had overrated their power; in the former, if they had overrated their will. What is incontestable is, that they led the Crown into restoring a considerable amount of political life to the Hungarians, and then shrank from the responsibilities they had assumed; and not only left the Crown to help itself as best it might, but, by the weakness of their attitude, gave to the Magyars a false estimate of the strength of the Imperial Government. In April 1861, an ear-witness reports to have heard the then Chancellor, Baron Vay, say to the ultra-opposition deputy, Nyary, 'The real fact is, that it is a trial of strength, and you believe the Government to be more in want of you than you are in want of it; but it is a mistake,—the Government is stronger than you are.'

There lay the whole question in the beginning, and the original fault was committed immediately after the decree of the 20th of October. We quote a very few lines from an authority certainly not likely to be accused of over-Austrian partialities:¹—

'The *Diploma of the 20th of October* was not met as it ought to have been in Pesth. It was imagined that the sovereign had made *unwilling concessions*; all that followed was but the consequence of this error of appreciation. . . . It would be useless to discuss now

¹ *Die wahre Richtung der Ungarischen Politik*, pp. 9, 10, 11,—a very remarkable treatise, published in the Magyar tongue first, then translated into German, and ascribed by public report to one of the leading Hungarian statesmen of the day.

the advantages that would have been gained, had the men who stood at the head of Hungarian affairs at the time clearly and distinctly stated what the "Diploma" really meant. . . . It was clear to us, that, instead of being a concession wrung from the monarch by circumstances, it was simply the result of the experience of a twelve years' reign; it was the proof of the resolve to break with absolutism, and call forth constitutional institutions throughout the monarchy. The "Diploma" itself was the mere mode, not the matter of the thing; but instead of seeing this, and trying for some combination that should satisfy both parties, the Hungarians found nothing better than to write up "1848" upon their flags, without once reflecting that *at the present moment the elements fail* from which to recompose the short-lived programme of 1848. The so-called "conquests of 1848" were the *work of revolution alone*; no one must forget this. *The situation is so totally changed now, that the capital and the Crown Lands of Austria all support the Crown in the Parliament against Hungary, which, nevertheless, clamours for the constitution of 1848!*

That short passage contains the pith of the entire *imbroglio*.

When the October decree was promulgated, it seemed as though the men who had counselled its adoption in the preliminary *Reichs Rath* thought they had nothing more to do. They sat by and looked on, instead of holding up the measures they had approved of, explaining them clearly, and *firmly carrying them out*. We are not about to defend the October decree, or say either that it was all that Hungary required, or that, such as it was, the rest of the empire could consent to it. That is not the question. Whatever the October decree might have been, those who actually brought it into existence were utterly unjustified in leaving its establishment to chance; and whatever its faults or merits, there was one thing with which it had absolutely nothing in common, and that was the so-called '*Constitution of '48*.' This might be better, or it might be worse; but two things more distinct, or different, or incompatible, than the decree of October and the '*conquests of '48*,' cannot be conceived. Well, the very moment the Hungarians had received the October decree,—which was an act of reconciliation, a restoration of much of their old public liberty,—they began to clamour for the '*Rights of '48*,' which were an act of hostility, overthrowing most of their ancient traditional rights. We are not giving our opinion upon this; we are not saying they were wrong; but we *do* say, that it was a proof of weakness in the then Hungarian advisers of the Crown, to give the October decree, and then permit it to be supposed that it could be worked according to the rules and precepts of '*'48*.' From the hour when the men who had helped to restore certain traditional political privileges in Hungary allowed it to be imagined that the principles of '*'48* might be revived *at the same time*, it was

evident to any observer that the reign of confusion had begun, and that the march of public affairs must soon come to a halt. We have said our wish is to avoid every word that can embitter a quarrel destined inevitably to terminate within a given period; but facts are facts, and must be alluded to, however slightly. The year 1848 was a date of *defeat* for the Hungarians. That they may find comfort in complaining of the 'harshness' shown by Austria after her victory, can in no way alter the fact; on the contrary, it confirms it; for that very comfort is only obtained at the cost of the admission that they were too weak to resist. Now, how could a total change *from* the system *destroyed* by Austria violently in 1848 lead, by any logical possibility, to the re-adoption, in cold blood, of that same system in 1860?

The mere notion was devoid of sense; and it was dealing unfairly by all parties, not to have *at once* stopped the Hungarians in a fruitless attempt. We say again, they may have been justified in making it; but no minister was so, in letting them suppose it could succeed.

Upwards of twelve months passed; M. de Schmerling had become Minister of State; the decree of the 26th of February had regulated the mode of convocation of the Imperial Parliament; the Diet at Pesth had persistently played at cross purposes with the Government. It had been closed by authority, and still the illusion of the Hungarians was not dispelled; nor was it till the *very quietly established* 'Provisorium' had gone on working for some considerable time, that the eyes of the country were opened. *The Government was the stronger of the two*: it became gradually impossible not to admit this fact.¹

But this fact once admitted, the whole situation was changed. Instead of the Hungarians having to accept terms proffered to them by the Government—terms which they might discuss, and hope in some degree to modify—they must now, as they did in 1857, take the first step, and ask for a modification of the *Provisorium*, thereby acknowledging that the hot-headed *Ultras* had

¹ The strength and moderation of the Government has just received the most unqualified tribute from the hands of Count Forgach, the present Hungarian Chancellor. In a letter, written to a Magyar friend (21st Sept. '62), and published in the *Pesther Lloyd* on the 12th of last month, Count Forgach says . . . 'You condemn the *Provisorium*: I avow that I never flattered myself the *Provisorium* would meet with universal applause in Hungary, though I well knew all that rendered it inevitable. Allow me, however, whilst you thus condemn, to remind you of the disorderly conduct which preceded the *Provisorium*; and then, let me ask you, if the Government, unless willing to help in the work of duping itself, could permit the anarchy to subsist which hid itself under the mask of patriotism? It was a duty to protect sacred interests and preserve peace. . . . The *Provisorium*—don't forget it—is *from its origin Hungarian, has all along been Hungarian, and did not become Hungarian through me*,—for the Government has followed its own plan throughout—and *I solemnly protest against*

been able to mislead the better-judging politicians, and that a mistake had been committed which must be atoned for. Sooner or later this will have to be done; but what will deprive it of any the slightest sting of humiliation, is the ardent and sincere desire for conciliation on the west side of the Leitha. Whatever ill-humour the Hungarians may have shown,—however they may have paraded their contempt for their Imperialist brethren,—all this will be forgotten by the latter the moment the visible breach is closed; and the day when the Magyars shall once more unite with the other Austrian races in the task of governing and defending the empire, will be a day of deep and heartfelt delight in Vienna. But that the slight has been one not from nation to monarch, but from *nation to nation*, is undeniable; and there are some few, perhaps, far-seeing Austrian statesmen, who bless Providence for the event. ‘We bowed so readily to what the Magyars called their political supremacy,’ lately remarked one of these, ‘that had they entered Parliament with us, they would have out-talked and over-ridden us. They would have governed the empire, and we should have been years before we had discovered our own aptitudes, and disputed their assumption of power. They have forced us into helping ourselves; we have done so; we know now what we are worth; and when they join us, we shall heartily welcome them; *but it must be on equal terms.*’

Here is, in reality, the great difficulty—the only one. We repeat it: with the Emperor-King as an absolute monarch, there is *no reason* that the Magyar should not come to terms. This same quarrel has raged and been made up over and over again, for a succession of centuries; but then the Magyar treated *only* with his ‘King,’ and in every other respect lorded it over the other races of the empire; nay more, prided himself on possessing a kind of rude freedom, whilst he loved to imagine the German populations deprived of everything of the sort. The ‘conquests of 1848’ have been a mere pretence, having literally no root in the majority of the nation; but to prove this beyond

the notion that any unavowed aim was pursued—the good and happiness of the country—that is the aim.’ The letter is too long to quote entirely; but after enlarging on the duty of *reconciliation*, Count Forgach concludes with these words: ‘I am above all, a Hungarian, and in my bosom lives all the love of country that is known to the truest patriot. I am the faithful servant of my sovereign; but as Chancellor, I will always raise my voice for what I know to be for the real good of Hungary. The future lies in God’s hands; meanwhile, let us, who think alike, *unite with manly firmness in the pursuit of a righteous object*, and we may then safely await the day when we shall be called upon to answer for our deeds to a calmer and more enlightened nation.’ This is emphatically a step in the right road; a corollary to Mailath’s great speech of August ’61, in Pesth. A few more such acts and a few more such men, and the settlement of the ‘Austro-Hungarian question’ may be clearly foreseen!

a doubt, the 'Conservative' parties of all shades would have to unite and raise a war-cry, which would be echoed far and wide. If Francis Joseph would agree, the war-cry might be raised to-morrow: it would be, '*Union with the King!*' The response would be probably universal; but this is precisely what Francis Joseph *cannot* do. Hence the hesitation and apparent timidity of the Hungarian Conservatives in delaying to repudiate loudly doctrines which *all*, without exception, privately denounce.

To see clearly this tendency, it is only necessary to watch the line of conduct of the Hungarians from the outset. They were more surprised than any one by the sudden aptitude for public life revealed by their neighbours; and the irresistible onward march of the representative principle, calling forth force after force, found them totally unprepared. They had dreamt of a certain amount of restoration of traditional rights and liberties, and of a manner of 'constitutional' combination, in which, to parody a famous dictum, monarchy should be 'tempered' by Magyarism. Hungary was to lead and head the reformed empire. Instead of this, they found themselves but one component part of a grand whole, in which genuine public life made all parts *equal*. From *that* moment all was confusion in Hungary, because from that moment the leaders of the land refused to lead, and, abdicating all authority, let disorder get ahead, and deliberately washed their hands of the whole business. They saw nothing worth contending for. The first move was a so-called 'feudal' one, however. It was the effort to join with the Gallicians and Bohemians; and Prague and Pesth were supposed to be the two fortresses whence the Conservative troops were to sally forth, and by common action oblige the Emperor of '*all Austria*' to step backwards, and resolving himself (as far as they were concerned) into a mere king, treat with them as King of Hungary and King of Bohemia, *independently* of the Parliament with which general Imperial Representation was to surround him. This failed, as we have seen; and for many months no attempt was made by Hungary, who simply *abstained*, whilst the tide of Representation flowed rapidly on, augmenting the sum of strong healthy public life wherever it rolled.

Within the last six months there have been several fresh endeavours, and the most esteemed of Hungarian politicians have expressed themselves more or less openly, whether in conversation or in print. On one point *all* agree,—namely, that the Government is the superior in point of material strength, and that the present condition of things is a lamentable waste of valuable time. When the question of a solution comes, all seem to be, however, of one mind at bottom; that the existing Parliament should be done away with, and some combination devised

in which Hungary should stand nearer to her King, and less on an equality with the other subjects of the empire.

On this, as on other points, we give no opinion. Hungary may be right as to what she desires; but all we affirm is, that she *does* desire less equality of freedom and power *for all*, and that had Francis Joseph been less sincere in the fulness of play he has granted to representative institutions, he would be nearer to an understanding with the Hungarians.

The requirements, however, of the nineteenth century are in the end what this passing quarrel between the empire and the kingdom will bow to. It is just one of those disputes which time must terminate. If we start from the one fact, that no Magyar statesman worthy of the name admits for one instant the possible separation of Hungary from Austria, we shall soon be made easy as to the definite issue of the contest. Public and private interest on *both* sides of the Leitha equally require that the dispute should cease. Union is the cordial wish of all the honest men of both parties, and in *both* camps ALL are honest. The cause is too noble a one, its champions too devoted and sincere, to give any foundation for serious alarm. Nothing can precipitate the solution, *but nothing can ultimately prevent it*. It is an affair of time, only served by patience, good temper, single-heartedness, and goodwill.

Had our purpose been to enter at any length into the details of the political position of Austria at the present day, we should have required volumes. We have merely sought to draw the attention of our readers to certain facts bearing upon that position, which we believe it to be most useful they should know. Of the capacity of Austria for internal cohesion, and of her readiness for public life, we think it is desirable that the reflecting men of this country should be better informed. The more they examine the subject for themselves, the more they will see that we have rather understated than overstated either. Austria's strength, and the causes of that strength, are matters of moment to Europe. The great cause is the triumph of public opinion over no matter what preconceived 'system.'¹ From the Emperor downwards, every man in the empire now knows that it depends on the component forces of the country to battle for and uphold their own interests. Each may vindicate its claims,

¹ It is worth while quoting the following passage from the *Vienna Presse*, a journal bitterly hostile to the Government, but written with great talent:— 'The difference between what passes in Prussia, where liberty is *said* to have been enjoyed for fourteen years, and here, where it is but recently established, is of a truth flattering for Austria. At this moment the Government is honestly busy in trying to agree with the *Reichs Rath* about the budget; even the hottest *reactionaries* here know that *all must* be achieved by freedom. What is passing now in Berlin could not take place here.'

and there is *fair play for all*. It is the innate consciousness of these facts that determines the movement of the rest of Germany towards Austria rather than Prussia; and this movement is one which it is an imperative duty for British politicians to study well. When the '*Identical Note*' of last February was issued, showing that the five or six leading German States were combined with Austria in a general plan of confederate reforms, the plea of Austria's enemies was, that this was the mere work of the 'Governments,' and that the 'populations' would make them feel it. But, to the absolute consternation of Prussia, and to the wonderment of the '*National Verein*,' the 'populations' have seized every opportunity of proving their sympathy with 'regenerated Austria;' and whether at the great shooting-match of Frankfort in July last, or at the meeting of the jurisconsults of *every* German land at Vienna in September, or at any one of the numerous public *German* gatherings of the past few months, the spontaneous and wholly undeniable result has been to show that the grand *Imperial German idea* is not extinct in the Teutonic race; and that Austria's honest efforts to achieve genuine political freedom and political life are winning for her unmistakeable popularity from the Rhine to the Baltic. In this respect, those statesmen may not be far wrong who are disposed to bless Providence for the abstinence of the Hungarians from the work of government. What has been the natural achievement of the Rechberg-Schmerling Ministry could not have been achieved if the Hungarians had not thrown the *Imperialists* on their own resources, and obliged them to self-assertion. Count Rechberg and M. de Schmerling are eminently representative men, and they have been accepted as such. They may have different notions of the mode in which the same end is to be obtained, but the end and aim of *both* is identical. They are men of the present time,—dating, in fact, from '48,—'men of Frankfort,' as the technical phrase runs in Germany. Whatever their dissensions may be, there are three principles to which they cannot *be false* and remain in power, and to which *no other men* in Austria are so committed as themselves; these are—representative institutions, religious tolerance, and free trade. Of the first, we see the progress every day; of the second, the conduct of the Government in the Tyrol is the surest guarantee;¹ and of the third, a clear proof will be given in the completion of the treaty of commerce with Great Britain, announced in the House of Commons last August as in course of preparation. For

¹ It should not be forgotten that the tolerance upheld by the Government in the Tyrol is of an *excessive* kind; and for having defended the rights of dissidents in this ultra-Catholic land, Francis Joseph and his ministers had nearly thrown the most loyal of races into disaffection.

having honestly done their very best and their very utmost in times of great difficulty, the Vienna Ministry is receiving marks of esteem and support on all hands in Germany; and in order to interrupt this steady current of sympathy with 'the empire,' the new Prussian Prime Minister, Count Bismark, is desperately having recourse to the most unnatural of alliances,—an alliance with Bonapartist France,—and to threats of absolute violence.¹ This is a state of things calling for the utmost attention of the British public.

We have not touched on the question of Austrian finance, for two reasons: 1st, That to describe its *actual* condition would demand volumes; and, 2d, Because its 'actual condition' is fated ere long to come to an end. Those who in Austria have studied the financial question from an elevated and comprehensive point of view, give to it far less importance than we who look at it from a distance. The remedy for the evil lies in Austria's own hands. With the inexhaustible resources of *every* kind which the Austrian Empire possesses, the two words Free Trade are the 'open sesame' to incomparable wealth. Her leading men know this, and are merely awaiting opportunity. Here, in fact, is the whole secret of Austria's future: a boundless necessity and a boundless capacity for freedom. It is of no use giving her a freedom here and a freedom there; she must have them all, because she can employ them all fittingly. She will 'know what to do with them,' as *we* do, but as *no* continental nation does. Neither is it a question of 'giving' this or that freedom to Austria: all the forms of freedom will be won by her naturally, the mere fruit of the development of her capacities for public life.

What Austria requires from friends and enemies alike, is the closest and most impartial study of her present and her past. For this she would be enormously the gainer; for it would seem that, with the exception of the fifty years' '*mistake*' of the 'Kaiser Franz' system, the whole past of the empire, up to the opening of the present century, was slowly but surely adapting it to the reforms of the present. Let any one wade through the municipal and governmental archives of France and Austria, and he will be forced to open his eyes to this truth: that whereas, through the cumbersome machinery of Austrian conservatism, there ever and always pierced a tendency towards increase of political independence, the direst political tyranny never once ceased to lurk under all the misnamed 'social conquests' of democratic France.

¹ *Vide* the speech of Count Bismark in September last, on taking office, in which he alluded to 'unity in Germany' as an object to be pursued by 'bloodshed and steel!'

ART. III.—*Poems by ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. With a Memoir.* Macmillan and Co., Cambridge. 1862.

It is now nearly a year since the author of this volume of poems died at Florence, in the forty-second year of his age. Much regret for his untimely loss, and admiration of his genius and character, were expressed at the time of his death by friends who had been intimate with him at Rugby, at Oxford, and in later life, and who had other means of estimating his power of mind and purity of character than were accessible to those who only knew him by his writings. To few men, with equal justice, could the pathetic words of the old Roman poet be applied—

‘Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.’

There were some, also, who did not know him personally, but had long known him as the author of a few remarkable poems, which seemed to them never to have been adequately appreciated. They will gladly welcome this republication of the best of the old poems, with the addition of others equally powerful, and equally characteristic of their author. But the knowledge of these poems is no longer confined to the old friends of the author, or to a small circle of admirers. The notices, both favourable and unfavourable, which this new volume has already attracted, must be satisfactory to all who believe that the more the author is examined, the more certain will be the ultimate recognition of his worth. An interest in these poems has been awakened among the readers and critics of our higher literature; who will, uninfluenced by any personal regard for the man, finally decide whether or not this small volume deserves to be ranked among the real and precious additions to the original thought and feeling of our time.

The volume consists of a number of short poems, chiefly expressive of personal feeling and experience; and of three longer poems, viz., ‘The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich,’ the ‘Amours de Voyage,’ and a collection of tales, under the title ‘Mari Magno.’ About one-half of the shorter poems, and ‘The Bothie,’ have already appeared. They have all been revised by the author, and those only have been republished which his mature judgment approved. Although some good thoughts and powerful lines have been lost in this process, yet the book, as a whole, has gained by the omissions. The ruggedness and obscurity of expression, and the caprices of taste, which met the reader of

the 'Ambarvalia,' on first attempting to penetrate their meaning, were displayed most prominently in the poems that have been rejected. The chief alteration in 'The Bothie' consists in its change of name. We have noticed also a few omissions and verbal changes, which leave the substance of the poem undisturbed, while they soften some of its grotesquer features. Readers to whom these poems have long been known, will acknowledge, with gratitude to the publisher, an immense improvement in the external form in which they now appear. The uncouth shape in which 'The Bothie' was first sent into the world, was a real drawback to its success, and to the pleasure of reading it. Mr Macmillan has satisfactorily shown, that whatever may be the other objections to the admission of hexameters into English literature, the length of the lines is not incompatible with elegance and convenience in the volume which contains them.

The poems are accompanied by a short memoir of the author, from the pen of his friend, Mr Palgrave, the accomplished editor of the 'Golden Treasury.' Although the life of a scholar and a thinker is not usually so rich in the materials of biography as that of a man of action or social prominence, yet some disappointment will be felt that there is scarcely any other record of the thoughts and feelings of so interesting a man than what is contained in these poems. Their evidence attests the powerful and profound impression made upon his mind by the great religious and political movements which have agitated the minds of this generation, and of which we are every day seeing new phases and results, in action and speculation, at home or abroad. A few letters, or other personal memorials, would have enabled a reader, interested in the author, to enter more easily into the spirit of his writings. But with the exception of two or three slight extracts, recording some impressions of Paris and Rome in 1848 and 1849, and of a visit to America in 1852, Mr Palgrave does not appear to have found any memorials of the kind suited to his purpose. In the absence of such personal memorials, his short memoir will help the reader to understand the circumstances and the state of feeling under which most of the poems were written, and to form for themselves some true image of the author. He has said just enough to prepare our minds for the kind of thought, sentiment, inward and outward experience, of which these poems are the result. He has performed his part with the warm feelings of personal affection; but also in the spirit of a critic, too honest, and too well acquainted with the highest literature of every age, to overestimate the genius of his friend. Many traits of character are brought before us with singular fidelity, and with much grace and beauty of expression. Thus, for example, the following

sentence vividly represents to us Mr Clough's exceeding love of nature :—

‘ And it was noticed that, when speaking of spots of any special beauty or impressiveness—Grasmere, or Pont-y-wern, by Snowdon, or the lochs and valleys of the western Highlands—his eyes brightened as at the thought of something personally dear, and his voice softened at names and remembrances which carried with them so much of poetry.’

The memoir is written throughout in the serious, reflective, and elevated tone of a man who feels deeply the seriousness and elevation of his subject. The language in which it is written, if seemingly highly pitched, is carefully chosen, and never vague nor irrelevant. It is the language of a man applying to human life the standard of our highest feelings and impulses; but the author of these poems appears to have been one of the very rare men to whom such a standard can be applied without exciting the suspicion of partial or enthusiastic exaggeration.

There was little that can be called eventful in the author's life. He was neither greatly successful nor in any way unfortunate in his outward career. Born at Liverpool in 1819, he was first distinguished, as a boy at Rugby, for his scholarship, and still more for his great intellectual and moral promise. He was next known as a student at Oxford, in whom the power of speculative thought was already matured, and working anxiously on the deep problems of life. Afterwards, for a few years, he held the place of a college tutor, fulfilling his duties with unusual ability and conscientiousness, and with the kindest interest in the younger men who were his public or private pupils. Leaving the University in 1848, with uncertain prospects,—mainly, as Mr Palgrave tells us, from a ‘conviction of antagonism to the form of thought which Oxford exacted, or appeared to exact, from her children,’—he seems for two or three years to have held no settled position. For part of that time he lived in London, undertaking some duties in connection with the London University; and the rest he spent abroad, visiting Paris in 1848, and Rome in 1849. In 1852, he went for a short time to America, in hopes of there finding some settled and permanent occupation. In the next year, he obtained an appointment in the education department of the Privy Council Office, which he held till the time of his death. Along with the duties of that office, he undertook also, ‘with his usual energetic sympathy for all that touched the welfare of the poor and wretched,’ much anxious work, to assist his wife's cousin, Miss Nightingale, in her own arduous labours. Under this accumulation of toil his health gave way, and the year before his death was chiefly spent in travelling abroad. He was struck

by malaria fever on one of the Italian lakes, and died at Florence on the 13th of November 1861.

‘Here’ (again to quote Mr Palgrave) ‘was little prosperity, in common parlance. Years of struggle and toil, fightings within and without, the *otia dia* of the poet within view only to be snatched away; no favour or recognition of abilities much beyond what he saw crown others with success.’ ‘Yet’ (we gladly read) ‘this was, on the whole, a happy life, though in a sense remote from the world’s happiness.’ In another place, Mr Palgrave speaks of him, in the latter years of his life, as ‘at peace with himself and his circumstances, happy in his home and the blessing of his children.’ Yet perhaps such a life was not one favourable for the complete fulfilment of poetic promise. Mr Clough might have been recognised as a greater poet if he had not all his life been so hard-working a man. The conditions under which the germs of creative art and poetic accomplishment may be matured, are indeed manifold and inscrutable. In some cases, poetry seems to be poured out of wells of happiness beyond the common lot: others, we know, ‘are cradled into poetry by wrong.’ There have been poets who were associated with the foremost men of their age, and who lived prominently before the eyes of the world; others, again, who have kept themselves free from all the cares of life, and lived more in communion with nature than with their fellow-men. A poet may reach the perfection of his powers by living in London or Edinburgh, by the lakes of England or in the Highlands of Scotland—anywhere almost, at home or abroad. But while so facile in many things, in one respect ‘the Muses’ are hard task-mistresses. They will scarcely admit divided service. The constant pressure of alien cares and duties lies heavily on the imagination, and deadens the creative energies. Possibly, more freedom and leisure might not have made Mr Clough a happier or more useful man. His sense of the duty and necessity of taking his own share, and more than his own share, of practical work, may have been a safer guide for him to follow than the impulses of his poetic and speculative faculty. But freedom and leisure would have given him a better chance of becoming a great poet. And we notice, in looking at the dates affixed to the different poems, that the time of his most active production was the time of his unsettlement between leaving Oxford and undertaking his duties in the Education Office. A few of the poems were written in the earlier years of his Oxford life, and betray the deep under-current of the theological agitation of the period; and his faculty appears to have awakened again into activity, although under the disadvantage of feebler bodily health, in the leisure obtained by illness during the last years of his life.

Although every poet or thinker must be finally estimated, not by our idea of what he might have been, but by what he proved himself to be, it is well to bear these facts in mind as an explanation of the inequality subsisting between the thought or substance of many of these poems, and their artistic execution. Evidently the author was not a man to whom the expression of his thought came readily. He learned slowly to 'beat his music out.' Facility is either the happy and exceptional gift of the rarest genius, or the snare of mediocrity. The first he did not inherit; his conscientious thoroughness of mind would have saved him from the last. To have attained to perfect accomplishment in the highest and most enduring of the arts, would have demanded, in his as in most cases, the unimpeded energies and the undivided cares of the best years of a lifetime.

Mr Palgrave, while fully appreciating the elements of poetry in the genius of his friend, expresses a doubt 'whether in verse he chose the right vehicle, the truly natural mode of utterance.' These poems are obviously more remarkable as the expression of genuine thought and feeling, than as finished works of art or of creative power. Yet 'The Bothie' shows that the author possessed the last faculty to a considerable measure; and many of his later poems show a great advance in facility and graceful execution. For a poet of this age, he has singularly little of that picturesque fancy, which turns the whole universe into imagery as pretty, as varied, and as transient as the changing forms and colours of a kaleidoscope; and critics, who regard what they call 'word-painting' as the chief end and evidence of the poetic faculty, need not be expected to rank his claims very highly. His mode of writing is the furthest removed from what has been called 'the invertebrate type' of literature. He was perfectly honest and true to himself in every line that he wrote, and appears to have been totally uninfluenced by the mere ambition of literary success. His book is the sincere and real expression of the various phases through which his mind passed, and of the great emotions and affections which filled his heart. It is the record of much high feeling and 'high thinking' on the most substantial interests of human life. The substance of his poetry was formed out of a character, of rare depth and purity, a strong and tender conscience, generous and romantic enthusiasm, warm and steadfast affections;—

'High nature, amorous of the good,
But touched with no ascetic gloom;
And passion pure in snowy bloom
Through all the years of April blood.'

His thought was the pure product of his own mind, exercised upon the subjects on which he felt most deeply. There is a kind

of desperate sincerity and intensity of feeling in his readiness to sacrifice everything for the attainment of a certainty of conviction which, even till the last, was denied to him. This impulse was the ruling passion of his life, the chief stimulus to intellectual effort, the chief source of all the 'noble pain' which he endured. He was, his friends say, shy and reserved in his outward bearing; but the real temper of his mind seems to have been a fervent, almost an unguarded, enthusiasm. He seems sometimes ready to follow any truth of human nature into all its practical consequences; but he regards also each question long, anxiously, and from many points of view; and thus the prevailing attitude of his mind was doubt, for a time deepening into despondency, and even a sadder bitterness of feeling, but at the last settled into a calmer and happier state of patient expectancy.

Mr Clough was well known at Oxford to be an excellent scholar; and it is to his careful revision that we owe our only trustworthy translation of Plutarch's Lives. These poems prove, further, that he had a very living sympathy with the great writers of antiquity,—a gift which does not always accompany even an exclusive devotion to classical studies. Readers of the poems will often come upon modes of thought and expression, which recall old familiar tones in Homer and Plato, in Virgil, Horace, and Lucretius; and they will remark how, in the darkest time of his despondency, a new life and inspiration seem to come to him from the art and ruined grandeur of antiquity. But, although the two longest of the poems contained in this volume are written in the metres of ancient poetry, the substance and the form of all of them are intensely modern. His mind had been fed, not on ancient literature only, but also on the original thinkers and imaginative writers, who have most powerfully moved their contemporaries in England, France, and Germany. But, deep under all his rich and manifold culture, there were more powerful impulses than any which come from ancient or modern books. What moved him to write was his personal interest in great questions, which, although they appear to some to lie apart from our practical life, yet are among the things which impart to that practical life all its substance and dignity. These questions or subjects are, in their essence, neither ancient nor modern; but they are most vitally realized when they force themselves into prominence in the experience of our own times.

We might classify the subjects out of which these poems were formed in some such way as this: I. The results of moral and religious experience; II. The doubts and the certainties of friendship and love; III. The cause, or what seemed to him the cause, of popular rights and freedom throughout the world; and IV. The power and the beauty of nature. These were to the

author the most real sources of the pleasure and of the pain of existence. They are the subjects on which most of the shorter poems, which are chiefly the direct expression of personal feeling and conviction, are founded; and they are thoroughly inwoven with the serious, the humorous, and the satiric representation of life in 'The Bothie' and the 'Amours de Voyage.' In the earliest poems, written when the author was about one-and-twenty years of age, the thought is perhaps as mature, the feeling as intense, as in the latest. The improvement perceptible in the later poems, consists in a wider knowledge of men, in more happy ease and musical sweetness of expression, in greater power of escaping out of his inner thought, and shaping the natural incidents of life into poetry. The earliest poems bear the date of 1840. In them we find the author closely questioning his own inner life,

'As ever in his great Taskmaster's eye,'

with an anxious conscientiousness, very different from the untruthful and immodest airs of literary egotism. Though his mind was then directed inwards, yet his genius does not prey upon itself—does not question or assert its own existence. But he questions anxiously his spiritual life and his affections, to see whether they are conformable to the pure ideal to which his own heart and conscience bore witness. We quote the following poem, not by any means as one of the most perfect in form and expression, but as representative of the earliest moral and religious impressions recorded in this volume:—

'I have seen higher, holier things than these,
And therefore must to these refuse my heart;
Yet am I panting for a little ease,
I'll take and so depart.

'Ah, hold! the heart is prone to fall away,
Her high and cherished visions to forget;
And if thou takest, how wilt thou repay
So vast, so dread a debt?

'How will the heart, which now thou trustest, then
Corrupt, yet in corruption mindful yet,
Turn with sharp stings upon itself! Again
Bethink thee of the debt.

'Hast thou seen higher, holier things than these,
And therefore must to these thy heart refuse?
With the true best, alack, how ill agrees
That best that thou wouldst choose!

'The Summum Pulchrum rests in heaven above:
Do thou, as best thou may'st, thy duty do:
Amid the things allowed thee live and love;
Some day thou shalt it view.'

But, with advancing years and riper experience, greater and more arduous questions confronted him. The thoughts which now troubled him were not so much concerning his own inward state, as concerning the ultimate grounds of belief for himself and all men. Three of the most remarkable poems in the earlier part of the volume,—viz., ‘*Qui laborat orat*,’ ‘The New Sinai,’ and ‘The Questioning Spirit,’—represent the state of a soul ‘perplexed in the extreme,’ yet hopefully and devoutly believing in God and duty. Of all the earlier poems, ‘The New Sinai’ is the most impressive; but it must be read as a whole, and it is too long to quote in full. ‘The Questioning Spirit’ is also one of the most beautiful of the early poems, both in thought and expression; but it is one of the very few that appear to us to recall something of a Tennysonian echo. The conclusions of all of these poems, although dashed with uncertainty, are yet bright and hopeful in comparison with the bitter pain and deep despondency of ‘Bethesda,’ the sequel to ‘The Questioning Spirit.’ In the earlier poem, the human spirits have been represented as giving their various answers,—

‘Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,’—

to the spirit that questions them as to their lives, until the true answer is elicited,—

‘I know not, I will do my duty, said the last.’

But in the sequel, even this trust has failed. The conclusion of the second poem, which we quote, reveals perhaps the deepest stage of that despondency, which the author was for a time destined to undergo. The expression of that despondency is, however, relieved by gleams of imaginative power, which recall the simple majesty of the old masters of painting. The human spirits are here represented, waiting for their release from their weariness and doubt, under the symbolical figure of ‘the maimed and halt, diseased and impotent,’ waiting at the pool of Bethesda:

‘And I beheld that, on the stony floor,
He too, that spoke of duty once before,
No otherwise than others here to-day,
Foredone and sick, and sadly muttering lay,
“I know not, I will do—what is it I would say?
What was that word which once sufficed alone for all,
Which now I seek in vain, and never can recall?”
And then, as weary of in vain renewing
His question, thus his mournful thought pursuing,
“I know not, I must do as other men are doing!”

‘But what the waters of that pool might be,
Of Lethe were they, or Philosophy?’

And whether he, long waiting, did attain
Deliverance from the burden of his pain
There with the rest; or whether, yet before,
Some more diviner stranger passed the door
With his small company into that sad place,
And, breathing hope into the sick man's face,
Bade him take up his bed, and rise and go:
What the end were, and whether it were so,
Further than this I saw not, neither know.'

The later poems, although they do not tell of a faith absolutely restored, yet evince a more hopeful and patient mood. There is a tone of plaintive sadness in the following stanzas, which is far less depressing than the deeper tones of the 'Bethesda,' and the more bitter outburst of feeling in the 'Amours de Voyage':—

' "Old things need not be therefore true,"
O brother men, nor yet the new;
Ah! still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again!

' The souls of now two thousand years
Have laid up here their toils and fears,
And all the earnings of their pain,—
Ah, yet consider it again.

.
' Alas, the great world goes its way,
And takes its truth from day to day;
They do not quit, nor can retain,
Far less, consider it again.'

After all his wanderings in the mazes of anxious thought, he returns at last to rest on the old and simple trust, thus expressed in another poem:—

' Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head:
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us, receive.

' Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun,
Will be completed, not undone.

' My child, we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are, together, here.'

The reader will indeed find in these poems much 'honest doubt' expressed with a deep sense of pain, but a still deeper sense of the guilt of stifling

' All the questing and the guessing
Of the soul's own soul within.'

But he will find also the strength that arises from faithfulness to the sense of truth and duty ; and, in some of the poems, the higher strength which comes from the perception of a divine presence in the soul, 'unnamed, though not unowned.'

'Nor times shall lack, when, while the work it plies,
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And, scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
In recognition start.

'But, as thou wilt, give or e'en forbear
The beatific supersensual sight,
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
Approach Thee morn and night.'

It would have been impossible to give any account of the substance of these poems, and of the author's deepest thoughts and most anxious feelings, without approaching ground which should be touched with as much reserve as possible in mere literary criticism or discussion. On that subject we shall say no more than this, that it appears impossible for any candid mind to confound the doubts expressed in these poems with the commonplace scepticism of an irreligious nature. Doubt seems to have clouded the author's mind in proportion almost as he felt most deeply on any subject. Next to religious truth and duty, he seems to have prized the affections of love and friendship. Even on these subjects his thoughts are for a time dashed with doubt ; but they grow clearer and clearer with the growing experience of life, and rise in the later poems into absolute confidence and serenity. None of the poems has been more generally and deservedly admired than the '*Qua cursum ventus*,' representing the accidental estrangement of friends, arising out of the change of thoughts and sympathies accompanying their separate growths. But the pains and pleasures of love fill a still larger space in this volume than the more tranquil phases of friendship. The depth, purity, and ennobling influence of passion, are here represented with the ideal colouring of romance, and also in the real light of human experience. But the peculiarity, although we cannot say the poetical merit, of his treatment of the subject, is, that he shows here also something of the same analytic tendency, the same kind of doubt, scruple, and hesitation, with which he encounters the metaphysical perplexities of our being. In his earlier poems he discusses in a kind of abstract way, but with a real discernment of fact and intuitive knowledge of human nature, the doubts and difficulties of the heart in making 'the one irrevocable choice ;' and the same phases of feeling meet us again in '*The Bothie*,' the '*Amours de Voyage*,' and the '*Lawyer's Tale*.' In a poem written in 1841, he con-

trasts 'love' with 'duty,' and then utters his warning against any sacrifice whatever of the highest affections :—

'Hearts, 'tis quite another thing,
Must or once for all be given,
Or must not at all be given :
Hearts, 'tis quite another thing !
'To bestow the soul away
In an idle duty-play !
Why, to trust a life-long bliss
To caprices of a day,
Scarce were more depraved than this.
'Men and maidens, see you mind it :
Show of love, where'er you find it,
Look if duty lurk behind it !
Duty-fancies urging on
Whither love had never gone !'

This aspect of the passion of love was ever present to the author's mind, and gave the prevailing colour to all the narrative poems in the volume. It is his sense of the depth, and strength, and mystery of love, which makes him consider the subject so curiously, seeing the dangers of delusion and of hasty impulse ; the difficulty of discerning between 'the good' and 'the attractive,' and the infinite consequences depending on the decision. Thus it is that Philip, in 'The Bothie,' passes through two other passionate phases before his final choice is made. It is this same 'wayward modern mood' which causes the 'Amours de Voyage' to end in the most lame and impotent conclusion which perhaps has ever yet been given to a tale of love. It is the same frailty of 'something introspective overmuch' characterizing the hero of the 'Lawyer's Tale,' which makes him very nearly miss altogether the happiness that awaited him. A curious instance of the same introspective tendency may be seen in a beautiful Idyllic song, written with much of the natural feeling and musical cadence of Theocritus, in which a peasant girl of the Alps or Pyrenees pours out the simple fears and pains of her heart as she is driving her cattle home from the mountain :—

'Ah dear, and where is he, a year ago,
Who stepped beside, and cheered us on and on ?
My sweetheart wanders far away from me,
In foreign land or on a foreign sea.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.'

It is quite natural to find her, in her lonely walk through the gloom of that wet and stormy evening, thinking with some doubt of her lover's constancy :—

'For weary is work, and weary day by day
To have your comfort miles on miles away.'

But it does strikes us as something of a false note, a touch of over-refinement, to find her thus questioning the permanence of her own feeling:—

‘Or may it be, that I shall find my mate,
And he, returning, see himself too late?
For work we must, and what we see, we see,
And God, He knows, and what must be, must be,
When sweethearts wander far away from me.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.’

We confess that we never can like ‘Elspie,’ the heroine of ‘The Bothie,’ so well as we should wish; chiefly, we think, because she has thought so much and so wisely about her own feelings, and has, ‘in her ignorant Highlands,’ worked out her theory of love as completely as a strong-minded woman familiar with all the aids and appliances of modern fiction.

These poems contain also many signs of the strong political sympathy with which the author watched the struggles of 1848 and 1849. The hero of ‘The Bothie’ is full of the ‘democratic fervour’ of that time; and the ‘Amours de Voyage’ was

‘Writ in a Roman chamber,
When from Janiculum heights thundered the cannon of France.’

the ardent and generous tones of some of the shorter poems in this volume,—as, for instance, that called ‘Peschiera,’—remind us of a similar sympathy with Italian freedom, expressed at a time when that cause had not so many advocates in England, in the fine ‘political poems’ of the late Henry Lushington. As perhaps the best specimen, among his shorter poems, of the poetical expression of Mr Clough’s political feeling, we quote the following lines, addressed, as it seems, to those who despaired of the cause of liberal opinions and institutions after the successful reaction of 1849:—

‘Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain;
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

‘If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e’en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

‘For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

‘And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is light.’

The presage of these lines we have seen partially fulfilled, and all men now know that the struggle was not then over, and that ‘the labour and the wounds’ have not been in vain.

In our review of these shorter poems, we have limited ourselves to the purpose of illustrating the most striking modes of sentiment and opinion characteristic of the author. We have desired rather to give readers unfamiliar with his manner a key to his meaning, than to extract the poems most remarkable in point of expression and artistic grace. But, if our space allowed, we might quote several exquisite pieces,—such, for instance, as the poem at page 76 :—

‘O stream descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between ;’

and the one immediately following :—

‘Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
East wind and frost are safely gone ;—’

the beauty and musical flow of which entitle them to be ranked in any collection of the best poetry which this age has produced. There is in the later poems a great advance in poetical style, from the grave severity and frequent obscurity which were the characteristics of many of the poems that first appeared in the ‘*Ambarvalia*.’ It is unreasonable to demand, in poetry of this kind, that immediate perspicuity which is an essential excellence in a narrative or a simple lyrical poem. The finest reflective poetry in the language,—viz., the sonnets of Shakspeare, and the ‘*In Memoriam*,’—are very far from being immediately intelligible, even to the most competent readers. Still it is the case that, as a writer becomes more familiar with, and more completely master of, his thought and feeling on any subject, it becomes more natural to him to express himself, whether in prose or poetry, by means of simple and familiar language. And we look upon it as a great improvement in these later poems, that whatever difficulty they present, does not arise from intricacy or abruptness of language, but consists in the subtlety and novelty of the thought and sentiment. This difficulty, arising more from the state of the reader’s than the writer’s mind, attaches to all original reflective poetry, and is nowhere more sensibly felt than in the lyrical and dramatic poetry of the Greeks,—the greatest masters of simplicity and clearness of expression. Fortunately, the class of readers who are likely to be interested in these

poems will not, if they have any reason to think their trouble will be repaid, be deterred from examining a book which demands some thought and some capacity of serious feeling on their own part. Other objections might perhaps be urged against some of these poems with more justice than the charge of obscurity. There are still, we think, in this volume a few examples of the misapplied power and the capricious taste which were much more visible in the earlier edition of the 'Ambarvalia.' The author is more uncertain in his satire and humour (although he has much of these qualities that is genuine and excellent) than in his serious efforts. We could gladly have spared such poems as 'The Latest Decalogue' (the satire of which is not nearly so effective as that of the earlier poem,

'Duty, that's to say, complying
With whate'er's expected here;'

or that beginning—

'How in Heaven's name did Columbus get over?'

or those mystical elegiacs—

'Trunks the forest yielded,' etc.

And we should have liked to see them replaced by some stanzas, at least, from the 'Silver Wedding' or the 'Ἐπὶ Λάτμῳ,' which appeared in the former edition. The only poems in the volume that seem decidedly common-place are those entitled 'The Song of Lamech' and 'Jacob.' The faculty, so remarkably manifested by our two greatest living poets, of giving life, substance, and personality to the modes of thought and feeling of other ages, does not seem to have been conspicuous among Mr Clough's poetical gifts. His art is almost confined to the reproduction of what he had felt, seen, and sympathized with in actual life.

If Mr Clough had written only the poems with which we have hitherto been occupied, and which fill less than one-third of the volume, their intrinsic worth would have entitled him to be ranked among the few poets of his generation. But many readers will be more attracted by the longer poems, which are tales and descriptions of modern life;—the first, a half-humorous, half-romantic pastoral;—the second, a kind of novelette in metre, partly serious, partly satirical;—the last, unfortunately left unfinished, being a collection of simple tales, illustrating various phases of love and affection in ordinary life. These poems are more exceptional in point of artistic design and execution, but they evince much more varied power than the shorter pieces. 'The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich' is the most lively and natural description of a phase of real modern life which we know of in English verse. The work, although grotesque and unequal, has

yet many of the rarest qualities of poetry. It is in many places humorous, picturesque, eloquent; it is throughout rich in thought, sense, passion, dramatic representation of character, outward description of nature. The author's thoughts and doubts on human life are here not presented to us as the refined ore of his meditation, but are poured out in overflowing floods of language from the activity of a speculative mind first meeting the new experience of life, and coming into active contact with the hearts and minds of others. And the conception and execution of the whole poem are so vivid, that every reader must feel as if he had known all the characters represented, and been present with them in all the scenes and actions that are there described.

Yet, with all these merits, which it would not be easy to exaggerate, the poem is so exceptional in form and subject, that it is easier to estimate and enjoy it by itself, than to attempt to fix its relative place in comparison with other poems. The subject, in the first place, is too slight to entitle the work to be regarded as a great poem. The story of an Oxford reading-party in the Highlands of Scotland, one of the members of which falls three times in love in the course of six weeks, and finally marries Elspie, daughter of David M'Kay, blacksmith, and tenant of a bothie in Lochaber, could not, consistently with our ordinary associations, be treated in 'the grand style.' Yet, while many writers have tried to interest the public in undergraduate life, —some painting it in facetious, some in satirical, and some in soberer colours,—nowhere else do we find that life presented with such truth and attractiveness, and with so much of the romance and humour that brighten and enliven existence. It would be difficult to imagine a more agreeable picture of the health and strength, the friendliness and natural enjoyment of youth, than what is here presented. There is a pleasant air of nature and simplicity, in union with grace and accomplishment, in the various delineations of character. The men represented can feel passion or poetic emotion, without becoming silly or sentimental; they can express humour and fun without the premature and second-hand cynicism in which ignorance of the world tries to disguise itself; they have the most keen and 'sensuous' delight in their open-air life of bathing and mountaineering, without attaching undue importance to their muscular energy; and they enjoy their reading and the fresh exercise of their thought without exhibiting any tinge of youthful priggishness or pedantry. This kind of life must be delightful to live, and is very pleasant to read about; but it is not the stuff out of which great poems have been produced in any age of literature.

The form of the poem is a still greater drawback to its artistic

claims than the subject. In the first place, it requires the very finest touch to give consistent grace to a delineation which is professedly partly serious, partly humorous; and to the merit of graceful design this poem makes no pretension. It is, in every way, a new, a bold, and somewhat grotesque experiment. The hexameter verse, in which it is written, has still to fight its way into the recognised metres of English poetry. Mr Clough, we think, uses that metre far more happily than any other English poet by whom it has been employed. But the question of its adaptation to serious and elevated poetry, must still, we think, be considered *sub judice*. Hitherto, when continuously employed, it has generally tended to a lifeless monotony of cadence. In Mr Clough's hands it appears an admirable vehicle for the occasional expression of vivid or impetuous emotion; and it has all the virtues of rapid and direct force, which are claimed for it by Mr Arnold.¹ But the elevated passages in 'The Bothie,' and the 'Amours de Voyage,' seem to produce their powerful metrical effect, by rising out of the lower undulations of a kind of rapid and rhythmical prose. It is owing to the inequality and irregularity of the metre, that it is so admirably adapted to the subjects treated in the two poems. If we could receive Mr Newman's premises in his controversy with Mr Arnold, and accept the Iliad as a quaint, grotesque, and unequal poem, we might admit Mr Arnold's practical conclusion, and consider the experiment of 'The Bothie' almost decisive in favour of translating Homer in English hexameters. But as we agree with nearly every word of the admirable criticism in which Mr Arnold establishes his premises, we are compelled to suspend our assent to his conclusion, till we see a poem in which the occasional metrical excellence of 'The Bothie' is continuously and equally sustained.

We might, from this poem, illustrate all the peculiar characteristics of the author. His philosophy of life, of love, and of society, of which we only gather the results in the shorter poems, is here worked out and exemplified. But we shall confine ourselves to quoting a few passages, in which he exhibits his love of nature, and his power of representing her outward aspect, and interpreting the deeper meaning which she conveys to our minds. Mr Arnold has drawn attention to flashes of the spirit of Homer, in such expressions as '*by dangerous Corry-vreckan,*' '*where roads are unknown to Loch Nevish,*'² and the like. Many more of these might be added. No modern English poet is so truly Homeric,—not through conscious imitation so much as the gift of a kindred spirit,—in seizing immediately the real aspects and simple effects of nature, which may be

¹ Lectures on translating Homer.

² Last Words on Homer.

perceived and felt every day by the peasant as well as by the poet, but which are often lost from the excitement, the routine, and even the cultivation of modern life. Mr Clough has much, too, of the spirit of that other ancient poet, who, next to Homer, had the most vivid perception of the outward world; and who also has proclaimed, with more power than any other, the majesty of nature's laws, and has penetrated more deeply into that secret and all-pervading life:—

‘ Cæli subter labentia signa
Quæ mare navigerum, quæ terras frugiferentis
Concelebras.’

Many, however, of the readers of this *Review* will find a nearer source of interest in the scenery of the poem. No writer in prose or verse has shown so true a feeling of the beauty of Scotland, since Wordsworth gave a perfect voice to the music and the pastoral loveliness of Yarrow. We feel, as we read, that a sympathetic mind is bringing us nearer than we ever were before to the grandeur and the force of nature, as they are displayed in the rivers and woods of our inland Highlands, and over the immense range of the mountains, seas, and islands of the west.

We quote a few short passages, the descriptive truth and power of which we think our readers will acknowledge, whether they like or dislike the metre in which they are written:—

‘ There is it, there, or in lofty Lochaber, where, silent upheaving,
Heaving from ocean to sky, and under snow winds of September,
Visibly whitening at morn to darken by noon in the shining,
Rise on their mighty foundations the brethren huge of Ben-Nevis?
There, or westward away, where roads are unknown to Loch Nevish,
And the great peaks look abroad over Skye to the westernmost
islands?’

There is it? there? or there? we shall find our wandering hero?
Here, in Badenoch? here, in Lochaber anon, in Lochiel, in
Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and Ardnamurchan,
Here I see him, and here: I see him; anon I lose him!
Even as cloud passing subtly unseen from mountain to mountain,
Leaving the crest of Ben-More to be palpable next on Ben-Vohrlich,
Or like the hawk of the hill which ranges and soars in its hunting,
Seen and unseen by turns, now here, now in ether eludent.’

‘ What if autumnal shower came frequent and chill from the west-
ward,
What if on browner sward, with yellow leaves besprinkled,
Gemming the crispy blade, the delicate gossamer gemming,
Frequent and thick lay at morning the chilly beads of hoar-frost.’

‘ Duly there they bathed and daily, the twain or the trio,
Where in the morning was custom, where over a ledge of granite

trust, after some transient outburst of the old enthusiasm. The prevailing feeling of the poem is too real for satire. It is rather like the 'misery that makes sport to mock itself.' We do not for one moment suppose that Mr Clough has represented himself in this poem, any more than in any of the characters in 'The Bothie;' but he has expressed, in the person of Claude, much of the unsettlement and despondency which are uttered more directly in other poems of the same date. He has expressed, especially in that character, the sense of the vanity of thinking and of knowledge apt to come over a mind which has passed from youth into manhood in a kind of hot-house air of contemplative studies, without having been braced by the free air and natural life of the outer world. It is the old character of the man, weak in purpose and in conduct, but endowed with the subtle perception, the broad speculative power, the delicate and sensitive feelings of genius,—all of which finer qualities render their possessor more unfit for happiness and usefulness. A very modern Hamlet is seen playing a weak and common-place part in the very common-place drama of modern English society in Rome. Mr Clough may have passed through some transient phases of feeling and inward experience, which gave him insight into such a character; but the evidence of his other writings, and the respect of his friends, prove that his own manly nature was in no way identified with this subtle but unfortunate creation of his mind.

But there are other sources of interest in the poem besides that derived from the love story. There is here more subtle observation, both of outward and inward fact, than, perhaps, in any other of the author's writings; and a few passages (as, for instance, the letters II. and IV. of Canto III.), in which speculative ideas are expressed and embodied in an imaginative form, rise into high and impassioned poetry. The poem is interesting further, as recording some impressions formed during the memorable siege of Rome in 1849. We recognise here, in the expression of his political sympathies, the same questioning spirit of doubts, especially doubt and distrust of himself, which were found to be characteristic of the author in other matters. Yet, if there was some distrust, there was no divided sympathy in his mind. His heart went entirely with the popular cause, and with the brave defenders of Rome and Venice; and no shadow of doubt qualifies his scorn for the superstition and misgovernment against which the Roman people rebelled, and his indignation against the base policy which restored and supports the papal administration.

To some readers, the most agreeable passages in the poem will be those, of which the one subjoined is an example, which record the impressions formed on his mind by the art and poetry of the past. The following lines afford as good a specimen of the ele-

gance of which the English hexameter is capable as any which we can select :—

‘ Tibur is beautiful, too, and the orchard slopes, and the Anio,
Falling, falling yet, to the ancient lyrical cadence :
Tibur and Anio’s tide : and cool from Lucretilis ever,
With the Digentian stream, and with the Bandusian fountain
Folded in Sabine recesses, the valley and villa of Horace :
So not seeing I sung : so seeing and listening say I,
Here as I sit by the stream, as I gaze at the cell of the sibyl,
Here with Albunea’s home, and the grave of Tiburnus beside me,
Tivoli beautiful is, and musical, O Teverone,
Dashing from mountain to plain, thy parted impetuous waters,
Tivoli’s waters and rocks ; and fair under Monte Gennaro
(Haunt even yet, I must think, as I wander and gaze, of the shadows,
Faded and pale, yet immortal, of Faunus, the Nymphs, and the
Graces),
Fair in itself, and yet fairer with human completing creations ;
Folded in Sabine recesses the valley and villa of Horace.’

We have no space left to speak of the last poems, the tales included under the title ‘*Mari Magno*.’ They were written only a short time before the author’s death, and were never revised by him. They are evidently left incomplete ; but we think that he had here struck on one of his happiest veins. The poems, while bearing the marks of haste and unfinished execution, are written with great ease and simplicity. They have all the old moral strength and beauty of the author’s mind, no longer clouded by any morbid misgivings. The most powerful of the tales is the one called ‘*The Clergyman’s Tale* ;’ but we prefer quoting the dénouement of ‘*The Lawyer’s Tale*,’ which presents a charming picture of secure and natural happiness. The reader will see that these poems are written in the good old English metre of Chaucer and of Dryden, to which we wonder that our poets do not oftener return, leaving the Tennysonian blank verse to its own perfect master and inventor. Mr Clough uses the metre, as is best suited for narrative poetry, in a style which recalls the freedom of Dryden and the homeliness of Crabbe ; not the rhetorical point and concentrated energy of Pope, nor the equable elegance of Goldsmith :—

‘ Wandering about, with little here to do,
His old thoughts mingling dimly with his new,
Wandering one morn, he met upon the shore
Her, whom he quitted five long years before.
Alas ! why quitted ? Say that charms are nought,
Nor grace nor beauty worth one serious thought,
Was there no mystic virtue in the sense
That joined your boyish-girlish innocence ?

Is constancy a thing to throw away,
And loving faithfulness a chance of every day?
Alas! why quitted? Is she changed? But now
The weight of intellect is in her brow;
Changed, or but truer seen, one sees in her
Something to wake the soul, the interior sense to stir.

Alone they met, from alien eyes away,
The high shore hid them in a tiny bay.
Alone was he, was she: in sweet surprise
They met, before they knew it, in their eyes.
In his a wondering admiration glowed;
In hers a world of tenderness o'erflowed;
In a brief moment all was known and seen,
That of slow years the wearying work had been:
Morn's early odorous breath perchance, in sooth,
Awoke the old natural feeling of their youth:
The sea, perchance, and solitude, had charms.
They met—I know not—in each other's arms.'

It is useless now to speculate as to what Mr Clough might have done, had longer life been granted to him; or had circumstances allowed him more freedom and leisure; or had not the weight of anxious thought pressed too heavily upon his early years. There were in him, undoubtedly, the materials of a much greater poet than he actually became. But with this volume in our hands, we will not think of applying to him the melancholy words of 'unfulfilled promise.' Whether these poems are destined to obtain a wide and permanent popularity, the actual result only can show. We do not expect nor desire for them that sudden and enthusiastic favour, which is often repaid by subsequent neglect and injustice. Their original merit and permanent value appear to us to consist in the truth and worth of that moral power which lay behind the poetical and speculative capacity of the author. They will be most admired by those who value the artistic accomplishment less than the thought, or power, or character revealed through poetry. They demand, indeed, a 'fit audience,' who can think and feel seriously, largely, and with toleration; but that audience need not be a limited one. And we are confident that those who are once impressed by these poems, will find this impression confirmed and enlarged by time. They will value them, not as a source of amusement for their idler hours, but as a solid treasure of thought and experience,—an aid, in many ways, to their better aspirations.

ART. IV.—1. *Second Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire and ascertain how far the Mercantile Laws of the different parts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland may be advantageously assimilated; and also whether any and what alterations and amendments should be made in the Law of Partnership as regards the questions of the Limited or Unlimited Responsibility of Partners.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1855.

2. *Proceedings of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. Department of Jurisprudence.* 1859–62.

THERE are few harder lessons for imperfect human wisdom than simply to recognise the fact, that all men have not been cast in the same mould. Even at the moment when the philosopher plumes himself on his superior wisdom, and the Pharisee thanks his Maker that he is not as other men are, each is ready to judge all around him by the identical tests which he applies to himself, and to count their shortcomings, from his standard as matter of blame, which they could, if they would, remove. Nor is the paradox confined to individual comparisons. Nations have, in all ages of the world's history, shown themselves as blindly eager to force their own modes of thought and customs of action upon other nations, as the votaries of science or of morals have been to compel acceptance of their own personal creeds. The motive and object are, indeed, in each case not wholly deserving of reprobation. The desire to save souls has lain at the root of much violent propagandism, the desire to remove obstacles to improvement has prompted many a war of conquest. Nor can it be denied that if it were but possible, the restoration of unity among the earth's inhabitants would yield, in some respects, a glorious gain. In Europe alone, and even in time of profound peace, the fact of the existence of different nationalities keeps more than three millions of men idle from work—a burden on the work of others,—only that they stand ever ready with arms in their hands. At least as many more must be computed as occupied solely in providing the arms and munitions which our armies and navies are intended to use. Stretch the view over the globe—count up the cost of national enmities, not in peace alone, but in war—not in civilized realms alone, but in regions of barbarism—add to the immediate sufferings and losses of war, all the indirect hindrances to progress, which the jealousies and antipathies of race have supplied—and what a sum of woeful consequence seems due to that decree, which, on the plains of

Shinar, first severed humanity into discordant fragments! Not strange, therefore, is the dream which the purest and best of men have ever loved to cherish, that as knowledge grows and love extends, the time shall draw near when these fatal distinctions shall at length be effaced; when nation shall no longer stand jealously aloof from nation; but when all mankind shall, as children of the one common Father, join hands in the grasp of reunited brotherhood.

Surely a dream blessed and glorious—if we might but dare to dream. But dreams are for our hours of sloth; and the part of man is to labour, and through labouring to learn. Perhaps we find, when we rouse our minds to the vigour which the due performance of our appointed task demands, that in this reverie we have been building again in fancy that old tower of Babel, whose memory still stands the monument of our folly. We have been contriving how we might, by combined human effort, rise to heaven, or bring heaven down to earth, instead of humbly accepting the command to till the ground and eat of its fruits, while we leave the government of the world to its Ruler. Certainly there is no lesson taught more clearly by the whole of history, than that the dispersion of mankind is a still enduring and vital fact, and that it is perpetuated by causes the most profound and powerful, of which the diversity of tongues is but a type, or, at most, a single agent out of many. For while the infinite variety in the character of individuals is not sufficient to prevent the members of each race from combining readily with each other for political purposes, it is not less true that between the several races there is some essential divergence,—too slight, perhaps, to be capable of definition, but powerful enough to present an insuperable bar to their union, and firm enough to defy even Time's dissolving power. The subjection, through long generations, of the Netherlands to Spain, of Greece to Turkey, of Poland to Russia, of Hungary and Italy to Austria, have failed to remove the fundamental diversities which keep these nationalities apart. In the present day, the revolt against artificiality, the yearning after the free development of natural instincts,—which, despite the countervailing influence of civilisation, are remarkable characteristics of the age,—give fresh strength to the outbreak of national feeling. But past history, as well as current events, bear equally forcible testimony to the undying distinctions which hinder combination. It is not easy to find an instance of two nations permanently coalescing. The map of the world shows few changes since it was first drawn, save such as actual migration has produced. The convulsions of Europe for three thousand years have left its surface parti-

tioned not very differently from the original divisions marked on it when it was first inhabited. Dynasties have risen and sunk, tribes have conquered and succumbed, knowledge has grown and waned, and grown again, religion has spread and been beaten back ; but still the story, told by Moses, by Herodotus, and by Livy, is, in its essential characteristics, a faithful type of the national conflicts which History is at this day engraving on her tablets.

Not only, however, are the distinctions which keep nations apart thus ineffaceable ; but even within the limits of each people, the capacity for progress towards the higher forms of civilisation which a neighbouring state may hold out for imitation, is singularly limited. We who are the great colonists of the globe, have been taught by abundant example, that a foreign refinement can scarcely ever become acclimatized. No barbarians have ever yet accepted our proffered knowledge. Where we have enforced obedience to our customs, the aborigines have silently died out under our blighting influence. Where they have in aught yielded to our example, they have selected rather our vices for their adoption. In two of the great divisions of the world, they have all but perished, through sheer inability to conform to the conditions of our imported civilisation. In India they have survived, chiefly because their superior multitudes have enabled them to hold to their own habits unchanged. From the most polished nations of Europe comes identical testimony. Seven hundred years of Moslem domination left the most acute and most facile nation on the earth as fervent lovers of freedom as in the days of Aristogeiton ; but, entrusted all at once with the institutions of British liberty, they have in Athens, as in Corfu, proved themselves unfitted for their exercise. France has learned, in eighty years of anarchy, how vain is the imitation either of classic republics or of constitutional monarchies by a people among whom they are not the slow growth of ages. We ourselves, in our own great Revolution, learned how bootless is the gift of self-government to those unused to wield it ; and we have found a couple of centuries not too much to qualify us for holding the liberties of thought and speech which we then won so dearly, and so eagerly gave back.

Nor are these facts difficult of explanation. Like many of our problems in politics, they are easily understood, if we remember that the corporate body which we call a nation is merely the aggregate of individuals, and that its actions are neither more nor less than the expression of the wishes and sentiments of those of whom it is composed. National sins and virtues, national progress or decay, national violence or quietude, are only the results of the morals, the intellect, and the tendencies of the individuals who form the nation ; and we cannot expect them

to exhibit, in their united capacity, different qualities from those which mark them individually. If, then, it be true, as all experience has proved, that in morals and in learning, education can only furnish the means and material of improvement, the application of which must be left to the pupil himself, instruction lying, as it were, alien and barren in the mind, until, assimilated by actual personal experience, it is obvious that we have an answer to the question why national progress must be equally slow, and equally incapable of being rapidly advanced by the offered lessons of extraneous cultivation. In this view, national life ceases to be a distinct and abnormal subject of study. Resolving it into individual life, we seize at once its nature and its laws, and discover that, since man has been so formed as to gain true knowledge only by trial, and true virtue only through temptation, a development equally slow and tentative is all that can be hoped for in the case of communities.

This theory has, indeed, in these days become, in one department of policy, a very familiar dogma. Under the style of 'non-intervention,' it has bidden us hold our hands where our sympathies have freely gone along; it has made us judge leniently of despotisms, and restrained our aid when a great people has seemed to burst from the cerements of ages. Even our 'practical men,'—the last to accept a new truth, and the last to abandon an old error,—have at length arrived at a perception of the soundness of this doctrine. Nor need we stop to inquire how far their perception may have been quickened by the fact that our efforts to do good abroad have commonly been productive of heavy expense at home. But while they fervently embrace their new faith, while they earnestly deprecate even a manifestation of sympathy for nations struggling for liberty, while they quote with laughter the Abbé Sieyès and his portfolios of ready-made constitutions, it is singular to observe how little they really understand the doctrine which they in words profess. They apply it to political institutions; but they deny that it has anything to do with social law. They maintain that it is folly to expect that Frenchmen, Italians, or Germans, shall ever be really qualified for the enjoyment of representative institutions, of freedom of the press, or of trial by jury. They take it as evident, that not only will Chinese and Hindoos never attain such a point, but that they are fitted by nature only for being kept under subjection by a more powerful dominating race. Even in the matter of religion, they have no great faith in the possibility of conversion to our creed; and they look on missions as a species of fanaticism, which it is not over-wise to indulge. But as regards social and domestic law they have no such difficulties. They see nothing unreasonable in establishing an English code among

the natives of India or New Zealand. They regard the discordance of commercial law between great trading communities as simply barbarous. They have no words to express their amazement at the folly of perpetuating within this realm differences of legal principle or administration. They denounce the still existing discrepancies between two extremities of this island as monuments of silly and noxious prejudice, and demand that here at least, where we have the power, not a year shall elapse without seeing some of them swept into antiquarian oblivion. And they too have their dreams of what might be the happy future of this land,—what the development of commerce, what the simplicity of legal relations, what the diminution of litigation, what the advance in the true science of law,—which would follow if England and Scotland would but renounce their legal distinctions, and consent to a union of jurisprudence as complete as the union of the crowns.

Such visions may be not without foundation, but they are scarcely sufficient to establish the case they are adduced to support. They are the aspirations of lawyers, of merchants, and of politicians; but a statesman is bound to look at men as they have been fashioned by their Creator, not as they would be modelled had their life been intended to be circumscribed within the limits of legal, or mercantile, or political perfection. He is bound to remember that there is more to be considered than mere buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, electing members of Parliament, gathering in riches, and heaping up honour. He is bound to remember that each human being has his own idiosyncrasy; that his full spiritual development requires the indulgence of that idiosyncrasy in all which virtue may warrant; that national peculiarities, exhibited in their laws and customs, are the embodiment of the idiosyncrasies of the individual components of the nation; and that artificial ordinances will be powerless wherever they come in conflict with national predisposition. For him, then, the problem is, how to distinguish between a difference of law which is accidental and one which is essential; wary even in eradicating the former, lest unwittingly he should, in the attempt, stumble against some hidden root of national feeling which penetrates deeper than law, and which will rend asunder in its growth alike despotic codes and legislative statutes.

For let us only think for a moment what it is that is really expressed by law, such as we are now dealing with. There is no standard of absolute right and wrong to which we can refer it. There is no revelation of abstract justice by which we can be guided. Neither our moral nature nor the word of God yield us here direct assistance. We find no witness within ourselves

to tell us whether writing ought to be essential to a contract, or what ought to be the period of limitation of actions. The social enactments prescribed for the Hebrews were never intended to be binding on us. Left thus without guidance from inspiration, save such as is found in the general command 'to do justly and to love mercy,' we fall back, of necessity, upon the general convenience and welfare as our standard for details. We frame our laws so as to make imperative those arrangements which we have already found to be in general most adapted to our situation and our desires. When, in the course of practice, we find an evil which the majority agree in denouncing, we amend it. When society so far changes its relations as to make old rules inapplicable, we alter them. But in every case the rule grows out of our wants, and nothing save a foreign authority can possibly establish a rule which is contrary to the general opinion of its need. It embodies, for the time being, the mode of action and the habit of thought which prevail among the people whom it nominally directs.

To be convinced of the truth of this, we have only to reflect how we should regard the imposition, in any matter, of a law which should be at variance with public opinion. Let us suppose, for instance, that the Legislature were to enact that here, as in France, a man's property should, on his death, be divided equally among his children—that its disposition by will should not be in his own power. In such an enactment there would be nothing contrary to the spirit of our constitution. At this moment it is partly in force in Scotland. In England, as well as in Scotland, the controlling power of law over a testator's last will is a familiar principle. On the one hand, the law often subjects an owner to strict obedience to a rule of descent impressed on his property by a prior owner; on the other, it forbids such a rule to be impressed by any one for an endurance of more than one generation. It forbids gifts of real property by will to certain purposes, such as charities, in England; or within a certain interval before death in Scotland. In both countries, it denies to certain heirs an equal participation, unless they bring in for division what had accrued to them by a different or exclusive title. The authority of law is therefore recognised as supreme over the regulation of property which has become, by the death of its owner, for the moment *a res nullius*, and the will of the late holder is sanctioned just so far as public convenience dictates. But the case supposed, of the establishment of the French rule of division, as it would go beyond our present ideas of public convenience, would be held an instance of tyrannical interference with private rights,—an outrage upon freedom which would almost warrant a revolution,—a proof conclusive that Parliament

did not represent the nation, and that therefore the very basis of its constitution must be changed. Or, to take now an instance affecting only a certain class in the community, suppose Parliament were, in its plenitude of wisdom and power, to abolish the custom of days of grace in payment of bills of exchange. There is no question here of abstract justice, and as little of abstract convenience. The custom does not exist in all nations, and it varies in extent in almost every one in which it is found. Yet a forcible alteration of it would be felt as a grievous hardship by our mercantile community—on no other ground than that it is a custom, that it suits their arrangements, and is interwoven with their habits of business. Or, again, take the question of the introduction of the decimal system in the coinage; or the adoption of the scientific French system of weights and measures, in place of our own irregular, confused, and cumbrous scales. There can be no doubt that the step would ultimately be a great national benefit, an ease to every calculator, a protection against fraud and error, a great means of extending our foreign trade. At this moment, one of the principal obstacles to our reaping full benefit from the commercial treaty with France, lies in the reciprocal difficulty of translating readily yards into metres, and francs into shillings. Yet this great national improvement is delayed solely because its adoption would be at the cost of some present inconvenience, affecting chiefly the humblest classes in their smallest transactions; and it is not doubtful that they would resent, with a vigour which might forcibly displace a Government, an attempt to impose such ‘new-fangled ideas.’ The actual rioting with which the rectification of the calendar was received little more than a hundred years ago, has not yet passed away from the memories of our statesmen.

It is obvious from such considerations as these, that the doctrine that constitutions are not made, but grow, is only a statement in regard to political laws, of a truth applicable in a wider sense to all laws. Whatever spontaneously becomes law in any nation, is an expression of what is found to suit the convenience of the people; and whatever is made law contrary to that convenience, is felt to be an imposition of tyranny. But we may go further, and very safely affirm, that what is thus imposed by a foreign power, will, even though maintained as law for years, either work badly, or become altogether effete and disregarded. Of the first we have an example in the application of trial by jury in civil cases in Scotland. Half a century of practice has not yet naturalized this institution either in public estimation or in the legal mind. Clients still press their advisers to avoid, if possible, the necessity of appealing to such a tribunal. Lawyers still feel all abroad when called upon to conduct a case in

which the facts must be thus ascertained. Nor is there anything which strikes with more astonishment an English visitor, accustomed to see, in Westminster or Guildhall, half a dozen cases of this sort disposed of in a morning, with contentment equalling the despatch, than to watch the laborious, clumsy, timid, and superfluous process by which a 'jury case' is in Edinburgh propounded to the Court. And his amazement is only increased, if, desirous to see the administration of the criminal law, he crosses the passage into the Justiciary Court, and there finds the comparative merits of the two countries exactly reversed, and trials conducted with an ease, expedition, and accuracy, such as surpass all his experience of criminal business south of the Tweed. To what can we attribute such startling reciprocal differences, but to the fact that the genius of the one people entrusts readily the trial of all questions of fact to the judgment of twelve ordinary men; while that of the other, where private interests are at stake, weighs timidly every risk of defeat, and trembles at any chance of not proving enough, or of proving too much, for a jury unskilled in the sifting of evidence. But for an instance of not merely the awkward working, but the positive neglect and defiance, of an uncongenial statute, we need not travel out of England; we shall find it no further from the metropolis than in Manchester, and in no less important a matter than the statutory requisites to make a commercial bargain binding. By the Statute of Frauds, passed in the reign of Charles II., all bargains, if for goods above the value of L.10, must be in writing. This rule is in full observance in many parts of the kingdom; and when, in 1857, its abrogation was proposed, the measure was stoutly and successfully resisted by the merchants of London, who declared that its maintenance was the keystone of commercial security. But in Manchester, in which probably more bargains are every day completed than in any other city in the world, London only excepted, and in many other of the trading communities in the realm, the rule is set at nought, and not a scrap of writing intervenes as evidence of the largest transactions. Of course, if a dispute arises, if either party finds it for his interest to draw back, or if a stranger to Manchester, unaware of its custom, supposes the bargain still open, because the legal form is unexecuted, the Manchester men must take the consequence of disregarding the law, and submit to the penalty of nullity which it imposes. But that they knowingly and regularly dare such a result, and prefer to take their chance of its happening rather than conform to the law, shows well how little law avails against custom, and how much injury its letter may work if it is contrary to the habits and convenience of those whom it affects.

Such positive facts as these bring to us the conviction that the principles of human nature may, within even a comparatively limited area, oppose themselves to the forcible assimilation of law. But we may usefully, for our present purpose, pursue the inquiry which they open up; and before attempting to educe any determinate rule, we may cast a rapid glance over the law of England alone, in order to ascertain whether, in any department of jurisprudence, it affords countenance to the doctrine of universal uniformity. Not in its theory at least can such support be found. Its common law is avowedly the growth of custom, and it rejects with scorn the imputation that it can ever have been drawn from foreign teaching or example. But while thus affirming the principle that convenience, which is the sole root of custom, is the only proper root of law, it does not restrict its application of the principle to cases in which the custom is identical throughout the nation. A custom may be local, may extend only over a province, a county, a town; but if it has been of sufficiently ancient date or general acceptance, it receives recognition and respect as part of our modern law. Of this innumerable instances might be given. Primogeniture is, for example, regarded as one of the chief corner-stones in the temple of our constitution. It is not merely a social law of property, it is the foundation of the government of the State. Yet this sacred rule is not universal, but is superseded in many places by opposite customs. In the county of Kent, for instance, there prevails a wholly different rule of descent, preserved intact since the days of the Heptarchy, in virtue of which primogeniture gives way to the custom of 'gavelkind,' and land is divided among all the sons equally. By a further exception to the general law, the Kentish owner may aliene his estate at the age of fifteen, and it does not escheat to the Crown if he is convicted of felony. Again, many towns have a particular law of descent of their own, at variance with the general law of England. In some it is regulated neither by the rule of primogeniture nor by that of gavelkind, but by a special custom called Borough English, under which the youngest son is the father's heir. So, too, the law of distribution of the personal estate of an intestate is different in different parts of the kingdom. There is one rule prevailing in the ecclesiastical province of Canterbury (which is held to include India!), and a different one in the ecclesiastical province of York, and in the city of London, which is locally within the province of Canterbury. The metropolis itself has, indeed, a perfect code of independent and peculiar laws. Within the magic circle of 'the City,' every shop is endowed with the privilege of legalizing the sale of stolen goods, which elsewhere is attendant only on a sale in 'marked overt.' Wives have there the privilege, which they have

in Scotland, but nowhere else in England, of being permitted to trade, and to bind themselves in their own names, if deserted by their husbands. Creditors have there the privilege, which they have in Scotland, but not generally in England, of attaching money due to their debtor in the hands of a third party. All these are instances of the existence of customary law. But the Legislature itself has not scrupled to confirm and extend a similar divergence of local rules. The different systems of succession to personalty which we have above referred to, are sanctioned by modern statutes dealing with the subject. The registration of title-deeds is unknown in the general law of England, and its introduction has been fiercely resisted by some of the greatest and some of the least of her lawyers. But it is established by statute in the county of Middlesex, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and in part of Lincolnshire. Such are a few examples of the points upon which the law of England is subject to local discrepancy. To enumerate them all would require a volume, and hundreds of volumes have been devoted to their exposition.

And yet the measure of discrepancy is not filled full, even when we have thrown in all the cases in which it is formally enunciated in the legal system. There are customs which have not obtained the dignity of finding a place in law books, nor of having their range of influence expressly defined, but the extent of whose application must in every case be left to a jury to determine, though when so determined they constitute a binding law. For it is of the essence of the law of England, that a custom may arise, whether in a particular trade or business, or in a particular district, which, if not absolutely contrary to the genius of the law, may, by mere general adoption, become imperative upon all who come within its sphere. Thus the custom of merchants is an acknowledged source from which mercantile law is to be deduced. Thus, too, every county, or sometimes a district much less than a county, has its own peculiar law respecting the payments to be made by a tenant, who is entering on a farm, to his predecessor, on account of unexhausted improvements, manures, fallows, or land in grass. Of customs such as these no reckoning can be made, but they are all legal when proved; and, in consequence, the law in such respects is of an infinitely diversified character.

The existence of such principles in the law of England, and their development in practical results, has an immediate bearing on the question whether the law of Scotland should be assimilated to it. Nor is this merely as furnishing that generally childish form of argument, the *argumentum ad hominem*, and permitting the Scottish lawyer to say to his English brother,

First be uniform before you speak of assimilation. The discrepancies to which we have referred do indeed oppose the serious obstacle of making it in many cases impossible to say what is the law of England which it is desired to impose in Scotland. Is it, in descent of real estate, to be primogeniture or gavelkind? Is it, in descent of personal estate, to be the law of the province of Canterbury or of the province of York? Is it, as regards the rights of wives and widows, to be the law of the kingdom, or of its metropolis? Is it, as regards mercantile transactions, to be the law of London or the practice of Manchester? All these questions must in each case be weighed and decided before English law is imposed on another country; and that country might well demur to being subjected to rules, the advantage of which is not clearly enough ascertained to justify their being made imperative in all parts of the kingdom from which they are derived. But a far deeper question underlies these surface disputations. It is, whether the English system of jurisprudence, which recognises and sanctions such diversities within even the limits of a single county or a single city, is not really wisely founded on a just though unconscious appreciation of the fact, that even within the borders of England there are still surviving essential ethnological distinctions, which would make an identity of law an intolerable burden to her people. For if this be so, it will need little further argument to prove that between England and Scotland the same causes more strongly prevail, and must in a more powerful degree enforce the same conclusion.

Nor, to establish this proposition, need we draw deeply from the lore of the yet youthful and undeveloped science of Race. Enough for our purpose lies in the common facts within our own cognisance, and which can scarcely escape the most superficial observation. For there seems something in the distinctions of race which keeps them, under all conditions, perennially enduring. Sometimes this inherent force amounts to an actual repulsion, as sensible as that which drives apart the corresponding poles of two magnets. Such an antipathy keeps Jews and gipsies a separate stock in every part of the globe in which they are found. In many of the fishing villages which dot our own eastern coast, it has preserved the blood of the natives through unknown generations from the smallest taint of admixture with that of the neighbouring inhabitants. But even where the inborn peculiarities of the races do not amount to a repulsive power, they constitute a singular difficulty in the way of their intermingling, though within the same nation, so far as to become thoroughly identified. As when we mix liquids of different densities, we can long trace, when we hold the compound up to the light, the streaks and waving lines which show

that the combination is still imperfect, so even among our Anglo-Saxon races, and even in this age of perpetual locomotion and intercourse, we can easily distinguish the various stocks from which the population has sprung. In mere physical form and cast of features the tourist cannot fail to mark the differences between the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight, of the southern English counties, of Norfolk, of Yorkshire, of the Lothians, and of Aberdeen. Along the line of the western coast, from Cornwall to Sutherland, the different Celtic races offer equally distinctive characteristics. The very difference of tongues points to some organic difference of conformation, and it almost seems to become more ineffaceable as it becomes more slight. A Scotsman will sooner, by a residence abroad, acquire complete mastery of foreign intonation, than he will, by dwelling in England, acquire its native accents. A Yorkshireman may live in London till the end of his days, and the little boys in the street will still find him out whenever he opens his lips. But these peculiarities of race, thus apparent on the surface, extend to the profoundest depths of the mental constitution, and show clearly through any external identity of forms. Our very government varies through all the degrees between the sturdy democracy of the manufacturing towns of the north to the still surviving feudalism of Hants or Wilts, the patriarchism of Argyle or Sutherland, or the priestly authority which rules so powerfully in Ireland and Wales. But the fullest demonstration of this truth is to be derived from the recollection of the different forms of religious faith which exist in local supremacy among us. In those questions which most deeply stir the heart and most highly exercise the intellect, we find community of allegiance, of law, of language, and of education, powerless to bring about community of conviction, powerless to obstruct the adoption of Roman Catholicism, Methodism, Anglicanism, or Presbyterianism, at the instigation of no other apparent reason than that the respective worshippers are Irish, Welsh, English, or Scotch. What conclusion can we draw, than that the feathers and straws on the surface truly show the direction of the current beneath; that, from the moulding of the features and the hanging of the tongue, down to the habits which make laws, and the beliefs which make religions, we are still but a federation of the scarce mixed descendants of the Celtic, Scandinavian, Germanic, and Italian tribes, which in our first historic ages colonized our land?

Thus still distinct, city by city, and county by county, in blood, in habits, and in capabilities, we cannot doubt that it is true wisdom which makes English jurisprudence elastic enough to accommodate itself to the local tendencies of the people.

Nor are there wanting indications that, if it failed in so doing, it would either be set at nought, or would work radical and irretrievable mischief. We have already adverted to the manner in which Manchester commerce defies the law of the land, in regard to the fundamental point of the constitution of commercial contracts. In another point of no less importance, but in which the law has fortunately been less imperative, we may trace the opposite genius of Middlesex and Lancashire. Every one knows that, in feudal times, all the land in the kingdom was held to belong primarily to the sovereign; that it was granted out by him in great fiefs to his lords, and by them bestowed in smaller fiefs on their immediate retainers, until in successive gradation it reached the hands of the final sub-vassal, tenant, or actual holder and tiller of the soil. The process of creating such sub-vassals might, with few limitations, be carried on to any extent. And such still continues to be the law in Scotland, where, on every sale of land, the common form is, that the purchaser becomes at first the mere vassal of the vendor, though with power, at pleasure, to eliminate the vendor from the feudal chain, and so hold his land of the vendor's original lord. Nevertheless, the facility by which such a relation may be constituted leads to its adoption, in many cases, in lieu of an absolute sale; and so, in towns, large estates are thus parcelled out for building purposes by the arrangement of *feus*, under which each owner, though his property is indefeasible, is technically only the vassal of the original owner, and pays an annual feu-duty in acknowledgment of the right. But in England this process of subinfeudation, as it is called, was put a stop to by a statute of Edward II., which enacted that, on every alienation of land, the new tenant or holder should come in the place of the alienor as vassal to his original overlord. From the consequent impossibility of making a qualified permanent alienation of land, there has arisen in the greater part of England the custom of granting it for building purposes on mere long leases, generally of 80 to 100 years' endurance; after which the possession, with the property in any buildings meanwhile erected, returns to the landlord. Thus we may trace the thinness of modern walls, and the slightness of flooring timbers, by no remote deduction, to the legislation of the early Plantagenets. But so contrary to the genius of the people of Lancashire is the idea of investing capital on another man's property, that the system of building leases is in that county almost unknown; and each plot of ground in a town must be sold absolutely, the owner only endeavouring, under much legal difficulty, to reserve to himself an annual income resembling the Scottish feu-duty, by stipulating for what is called a perpetual rent charge. Now, it is quite clear that here, had legislation

only gone so far as to prohibit such rent charges (scarcely known in the rest of the kingdom), at the same time that it prohibited subinfeudation, the prosperity of Lancashire would have been less than it is, because the great proprietors near the growing towns would often have been unwilling to sell their land in perpetuity, without reserving an income out of it for their descendants, while the people would have refused to build houses or manufactories on ground of which they only held temporary possession under a lease. And thus, had the legal customs of all England been assimilated by positive law, the whole nation would have suffered by the cramping influence of institutions which were not consonant with the character of a portion of the people.

Now, if these things are so in respect of mere counties and towns within a kingdom which has been undergoing the process of fusion for well nigh a thousand years, what doubt can exist of their truth as between two kingdoms which, for four-fifths of that time, have stood in deadly hostility to each other? If England, which, whatever convulsions have agitated it, has never felt the disruptive throes of discordant nationalities, yet at this day finds it needful to indulge her people in the enjoyment of laws based upon their own various ethnological tendencies; and if, where the Legislature seeks to reduce them to uniformity, it finds itself perpetually baffled by their innate vitality, what reason is there to expect that good could follow from the wholesale assimilation of the law of two opposite ends of the island, in which national character stands most widely discrepant? If London and Manchester, as regards mercantile law; if Kent, Surrey, Middlesex, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, as regards the law of real property, insist on remaining at utter variance, what hope is there that Glasgow and Aberdeen, Ayrshire and Fife, would find advantage in yielding up their native customs in favour of any of those of England—or, on the other hand, what probability is there that England, who cannot agree with herself, would profit by agreeing to accept the law of Scotland in place of her own?

For that there yet is, as between these two nations, so united, so similar as they are, a certain fundamental difference of character, which must be allowed still to exhibit itself in different national institutions and laws, is a matter which no sane and candid observer can dispute. That character which, in the one, finds contentment in the beautiful but unchanging phrases of worship which she has retained, with slight modifications, from the days when they were sung by friar and nun in her cathedrals and convents, and satisfied with the ritual, cares little for the doctrine which may fall from the preacher's lips, must, in some

deep-seated peculiarity, be different from that of the nation which sought the bare hill-sides to escape from the liturgy, and which, in every generation, is torn by a fresh struggle to secure the earnest and faithful preaching of the word. That nation which has, till the present day, left her people without other means of instruction than what their own private efforts or the charity of richer neighbours could supply, must needs be vitally different from the one which, for nearly three centuries, has made provision for the maintenance, by public rates, of a school in every parish. That nation which still affords, on every general election, numerous and notorious instances in her boroughs of influence which renders the forms of election a farce, or of corruption which renders them a scandal, must, in the elements of political life, be somehow materially different from that which, whatever other faults she must confess to, yet, under an identical constitution, has in her borders no instance of a pocket borough, and but one constituency in which bribery has ever been charged. All these are not questions dependent on climate, on civilisation, or on forms or prejudices of ancient growth: they are questions whose arbitrement rests in the very hearts of the people; and the opposite results in the two countries denote a fundamental and ineradicable difference of national character.

Into the precise definition of such difference, so amply discussed within the last two years by Mr Buckle and his opponents, it is not our purpose here to enter. But let us simply take those prominent and admitted distinctions which have become proverbial. Scotsmen, by friend and foe, are styled more cautious and more thrifty than Englishmen. Let it be matter of praise or of reproach, it is at least a fact which on neither side of the border will be disputed. Does it then stand to reason, that the same laws shall suit two countries so different in the mental qualities which have the most immediate bearing on legal doctrines? Caution and thrift lie at the very root of the Scottish system of the transfer of land, upon which the whole of real property law is grafted—at the very root of the Scottish banking system, from which grows the whole practice of commerce. In Scotland we find a system of conveyancing of a complex nature, but so combined with a system of registration of deeds, as to give absolute security to the purchaser or the lender. In England we find a far simpler and more direct procedure, but one in which certainty of title, though generally realized in practice, is theoretically almost unattainable; we find her, too, while tending towards a registration of *title* which would secure an owner by means of annulling every other claim, resolute to resist the Scottish registration of *deeds*, which secures an owner by means of making public every other claim. In Scotland we

find the system of numerous banks of issue securing credit by a joint-stock proprietary, granting their own promissory notes down to the smallest sum, and attracting business by cash credits and by the offer of interest on the lowest amount. In England we find private banks of issue practically illegal, paper restricted to amounts of L.5 and upwards, cash credits not in use, and joint-stock banking establishments giving no interest on current accounts if under L.200. How can we expect that principles so incongruous shall find a common reconciliation—that the fixed ideas of the true method of conducting business which are thus expressed shall be readily abandoned by either nation—how, in short, while the one is distinguished for ‘thrift and caution’ above the other, can we expect that they will agree on a common system of law, which shall deal precisely equal measure of profit and of safety to both?

On these two cardinal points,—the one of real property law, the other of mercantile law,—we are content to leave the case to rest. Did space permit us to follow the argument in its application to the subtler, yet not less potent, elements of national character, and into their development in the law of the personal relations, marriage, minority, the rights of women, or the power of parents, the remedy for injuries by action, or the minute details of the law of local self-government, we could produce further proof, perhaps in some respects not uninteresting, of the utter impracticability of any material assimilation of the law of the two countries for at least many generations to come. But ere we leave the subject, we must advert to two points which it would be unfair to omit from consideration. The first is, the alleged pressure of inconvenience which the advocates of assimilation deplore as caused by dissimilarity of law; the next is the scope and manner of the remedies by which alone assimilation could be effected.

On the first head, we shall call the evidence of no less high authority than the Royal Commissioners, whose report is the text of this article. These gentlemen,—comprising some of the highest authorities in law and trade in the United Kingdom¹—were appointed in 1853 to consider how far it was desirable and practicable to assimilate the mercantile law of the three kingdoms. They issued a document, in which they stated, under ninety-three heads, the points of discrepancy between the laws, and transmitted a copy to every chamber of commerce, committee of merchants, and legal association in the United Kingdom, ‘adding a request that the recipients would inform them of any other point of difference, and point out any practical in-

¹ The Master of the Rolls in Ireland, Sir C. Cresswell, Mr J. Marshall (now Lord Curriehill), Mr (now Baron) Bramwell, Mr J. Anderson, Q.C., Mr K. D. Hodgson, Mr T. Bazley, and Mr R. Slater.

convenience which they had known to arise from existing differences.' The report thus states the response made to this appeal:—

'In the answers which we received, there is a remarkable paucity of statements as to inconveniences actually experienced; and in dealing with many instances of difference, we have recommended assimilation, not because evils have been traced to the existing state of the law, but because we think it probable that inconveniences may hereafter arrive.'

Could anything more clearly prove that the outcry for assimilation is the outcry of theorists merely? Here is a body of high dignity, empowered to lay the foundation for dealing practically with the subject, calling on all sides for statements of inconveniences arising from discrepancies of the mercantile laws,—surely of all discrepancies those which are likely to be most widely felt and most easily removed,—refreshing the memories of those lawyers and merchants to whom it applied with a copious statement of what the discrepancies are; and yet compelled to make answer that it finds a 'remarkable paucity of statements of inconveniences actually experienced,' and forced to admit that many of its recommendations were not for the remedy of evils which, in the intercourse between the two countries since the Union, had ever been felt, but of evils which they thought possible might hereafter be felt! Nor is even this admission quite commensurate with the whole truth. There is more than a 'paucity of statements as to inconveniences actually experienced;' there is an almost unanimous statement that the respondents had never known a case of inconvenience to occur. What further proof can we have that the allegation of inconvenience is a pretence or a delusion?

The truth is, that the relations of commerce and of society are so adjusted, that simplicity and certainty of law are our requirements far more than identity. As the home trade of a nation is always many times greater in extent and value than its foreign trade, so in each district the local traffic is generally much greater than that which it carries on with other parts of the empire; and what most concerns it is, that this larger portion of its business should be subject to the rules which have been found by experience to be most suited to its inhabitants. Nor does this operate injuriously even in its external dealings. These are, for the most part, transacted through resident agents or brokers, whose business it is to know not merely the quality of the goods, but the peculiarities of the rules which regulate their sale. By such means transactions are effected with full knowledge on both sides, and with the result that 'no inconvenience is experienced.' And, in like manner, when we come to review the operation of legal rules other than those concerned in mercantile

transactions, we find their operation interpreted in exactly a similar way. By far the greater number of transactions affecting land in England or Scotland, or affecting the domestic relations of Englishmen and Scotsmen, take place as between the natives of each country exclusively, and are wholly irrespective of the law of the other. Buying and selling, hiring and letting, marrying, will-making, and all the other transactions of daily life, are, in ten thousand instances to one, matters that arise between English and English, or between Scot and Scot, rather than between English and Scot. In the rare exceptional cases, the question is probably one of legal difficulty, which would have required the interposition of lawyers although it had occurred wholly within the limits of either country, and therefore causing little further annoyance in requiring the interposition of lawyers in both. At all events, it is almost certainly a matter in which the parties know that there is a difference in the law, and in which they therefore take pains to ascertain how the law really will affect it.

A moment's consideration of the manner in which the practical affairs of life are conducted, will, therefore, enable us fully to understand the existence of the fact which the Royal Commissioners recorded with so much astonishment. The truth is, that lawyers are, of all men, the very worst qualified to form an opinion on the social and practical effect of an alteration in the law. Their habit, the necessary result of their profession, is to consider exceptional cases. The point in which a law occasions difficulty comes before them, but they are never consulted on the points on which the law is clear. In drawing up a document, whether it be a Bill of Parliament, a conveyance, or a pleading, their attention is necessarily and properly fixed upon the minute details, through an error in which subtlety might find an opening. Hence comes a frame of mind which, applied to the laws of two countries, sees in their dissimilarity room for a thousand cases of fraud, or deception, or misunderstanding, but which makes no allowance for common sense, and takes no account of the advantages inherent in each system in the locality to which it is adapted. It seems to them the height of folly to leave standing a system which admits the possibility of misconception, in lieu of establishing certain fixed and unwavering rules, to which all shall be bound to defer. But in this they forget their own maxim, *summum jus summa injuria*. They forget that, after all, legal rules are framed to assist, and not to fetter, human intercourse. And above all, they forget that, while it is impossible to predicate of any rule that it is absolute perfection, it must ever be left to the spirit of each age and people to decide for itself upon the rules which, in the majority of its transactions, it finds to present the highest average of comparative advantage.

But when we turn to the means by which it is proposed to reach the consummation of assimilating the law of the two countries, we find copious evidence that, by one at least of the parties, these principles are, if not understood, at least thoroughly conformed to. There is no talk of carrying out assimilation by the adoption in England of the law of Scotland. There is not even the admission that the two nations may reciprocally borrow on equal terms. It is true, indeed, that something has actually been done by England in this direction. The two most important of recent reforms in her law,—the amendment of the law of divorce, and of that of bankruptcy,—are both approximations to the existing law of Scotland. But, far from being designed for that end, the example of Scottish experience was barely cited in their favour. America was the favourite authority cited in support of the divorce reforms, pure reason the chief reliance of the advocates of the bankruptcy reform. In the speech of the present Lord Chancellor, in introducing the latter measure in the House of Commons, there was not one allusion to the working of its provisions in Scotland, where, for thirty years they had been in full operation. Lord Westbury is himself known to be the reverse of a bigoted admirer of English law, and to entertain a very candid approval of many points of the law of Scotland; and his silence on this occasion is therefore to be taken only as a tribute to English jealousy of Scottish systems. Further illustration of the same nature may be drawn from the legislative results of the Commission to which we have so often referred. Appointed expressly to assimilate the mercantile law of the two countries, it reported that on twenty-four points the Scottish law should give way to the English, but that on only sixteen the English should yield to the Scottish. Nor did the favour shown to English rules arise from attention not being drawn to their defects. In an excellent note appended to the report, Mr Anderson enumerated several points in the English law, of absurdity so notorious, and injustice so egregious, that only prejudice could overlook them; but the other English lawyers refused to join him in proposing their removal. The disproportion in the remedies applied was still further increased by Parliament. The Act, as finally passed, established the English principle as the imperial rule in thirteen points, while the Scottish was adopted in only five. No one with any real knowledge of the law of the two countries can pretend to say that this is the just proportion in which assimilation should be effected, if it were to consist in the adoption of what is abstractly the most reasonable and simple in either country.

We can follow up, by help of these foot-tracks, the ideas of the process by which assimilation is to be accomplished. England

will give up such of her laws as are immaterial parts of her system, not deeply stamped in the principles of her jurisprudence, and not vigorously followed out by any section of her inhabitants. But she will not yield in the great features of her code; she will not renounce ancient doctrines, however preposterous they may be; nor part with any enactment which is in present use by any fraction of her people. If, then, Scotland is to be as one nation with England, it is she who must give up her law on all these points. Now, let us just consider what is the nature of the revolution which this would imply in her daily life and transactions; and, to simplify the matter as much as possible, let us restrict ourselves to the supposition that the assimilation applied in this way only to her mercantile law. First, then, we have the distinction between law and equity to introduce. Merchants must learn to resort to one court, and one method of pleading, when they would recover a debt; and to another court, and another form of pleading, when they would adjust the accounts between partners. They must learn the distinction between legal and equitable assets, and recognise the peculiar luck of getting the estate of a deceased debtor administered in Chancery, where they will find funds made available to them which in a court of law would be beyond their reach. On the other hand, they must renounce the principle of *pari passu* ranking of diligence, and be prepared to allow the first creditor who can snatch a judgment to absorb all the debtor's estate as a reward for his promptitude. They must learn next the different value of a debt according to the method in which it has been constituted, and be prepared to see a rival, who has secured an acknowledgment under seal,—i.e., with a wafer affixed to the paper,—obtain full payment, in exclusion of a mere book debt for goods delivered. They must admit the principle, that no obligation shall be binding except for value proved; but they will perhaps think it almost an equivalent, to find that, if they can prove the delivery of a pen or of a sheet of paper, they will fulfil the requisites of the law. They must discard all notion of a firm constituting a person in law. They must recognise that the partners and the public can only deal with a firm as a number of separate individuals; and, in consequence, they must anticipate that the genius of the law will forbid a partner from suing the firm, or the firm from suing a partner, for that would be suing himself with others, which in the eye of the law is manifestly absurd. For the same reason, they must perforce allow that, if two firms happen to have one partner in common, neither can sue the other; for that, again, would involve the case of a man suing himself. Yet, in all these particulars, if they only can attain the good fortune of having the proceedings conducted according to the rules of equity or of bankruptcy, they will find their position wholly

different from what it is in any court of law, and perhaps not very materially different, except in comprehensibility, from what it would have been under the abolished law of Scotland.

There would be no advantage in extending, as might easily be done, the enumeration of such instances. It must be abundantly clear to every one not warped by insuperable bias, that the adoption of changes in the law of such a nature would be to fall centuries back in civilisation; not certainly in the sense that the English are so much now behind the Scotch, but that the Scotch would be behind the English, if they were to attempt thus to Anglicize themselves. All these rules are consonant to the genius, interwoven with the habits, understood in the practice, of England; but many generations must pass ere they could, if they ever could, become approved and familiar in Scotland. Be they good or be they bad in themselves,—a matter which it is not here our province to discuss,—it is most obvious that their adoption in Scotland would be attended with the worst evil which can belong to law,—a discordance with the ideas of those whom it is to govern, a consequent uncertainty in its operation, and at least an equal uncertainty of its being long maintained.

But while protesting thus against the doctrine that assimilation of the law is a matter so important as to be pursued at all hazards, and at all cost of local customs and local convenience, we must not allow it to be supposed that we therefore underrate its real advantages. Dissimilarity of law is an undoubted evil, though it is less an evil than enforcement of an alien law. But where it can be removed by measures which will not offend the habits and ideas of the people, beyond all question it ought to be removed. And the occasions on which this course may be adopted with safety are of two classes. The one embraces all the cases in which the alteration would merely affect matter of form; the other, the cases in which either country is, from its own experience, dissatisfied with its own rules, and is disposed to try the effect of rules which seem to work better in the sister realm: As examples of the former class, may be instanced the English principle, that it is sealing and not signing which constitutes a deed; that a debt cannot be assigned in law; or that a mortgage transfers the property, leaving only a right of redemption in the mortgager. On the Scottish side, among principles which she might very beneficially renounce, may be enumerated the preposterous doctrine that real estate cannot be conveyed by a will; or the theory that a defendant out of the country is sufficiently advised of the institution of a suit against him by an entry made in a book kept in a public office in Edinburgh. Of the latter class we have fortunately of late years had not a few instances.

England, satisfied of the need for a reform in her law of bankruptcy, of divorce, of bills of exchange, has, in all these departments, approached nearer to the law of Scotland than she was before; while Scotland, finding the time to have arrived when her law of entails, of evidence, of relief of the poor, was inconsistent with modern ideas, has adopted, in whole or in part, the more advanced principles of the English code. In such cases assimilation is not merely possible, but may be of the highest advantage. It is a reciprocal benefiting by the results of the experience of the sister country, which gives to the nation which adopts it the security of results already effected under circumstances at least exceedingly similar, and protects it from the liability to error which would attend its efforts for reform in a wholly untried path. But such experience is only properly available when a remedy is spontaneously sought for admitted defects, and when it may serve to point out the remedy most desirable. It certainly gives no support to any scheme which would involve the abandonment by either nation of a system which has given it contentment, for the sake of embracing one of which all that is known is, that it has given like contentment to a race substantially different in many points of character and custom.

Nor even within the useful though humble range of assimilation thus suggested, are there wanting indications of the need for anxious care and caution. So much are the whole laws of a nation interwoven; so closely are all their provisions dependent on each other, and on the practice of the people by which they are interpreted; that in attempting to transplant them there is the greatest risk of either destroying their spirit or of bringing with them some unforeseen evil. Two instances of this result may be culled from the recent legislation of Scotland. The assimilation Commissioners of 1853 recommended the abrogation, in Scotland, of its old law of sale, under which the property in goods sold was not transferred till delivery took place, and the adoption of the English rule, which transfers the property at the moment of completing the bargain. The change was effected by a statute in 1856. But the legislature, in passing it, forgot that in consequence of their rule of sale, the English had found it necessary to establish the further rule, that no secret bargain of sale should injure the rights of creditors, and that where the property was not delivered the bill of sale must be registered to make it effectual. The omission of this safeguard against fraud has already, in Scotland, led to inconvenient results. The other instance is still more curious. When England introduced the Divorce law into her practice, she conferred on the paramours the privilege of intermarriage after the divorce was obtained. In this respect she followed the spirit, though not the letter, of the Scottish law;—for though the Scottish Act declares,

that the offending spouse may not marry the paramour 'named in the sentence of divorce,' the rule was evaded in practice by not naming the paramour in the pleadings so that he could not be named in the sentence; and very high authority had declared that if not so named, the subsequent marriage was valid. But last year it was decided to import the rule of the English Court, which requires that the paramour shall be in all cases made a 'co-respondent.' The result is, that he must now be named in the pleadings; and, apparently, as a necessary consequence, in the sentence. Here, then, by a side door, the old statute forbidding marriage between those so named is brought into operation; and the practical effect is to make illegal in Scotland marriages of a character which, till then, were valid, which the legislature had no intention to interfere with; and which are at this day valid in England.

But if it be thus true that little inconvenience is experienced from dissimilarity, and that the cases are comparatively few in which assimilation would work other than evil, whence, it will be asked, arises the cry, which certainly has been loudly enough upraised, for assimilation in all respects? Our answer is, that we believe it to originate with lawyers only, and among them from two very different classes of motives. There are, firstly, the scientific law reformers, with the great name of Brougham at their head. Such men as these look upon law in the abstract. They are apt to refer every enactment to the ultimate principle, whether it be of innate morality, of pure reason, or of utility, which they have inscribed upon the banner beneath which they fight. They would bring each local custom to this standard, in the belief that there is a fixed rule of right and wrong in all human affairs, and in the hope that, when it is demonstrated, all men will willingly conform their conduct to it. But they forget that, in the vast mass of transactions between man and man, while reason, and morality, and utility (expressions, after all, which lead to the same result) ought to regulate the motives of the parties, and be the object of their dealings, yet they have very little whatever to do with the manner in which the object is effected. Thus, to recur again to the simple question which we have before adduced as an illustration, every theory of ethics will concur in establishing the propriety of adhering strictly to the terms of a bargain once made; and in this, every theory of law will agree with morality. But ethics throw no light upon the question whether this result will be best attained by requiring the bargain to be expressed in writing, or by leaving it open to the incertitude of oral proof. Nor does law here succeed any better: for law cannot tell us beforehand whether a certain set of people are careful and guarded in their language, cautious in arriving at a mutual understanding, accurate in memory, and conscientious

in testimony, in which case writing is plainly superfluous ; or whether they are overwhelmed with business, a little, perhaps, addicted to speculation, hasty in assertion, or inaccurate in habits of thought, in which case writing may be a very needful check and test of their true intention. Obviously, there can, in such a case, be no universal rule of law applicable with equal advantage to both cases. Nevertheless, this is precisely one of the most common instances in which scientific lawyers urge the enforcement of one common and invariable rule. We cannot but claim right to protest against such 'science falsely so called.' We claim, on behalf of common sense and civilisation, deliverance from this Procrustean idea of legal amendment, and demand that, in matters in which no true rule save that of convenience, as ascertained by practice, can possibly be laid down, we shall not be required to sacrifice it to the ideal beauty of a symmetrical perfection.

But far less worthy of respect is the origin of the assimilation cry, as it comes from the self-styled 'practical men' among our lawyers. These are commonly attorneys or writers, barristers or advocates, as the case may be, who, finding occasionally a point to arise in their practice which requires a knowledge of different principles from those they have studied, incontinently denounce the rules of which they are ignorant as worthy only of barbarians, and call on the Legislature to sweep away at once such anachronisms from our statute book. If legislation could aught avail in the matter, we should rather invoke it to put to silence those whose presumptuous folly is the shame of their craft. To such as those, whose only motive is humiliation at being obliged to confess the narrowness of their knowledge, or mortification at the loss of some possible fees, it were waste of time to address argument or instruction. They must be left to their own noisy declamation, and allowed to learn from time the truth that lawyers were made for law, and not law for lawyers.

Carried away to a certain extent by the demonstrations of these two classes of professional men, there is undoubtedly also a small section of the mercantile community who give their support to the doctrine of assimilation. It may have happened to them,—but we have seen how rare is the occurrence,—to have been put to some measure of inconvenience by having to adjust a transaction with a view to a different form of law from that to which they are accustomed ; or to have been disappointed in not finding afforded, by the courts in which circumstances compel them to sue, the same remedy as that which the courts of their own country would have yielded. These are, indeed, nearly the sum total of the inconveniences which can possibly arise from the discrepancy of law ; and few as they are, we readily sympathize with those individuals on whom they fall. But ere they permit themselves to be

led away by the idea that what has happened to themselves must be of frequent occurrence, and therefore give their ears to the lawyers who proclaim so loudly that it is a monstrous grievance that such things should ever occur, we would ask them to consider the evidence which we have adduced, as to the singularly slight measure of annoyance actually produced in international dealings by such a cause, and the suggestion which we have offered as to the trouble and danger involved in a forcible attempt to change the settled law of great communities. No London merchant, we are persuaded, who reflects on these consequences, will desire that, for his occasional ease or security, the customs of trade of a thousand merchants in Glasgow should be overturned; nor will any Glasgow shipowner, who finds that, in some particular case, the verdict of a Liverpool jury might be more favourable than the judgment of the Court of Session, invoke the prodigious disruption of the social system of Scotland, which would follow from the wholesale adoption of English law in that country.

But even if these small and isolated sections of the public still adhere to their desire, we must take leave to set little store by representations which have neither reason nor authority on their side. Claiming to be pre-eminently practical, they are, in truth, the rejectors of practice in favour of theory; claiming credit for breadth of view, they are, in truth, the most narrow-minded; claiming to represent great interests, they are, in truth, opposed to every interest but their own. All that they can justly ask, we are ready to give. Whenever the rules of law are found inconvenient by those among whom they are in use, we, too, shall gladly seize the opportunity to import the system of our neighbours if it seems preferable. Wherever the substance of law has, by the action of time, become identical in both countries, we are ready to sweep away the fictions which still maintain the memory of ancient discrepancies. But, save in such cases, we take no shame to confess ourselves in this matter honestly conservative. Ours is at least a conservatism not founded on prejudice; for we frankly admit that it is hard to decide which country might most profit by accepting the system of the other in such matters as, subject to the doctrines above enumerated, admit of assimilation. But while in operation our principles are conservative, they are, in source, essentially liberal: for they accept, in the best sense, the *vox populi* as the *vox Dei*; they take the will of those who are to be chiefly affected by forms of law as the best test of their suitableness; they oppose themselves to that unreasoning and hurtful tyranny which would make the convenience of the few, or the so called scientific theories of still fewer, obtain a predominance over the advantage of the many, and the tested gold of the experience of nations.

ART. V.—*Les Écossais en France, les Français en Écosse.* Par FRANCISQUE MICHEL. Londres: Trübner et C^{ie}., Paternoster Row. 1862.

M. MICHEL'S book is the history of the long alliance between France and Scotland,—an alliance originally formed against the growing power of a common enemy, and afterwards strengthened and confirmed by a community of interests, and by a grateful sense of mutual benefits. We may not be inclined to give much credit to the story of the famous league between Achaius and Charlemagne; but, without ascending so far up the stream of time, we shall find ample proofs that, from the thirteenth to the end of the sixteenth century, the alliance between the two countries was close, intimate, and uninterrupted. At the battles of Beaugé, Crevant, and Verneuil, and on many other well-fought fields during the hundred years' war between France and England, the valour of the Scottish auxiliaries was conspicuously displayed, and their blood freely poured out; and in the Italian campaigns of the French kings—at Fornuova, Marignan, Genoa, Pavia, and at many other battles and sieges—they well sustained their national reputation for courage and conduct. On the other hand, France more than once sent assistance to Scotland during her long wars against England. In 1385, Sir John de Vienne, Admiral of France, led a thousand lances into Scotland to aid in the war against Edward III.; and in the early part of the sixteenth century, the Duke of Albany brought a still stronger force of French auxiliaries, consisting of four thousand lances and a thousand arquebusiers.

But it was not only by warlike means that the alliance between France and Scotland was maintained and cemented. Numerous matrimonial alliances took place between the nobility and gentry of the two countries; and many a noble family in France can still trace its descent to a Scottish source, while French blood flows in the veins of several of our best Scottish families—for example, in those of Lindsay, Gordon, and Rollo. In many instances, too, our Scottish kings married French princesses, while a Scottish princess and a Scottish queen were wedded to dauphins of France. These royal marriages carry us back to the early part of the thirteenth century, when Alexander II. of Scotland married Marie, daughter of Enguerand de Coucy, the most beautiful woman of her time. His son, Alexander III., also contracted a French alliance, marrying Yolande, daughter of Robert IV., Count of Dreux. At a later period of our history, Margaret, daughter of James I.

of Scotland, married Louis, dauphin of France, son of Charles VII.; and her sister Isabella married Francis, the first Duke of Bretagne. These two Scottish princesses were sent into France with a magnificent escort, consisting of a hundred damsels clothed in uniform, and a thousand men-at-arms. We may also mention the marriage of James II. to Mary of Gueldres, who, although not a French princess, was a near relative of the French king Charles VII., by whose advice the marriage was contracted. Charles VII. seems, indeed, to have been a sort of general referee in all the matrimonial alliances contracted by the royal family of Scotland during his reign. Of this a curious instance is afforded by the negotiations which took place with reference to the proposed marriage of Louis of Savoy to Annabella, daughter of James I. This princess was actually sent into Savoy in 1455 for the purpose of fulfilling the existing contract of marriage between her and Louis; but when it was found that their union would be disapproved of by Charles VII., that contract was regularly annulled by a public act drawn up at Sannat, in the presence of the ambassadors of France, Scotland, and Savoy. It was a case of royal breach of promise, and it was stipulated that the Duke of Savoy should pay 25,000 golden crowns to the princess as damages, and defray the expense of her return into Scotland. In effect, the fair fiancée had a long detention to endure, and many perils by land and sea to encounter, before she succeeded in getting back to her native country. James V. was twice married to French princesses—first to Madeleine of Valois,* daughter of Francis I., and afterwards to Mary of Guise. Marie de Bourbon, another French princess, to whom James had been originally engaged, is said to have died of grief at being forsaken for the fair Madeleine. The last marriage between the royal families of France and Scotland was that of Queen Mary to the Dauphin Francis, son of Henry II. of France. This marriage marks the culminating point of French influence in Scotland.

Another proof of the intimate connection between the two countries is to be found in the number of Scotchmen who held some of the most important offices in the French court and army. In the fifteenth century, the Earl of Buchan was Constable of France, and the Earl of Douglas was Duke of Touraine, and Lieutenant-General of the French army. Sir William Monypenny was councillor and chamberlain to Charles VII. and Louis XI.; and Beraud Stuart was Marshal of France, Viceroy of Naples, and Constable of Sicily under Louis XII. In like manner, some Frenchmen succeeded in attaining high distinction in Scotland;

* The custom of wearing mourning is said to have originated from the early death of the fair Madeleine, who died shortly after her arrival in Scotland, deeply regretted by the king and the whole country.

such as the Chevalier de la Bastie, who was invested by the Regent Albany with the chief command on the Scottish border; and M. d'Oysel, who was entrusted with the principal administration of Scotch affairs by Mary of Guise, and whose services were acknowledged by the Scottish Parliament.

The French monarchs, at various times, endeavoured to secure the attachment and alliance of the Scottish nation, by bestowing lands in France upon the most powerful of the Scottish nobility; by granting special privileges and exemptions to Scottish merchants trading in France; and by issuing letters of naturalization to all Scotchmen resident there. In this way, many nobles and gentlemen belonging to the families of Stuart, Douglas, Hamilton, Gordon, and other great houses, became French landholders, intermarried with the French nobility, and founded families, whose descendants, with names more or less altered and Gallicised, are still to be found on the other side of the Channel. Letters of naturalization were again and again granted by the French kings to Scotchmen. Even Louis XI., cruel, crafty, and suspicious as he was, never refused them to any natives of Scotland who wished to settle in France. Louis XII. went still further by his ordinance of September 1513, which granted for the future the privilege of naturalization to all Scotchmen resident in France; and upon the occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin Francis to Mary Queen of Scots, the privileges enjoyed by natives of Scotland were confirmed and extended by his father Henry II., while an Act of the Scottish Parliament accorded similar privileges to all Frenchmen settled in Scotland. Henry IV. was the last of the French kings who renewed the ancient privileges belonging to the natives of the oldest and most faithful ally of France. By letters patent of 1599, he confirmed the right of naturalization to all Scotchmen in France, and also all the privileges and exemptions formerly enjoyed by Scotch merchants trafficking in that country.¹

But although the alliance between France and Scotland was thus for centuries close and intimate; though thousands of Scot-

¹ The old French proverb,

‘ Qui la France veut gagner,
A l’Écosse faut commencer,’

bears witness to the intimacy of the relations between the two countries; as does the following proverbial saying to the importance of the Scottish auxiliaries in the French wars: ‘*Nulla unquam Francis fulsit victoria castris, sine milite Scoto.*’ And a remark which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Portia, in the Merchant of Venice, also bears testimony, though not in so complimentary a fashion, to the way in which the two nations were accustomed to back up each other’s quarrels. She says, in answer to Nerissa, who had asked her opinion of the Scottish Lord, ‘He borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.’

tish auxiliaries lost their lives in the long wars between France and England, in which their valour procured for France more than one important and brilliant victory; though a chosen band of Scottish gentlemen was for ages the faithful and gallant body-guard of the French kings,—these services have not been acknowledged or appreciated by any of the French historians, who have either passed them by in silence, or have noticed them with a brevity unworthy of their importance. To fill up this omission is the object of M. Michel's book, which aims at restoring to the gallant Scottish companies of adventure, and the other Scots in France distinguished in arts or in arms, their proper place in French history, of which they have been so long and so unjustly deprived. The author endeavours to present to us as complete a picture as possible of the public and private, the political and commercial relations which so long subsisted between two countries, separated from each other by the whole extent of England, but united by a community of interests, and also, in some respects, by a similarity of national genius. He tells us that he has been occupied with this subject for nearly a quarter of a century, has travelled extensively both in France and Great Britain; has consulted libraries and ransacked archives, has omitted no accessible source of information, and has also had the further advantage of the assistance of many learned friends. We give him every credit for indefatigable industry and persevering research. The text and the notes contain a perfect treasure of information, amassed from a vast variety of sources, and extend over nearly 1100 pages, which are copiously adorned and illustrated by the armorial bearings of more than a hundred noble families, who played a distinguished part during the long alliance between France and Scotland. It is interesting to observe the number of French families whose names are evidently of Scotch origin, and whose armorial bearings are identical, or nearly identical, with those of Scotch families of similar names, as well as the number of Scotch family names that have gradually been changed and Frenchified, so as in some cases to make the recognition of the original name a work of considerable difficulty. Thus we find not only Stuart, but its French corruptions of Stuert, Estuert, and Stuyers. Then we have Forbin for Forbes, Fresal for Fraser, Damastere for Dempster, d'Anstrude for Anstruther, Hebron for Hepburn, Delauzun for Lawson, Coqueborne for Cockburn, Genston and Juston for Johnston, Vulcob for Wauchope, Vulson for Wilson, Achessonne for Acheson, Catel for Cadell, Malvin for Melville, and a great many more.

But although M. Michel's work is of great value to the historian, the scholar, the antiquarian, and the genealogist, it is, notwith-

standing, a very dull book. The author has sunk under the weight of his materials. He has accumulated a load which he is unable to lift, has swallowed a meal which he cannot digest. He has proved himself a good quarryman, but a bad builder; and has failed in arranging the stones, which he has excavated with so much difficulty and labour, into a graceful and symmetrical edifice. He seems to have read too much, to have sought too long, and to have expended in preparations the strength which should have been reserved for execution. And we therefore venture to think that his work, with all its merits, is unlikely to become a popular one. It wants vivacity of style, warmth of colouring, and clearness of arrangement; and it also wants,—a great want in a book of the kind,—an index of names. In spite also of the great learning and varied research which generally characterize the text and the notes, there is an occasional want of accuracy in dates and other particulars, of which we shall point out some rather prominent examples.

In the first chapter, it is stated that Saint Louis of France made a treaty with Alexander III. of Scotland, husband of Mary, daughter of Enguerrand, Sire de Coucy. Now, it was not Alexander III., but Alexander II., who was the husband of Marie de Coucy. Alexander III. also married a French wife, but her name was Yolande de Dreux. This, however, is probably merely a misprint or an oversight, as in the next page the author describes Alexander II. as sending over to France in 1229 to demand the hand of Marie de Coucy, of whose marvellous and almost incredible beauty he had heard the highest praise. In the beginning of the third chapter, Edward I. is mentioned as confirming a charter to lands in the south of Scotland in the year 1335, at which period he had been in his grave for nearly thirty years. Edward III. must, of course, be meant. In the same chapter in which this error occurs, M. Michel speaks of David II. of Scotland being forced in 1334 to seek an asylum in France; yet a few pages afterwards he describes him as returning to Scotland in 1341, after *nine* years of exile; the fact being that he was sent to France in 1332, not in 1334, as stated by M. Michel. A more inexcusable mistake will be found in the eleventh chapter, where Louis XII. of France is represented as confiding the command of a fleet to Louis de Rouville, by a commission given at Corbie, 17th Sept. 1517. Yet at that time Louis had been dead for two years, and Francis I. sat on the French throne; and what makes this mistake more unaccountable is, that only a few pages afterwards, the death of Louis XII. and the accession of Francis I. are both described as taking place in 1515, the correct date. An error of a different description occurs in M. Michel's second volume.

In the text, he gives the names of certain Scottish gentlemen inscribed in the album of a fencing master established at Bourges in the seventeenth century; and among these we find that of 'M. A. Gibsone, le jeune.' But on referring to the note at the foot of the page, which gives verbatim the extract from the album, we see the name to be 'M. A. Gibsone Younge,' the last as much a proper name as Gibsone, though M. Michel has thought fit to translate it into 'le jeune;' a mistake as absurd as that which occurs in a volume of the Almanach de Gotha, where the Coldstream—which the writer has evidently mistaken for the Goldstream—Guards figure as '*La Garde de la rivière d'or!*' It may perhaps be said that, after all, these are not very serious mistakes; but even if this be admitted, they are at least sufficient to diminish our faith, if not in the extent, at least in the precision and accuracy, of M. Michel's information.

Let us first glance at some of the exploits of the gallant Scotch companies that, during the long wars between France and England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were a principal means of putting an end to the English domination, and of restoring the independence and extending the power of the French monarchy. At the battle of Beaugé, where the French army was commanded by the Earl of Buchan, the Scottish auxiliaries particularly distinguished themselves, and were chiefly instrumental in gaining the victory. The Duke of Clarence, the English leader, was killed in hand-to-hand fight by the Earl of Buchan; the bravest of his knights and men-at-arms fell around him, and his whole army was totally defeated. This decisive victory won for the Earl of Buchan the baton of Constable of France, and effectually put a stop to the sneers of some envious Frenchmen, who had complained to the French king of the Scottish auxiliaries, and had accused them of gluttony and drunkenness, because they had not succeeded in at once driving the English out of the country. 'Do these Scotch now appear to you mere wine-skins and gormandizers?' was the sarcastic reply of Charles VI. to these calumniators, after the brilliant victory.

Victory was, however, by no means always constant to the banners of the Scottish auxiliaries, who found in the English, enemies as gallant and determined as themselves. Two battles,—those of Crevant and Verneuil,—were particularly fatal to them. In the former they were decimated, and in the latter almost destroyed, their destruction being principally caused by their self-confidence. This battle took place on the 17th of August 1424. On the one side were the English, led by the famous Duke of Bedford. On the other, the French and the Scottish auxiliaries to the number of 4000 men, of whom 1000 were of noble birth. They were commanded by Archibald, Earl of Douglas and

Duke of Touraine, and by the Earl of Buchan, Constable of France. There was some misunderstanding and jealousy between the French and the Scotch, which prevented them from operating cordially together, and materially contributed to the victory of the English. The Earl of Douglas also had issued the rash and cruel order that no quarter should be given; this naturally exasperated the English, and prevented them from making many prisoners. The Earls of Douglas and Buchan, James Douglas, the son of the former, Alexander Lindsay, Robert Stuart, Thomas Swinton, Sir Robert Maxwell of Calderwood, and more than 700 Scottish cavaliers of rank, fell on this fatal field, which is thus described by a contemporary historian:—‘It was frightful to contemplate those piles of carcasses heaped up and pressed together on the field of battle, there especially where the strife had been with the Scotch, for not a single man of them was made prisoner. The cause of that animosity and pitiless carnage was the pride of the Scotch. The Duke of Bedford having sent to them, before the engagement, to ask what should be the conditions of the combat, they replied that, in this battle, they were unwilling either to give quarter to the English or to receive it from them,—a reply which, by kindling against them the rage of the enemy, led to their destruction.’ This disastrous battle had the effect of checking for the future the influx of the Scottish auxiliaries into France, at least upon the grand scale on which their expeditions had formerly been conducted. After the battle, the bodies of the Earls of Buchan and Douglas were ransomed from the English, carried to Tours, and buried in the choir of the cathedral; and down to the middle of last century, a mass, called *la messe Ecossaise*, was still said for the souls of the Scotch who fell on the bloody field of Verneuil.

The affairs of Charles VII. seemed well-nigh desperate after the carnage of Verneuil, and he is said at one time to have contemplated a retreat into Scotland; but Sir John Stuart of Dernley, and his brother Sir William Stuart, remained true to his cause, and, by their courage and conduct, gave a fresh impulse to the failing fortunes of France. Sir John Stuart, who was constable of the Scotch in France, succeeded in procuring further assistance from Scotland, with which to make head against the victorious arms of England; and there are several letters-patent of Charles VII., which acknowledge the value of his services, and testify the esteem in which the king held him. He received the lordship of Aubigny as a reward, and was also created a Marshal of France; and for a long time his descendants held the honourable position of hereditary captains of the royal Scottish body-guard. Some writers have referred the institution of this famous guard to the reign of Saint Louis, and others to

that of Charles V.; but it is generally admitted that it was Charles VII. who gave it that distinguishing form and military organization, which it continued to preserve for centuries after his decease. The formation of the guard is alluded to in the letters-patent of naturalization granted to the Scotch by Louis XII. Claude Seysil, Master of Requests to Louis XII., and afterwards Archbishop of Turin, in his history of that Prince, bears the following testimony to the unshaken honour and fidelity of the Scottish body-guard. 'The French have so ancient a friendship and alliance with the Scotch, that of 400 men appropriated for the king's life-guard, there are a hundred of the said nation who are the nearest to his person, and in the night keep the keys of the apartment where he sleeps. There are, moreover, an hundred complete lances, and 200 yeomen of the said nation, besides several that are dispersed through the companies; and for so long a time as they have served in France, never hath there been one of them found that hath committed or done any fault against the kings or their state; and they can make use of them as of their own subjects.'

To their founder and patron, the heroic Charles VII., the Scottish guard were devotedly attached; and their loud cries of grief at his death are mentioned in several French poems of the period. The rights and privileges of the guard were very great. They are thus described in a statement drawn up for the guard in the beginning of the seventeenth century. It refers to the functions and prerogatives of the company generally, and especially of the 24 first guards, who, with the addition of the first gendarme of France, formed the 25 Gardes de la Manche, or Sleeve-guards, who were all natives of Scotland. 'Two of them shall assist at mass, sermon, vespers, and ordinary meals of the King of France, one on each side of his chair; and on high holidays, the ceremony of the royal touch, the creation of knights of the king's order, the reception of ambassadors extraordinary, and public entries into towns, there should be six of their number next to the king's person, three on each side of his Majesty; and the royal person should be carried by them alone at all ceremonies, and his effigy accompanied by them. To them also belongs the charge of the keys of the king's lodging at night, the keeping of the choir of the church, the charge of the ferry-boats when the king crosses rivers, and the honour of bearing the white silk fringe in their arms, which is the coronal colour in France; and to their captain, in waiting or out of waiting, belongs the charge of the keys of all cities into which the king makes his entry; to him also, out of waiting, belongs the privilege of taking duty upon him at ceremonies, such as coronations, marriages, and funerals of the kings, and the baptism and marriages of their

- children; the coronation robe belongs to him; and this company (the Gardes de la Manche), 'by the death or change of its captain, never changes its rank, as do the other three.'

While the Scottish auxiliaries had been taking so important a share in the French wars against the English, the French had, in their turn, occasionally sent auxiliary troops into Scotland. We have already mentioned the expedition of Sir John de Vienne in 1385, to assist in the war against Edward III. It was but badly received by the Scots, who declared that they did not need aid from France, and that they could perfectly well maintain themselves against the English, without the assistance of auxiliaries who pillaged and devoured everything that was to be had in the country. On the other hand, the French knights bemoaned their hard fate, in having come into a country where neither honour nor profit was to be won. They seem, indeed, to have been reduced to great straits, and were ultimately detained in Scotland in security for the debts which they had contracted; so that Charles VI. was at last obliged to send a large sum of money to Sir John de Vienne to enable him to take his troops out of pawn and bring them back to France.

In 1449, Jacques de Lalain, a knight of Burgundy, who, sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by a number of fighting uncles and cousins, used to travel about Europe, challenging all comers, and exhibiting his powers in the lists, arrived at the court of James II. of Scotland. On this occasion he had along with him his uncle, Simon de Lalain, and Hervé de Meriadec, a gentleman of Brittany. These three champions challenged the bravest of the Scottish knights to a combat *à outrance*, with lance, battle-axe, sword, and dagger. The challenge was accepted by James, brother of the Earl of Douglas, John Douglas, and Sir John Ross of Hawkhead; and the combat took place within the lists at Stirling, in the presence of James and his whole court. Hervé de Meriadec twice struck Sir James Douglas to the ground by two strokes of his battle-axe; Sir John Ross and Simon de Lalain maintained an obstinate and doubtful combat; while the redoubtable Jacques found himself hard enough pressed by Sir John Douglas. But Hervé de Meriadec, after having struck down his antagonist, turned to lend assistance to his friends; and James Douglas, after recovering from the rude strokes dealt him by the battle-axe of the Breton knight, hastened after him, burning to wipe out the stain of his defeat. Everything threatened a bloody and fatal termination, when the king, unwilling to cloud the festivities by the death of such brave knights, threw down his warder, and put a stop to the combat.

After the middle of the fifteenth century, when the long wars

between France and England came to a close without any formal peace, a great diminution took place in the number of Scottish adventurers who resorted to France in search of fame and fortune; and the greater part of those who still continued to arrive, were required to recruit the ranks of the royal body-guard. Many of these members of the Archer Guard found a place among the French nobility, and some of them attained high rank and distinction. Among these, none rendered more valuable services to their adopted country than the Stuarts, lords of Aubigny, who, both as warriors and diplomatists, in France, Scotland, and Italy, gave repeated and signal proofs of valour and ability. Four of those Stuarts successively held the high office of Captain of the Archer Guard; and of these four, the most distinguished was Beraud or Bernard Stuart. He was the son of John Stuart of Aubigny, and grandson of John Stuart de Dernley, Count of Evreux, and of Elizabeth Lindsay. He was honoured and trusted both by Charles VIII. and Louis XII. of France, and was employed by the former to conduct negotiations with several of the princes of Italy and with the Pope, before the commencement of his Italian campaign.

At the entrance of Charles into Florence and Rome, the lofty stature and magnificent equipment of the Scottish Archer Guard attracted universal admiration. At Rome, as elsewhere, they guarded not only the outer gate of the king's residence, but also every door which gave access to his person. During the Italian wars of Charles, their valour was conspicuous, particularly at the battle of Fornuova, where Bayard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, made his first essay in arms. Their captain, Beraud Stuart, was especially distinguished, frequently acting in an independent command, at the head of a considerable body of troops, and making important conquests, though opposed to Gonsalvo de Cordova, one of the greatest captains of the time. After the premature death of Charles VIII., his successor, Louis XII., when about to undertake the conquest of the Milanese, placed his army under the command of the Comte de Ligny, the Marquis Trivulzio, and Beraud Stuart. In 1501, we find Beraud chief commandant in the Milanese, and in the following year Lieutenant-General of the French army in the Italian campaign. He compelled Frederick of Arragon to give up to him the city of Naples, and was invested by Louis with the high dignities of Viceroy of Naples and Constable of Sicily, besides receiving the Marquisates of Giraci and Squillazo, and the county of Acri. His star at last suffered an eclipse in those Italian wars where it had shone so brightly; and he was compelled to take refuge in Angotello, where he was besieged and made prisoner. After his return to France, he was sent into Scotland,

as ambassador from Louis XII. to James IV., where he was received with much distinction, and placed by the king in the highest seat at the royal table. Tournaments were held in honour of his arrival; he was appealed to as supreme judge of the lists, and addressed by the title of Father of War. It was his second embassy to Scotland; for twenty-five years previously he had been sent as ambassador from Charles VIII. to James III., when he had succeeded in procuring the confirmation and renewal of the ancient alliance between France and Scotland. But the veteran warrior and statesman now came only to leave his bones in the land of his ancestors; for soon after his arrival he sickened and died at the village of Corstorphine. Robert Stuart, nephew and son-in-law of Beraud, succeeded him in the lordship of Aubigny, and in the command of the Scottish Guard. He rose to the dignity of Marshal of France, distinguished himself at the battles of Marignan and Pavia, and in 1526 held the chief command in Provence against the Emperor Charles V. The destiny of a descendant of these famous captains was illustrious. Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox, who was slain beside James IV. at the fatal battle of Flodden, was a cousin-german of Beraud Stuart; and the lordship of Aubigny fell to his third son, John, who was also captain of the Scottish Guard. John's elder brother remained in Scotland; and his grandson, James VI., united upon his head the crowns of England and Scotland.

M. Michel devotes a short but interesting chapter to the consideration of the commercial relations formerly subsisting between France and Scotland. The ancient commerce between the two countries was important and extensive. From the fourteenth century, salmon, cod, herring, and other kinds of fish, as well as wool, leather, and skins, were imported from Scotland into France; while in exchange, the Scots received the wines of Guienne and Rochelle, dried fruits of various kinds, and numerous other products of French industry. Until the seventeenth century, also, Scottish merchants trading in France were exempted, by repeated ordinances of the French kings, from the duties levied upon the English and other foreign traders. The progress of the Reformation in Scotland, and the accession of James to the English throne, gradually produced an estrangement between these ancient allies, and a withdrawal of the privileges so long enjoyed by the Scottish merchants, though an increased commerce with England more than compensated for the decay of that with France; but so late as the time of Henry IV., an important trade was still carried on with France, which seems to have been chiefly transacted in the way of barter, the Scots being accustomed to come to Bordeaux,

Rochelle, Dieppe, and Rouen, to take in cargoes of wine, cloth, and other products of the more advanced industry of France, leaving in exchange the fish, grain, wool, and leather of Scotland.

We need only bestow a very brief notice on the French expeditions into Scotland subsequently to the death of James V. In 1545, during the minority of his daughter Mary, the Count Lorges de Montgomery arrived at the head of 3000 men, in order to support the French party in Scotland, and to induce the Scottish nobles to engage in a war against England. He brought the order of Saint Michel for the Earls of Angus, Huntly, and Argyll, and was successful in obtaining a renewal of the alliance between France and Scotland, and a commencement of hostilities with England. A few years later, Leone Strozzi, Prior of Capua, and cousin of Catherine de Medicis, brought another formidable body of troops into Scotland, composed of French, Germans, and Gascons, who captured the Castle of St Andrews, and sent Knox and many other Protestants, who were there taken prisoners, to rot in French dungeons, or pine in the French galleys. A third expedition was shortly afterwards sent by Henry II., who seems to have had no object more thoroughly at heart than to obtain the entire direction of the councils of Scotland, if, indeed, he did not rather meditate its complete subjugation to the crown of France. This expedition was headed by André de Montalembert, Sieur d'Essé, a brave and accomplished soldier, who arrived in Scotland in the beginning of the summer of 1548. Soon after his arrival and introduction to the assembly of the Scotch nobles, he acquainted them with the intentions of his master with regard to Scotland and the person of the young Queen Mary. These intentions were strenuously seconded by the Queen-mother, Mary of Guise, who lost no time in conducting her daughter to Dumbarton, where lay the squadron of the French Admiral Villégagnon ready to carry her into France. At Dumbarton, the young Queen embarked with her governors, the Lords Erskine and Livingstone, and four young ladies as her companions,—the famous four Marys, belonging to the noble families of Fleming, Beaton, Seton, and Livingstone. The little fleet of four vessels succeeded in evading the vigilance of the English cruisers; and after a voyage of a week, arrived safely in a French harbour.

After the departure of Mary for France, the war between the English and the Scottish army, reinforced by the French auxiliaries, continued for two years with varying success. But there was little real cordiality between the Scots and their French allies, and a terrible quarrel which occurred in Edin-

burgh in 1548, very nearly led to an open rupture between them. One evening, a French soldier having sold an harquebuss to a Scot for a crown, pocketed the crown, and then ran off, still retaining the weapon which he had sold. The Scot complained to the Provost, who very properly decided that the Frenchman should either deliver the harquebuss, or else return the money. But the latter, supported by several of his comrades, would do neither, and at last openly defied the Provost, drew upon him, and wounded him in several places. The alarm spread, and the towns-people ran to assist their Provost. On the other hand, the French troops hastened to the aid of their comrades; and a desperate street fight took place, in which more than twenty of the Scots were killed,—among them the eldest son of the Provost,—and upwards of thirty wounded. On the side of the French, eight men and a captain were slain; and it required the strenuous exertions of the Governor and of the Marquis d'Essé before the enraged belligerents could be induced to lay down their arms. Next day the two chiefs held a long conference, the result of which was that M. d'Essé and all his forces marched out of Edinburgh. Scarcely had they left, when the inhabitants shut all the gates of the city, and commenced searching in every direction; and wherever they found a sick or wounded Frenchman, they put him to death without mercy. Similar scenes of disorder and bloodshed more than once occurred; and the insolence, cruelty, and rapacity of the French troops were loudly complained of, so that even the Queen-mother—Frenchwoman as she was—wrote in 1549 to her brothers, the Duke of Aumale and the Cardinal of Guise, lamenting the misery and sufferings of the peasantry, and imputing it to the conduct of the French mercenaries.

In 1550 peace was at length concluded between France, Scotland, and England; and the ten years which followed witnessed the progress, establishment, and downfall of the French domination in Scotland. We need but remind our readers of the well-known events connected with the marriage of Mary to the French Dauphin, and the determined but happily unsuccessful efforts of the Queen-mother, and her ambitious brothers, the Guises, to bring Scotland wholly under the power of France. The resignation of the Regency of Scotland by Arran in favour of Mary of Guise; the solemnization of the marriage in the Cathedral of Notre Dame; the secret execution of an obligation by the young Queen ten days after, in which, among other things, the realm of Scotland was given over to the French king and his heirs, in case she should die without issue; the suspicious and sudden death of four of the nine commissioners sent over to Paris to negotiate the terms of the marriage,—were

all indications of the deep and determined purpose of the Guises to secure the unlimited control of the realm of Scotland. But the marriage of Mary Stuart with the Dauphin of France marked, as we have already observed, the culminating point of French influence in Scotland. From that period it began to decline. Scotland had already reaped all the benefits to be derived from it, and she saw nothing in the future but disadvantages. She felt that her independence, so long upheld against England, was now threatened by France, and she disliked the one foreign rule as much as the other; and so it happened that Mary of Guise, having attained the height of her wishes—having dispossessed the Earl of Arran of the regency—having married her daughter to the greatest prince in Europe—having placed Scotland under the protectorate of France, and filled the chief offices of state with Frenchmen—saw the edifice which she had taken so much pains to rear crumbling into ruins, and herself engaged in a civil war, in which the vast majority both of the nobles and people of Scotland were arrayed against her. The death of the Regent during the siege of Leith,—one of the chief incidents in the war,—and the failure of a general attack which the garrison had repulsed with great loss to the assailants, disposed all parties to peace, which was concluded at Edinburgh in 1560, between Elizabeth and the Lords of the Congregation on the one hand, and the French Commissioners, the *Sieur de Randan* and the Bishop of Valence, on the other. This treaty gave a death-blow to French influence in Scotland: for it was provided, among other stipulations, that the French army should evacuate Leith and return to their own country; that in all time coming Scotland should be governed by natives of the country; that no foreign troops should be brought within the kingdom; and that none but Scotsmen should be placed in the offices of Chancellor, Treasurer, or Comptroller.

As a natural consequence of this revulsion of feeling in Scotland against France, a similar feeling began to manifest itself in France towards the Scots settled in that country, who became for a time objects of general suspicion and hatred; many of them were even arrested and thrown into prison on the charge of corresponding with the anti-French party in Scotland. The ties between the two countries were still further loosened by the decease of the Dauphin Francis, husband of Mary—poisoned, it was rumoured, by a Scotch valet-de-chambre—as by that premature death the interests of the two kingdoms, placed for a time under the same sceptre, were again and finally separated. Yet it took a long time before English influence and English commerce replaced the commerce and the influence of France, and before London became for the Scot the place of resort that

Paris had so long been. In the reign of Elizabeth, according to a return made by the Bishop of London, of the number of foreigners resident in the capital in 1567, there were only 58 Scotchmen; and the census made by the Lord Mayor in the following year raised the number only to 88. What a contrast to the present day, when there are probably as many Scots resident in London as in the capital of their own country!

After the triumph of the Reformed religion in Scotland, it was but natural that the sanguinary edicts against the French Huguenots, the massacre at Vassy by the Duke of Guise, and the still more terrible carnage of St Bartholomew, should have contributed more and more to alienate and estrange the Scots from their ancient allies, and increase their hatred of the Roman Catholic religion. On the 19th August 1561, Queen Mary landed at Leith, to ascend the throne of a kingdom torn by party strifes and a prey to religious dissensions. Queen Mary's religion and that of her French attendants was distasteful to the majority of the people of Scotland; and the after errors of her reign contributed still further to increase the dislike which her faith had originally inspired. The subsequent events of her unhappy career—her unfortunate marriage, the disastrous war against her own subjects, her long captivity in England, and her tragic death—are too familiar to need recapitulation. But the calmness and fortitude with which she met her doom seemed almost to redeem the errors of her life, and excited general sympathy and admiration. In France, particularly, a profound sensation was produced by her execution; and several publications describing her last moments were everywhere eagerly sought for. Her obsequies were also celebrated with great magnificence and pompous show of grief, by Henry III., who during her life had never exerted himself for her deliverance from her long captivity. He invited the Parliament, the University, and the Sorbonne to be present; and these learned bodies, robed in the deepest mourning, assisted at the empty ceremony which took place in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the funeral oration was pronounced by Renaud de Beaune, Archbishop of Bourges.

With the death of Mary ended all cordial alliance between France and Scotland. James VI. and Henry IV., indeed, continued on terms of amity; the Scottish archers still remained the chosen body-guard of the French kings; and many gallant Scottish regiments served in the armies of France till a much later period. The exploits of the Scottish Guard and the other Scotch regiments in France are well worthy of a brief notice; and after adverting to these, it will only remain for us to direct attention to some of those Scotchmen who distinguished themselves in civil employments, and especially in literature and philosophy.

At the time when Mary of Guise became Regent of Scotland, all France was ringing with the valiant exploits of two Scottish gentlemen serving in the ranks of the French army. One of them—Archibald Mowbray, a brother of the laird of Barnbouggall—during the siege of the castle of Dinan, threw himself, sword in hand, among the enemy on the top of the rampart, and cut his way back to his friends without receiving a wound. The other—Norman Leslie, Master of Rothes—still more highly distinguished himself. At the siege of Renty, with only 30 Scots, he charged 60 of the enemy's cavaliers armed with harquebusses. With his lance he overthrew five; and when it was broken, he dashed among his foes, sword in hand, cutting them down on the right and the left, without the least regarding the shots fired at him. At last he saw a company of pikemen advancing against him; on which he dismounted, and gave his horse and his spurs to one of his men, who fell dead in taking them to the Constable de Montmorency. The brave Norman himself, covered with wounds, was first borne to the tent of the king, where the Duke d'Enghien and the Prince of Condé awarded him the palm of valour. He was then consigned to the care of the royal surgeons; but their skill was unavailing, and the gallant Master of Rothes died of his wounds a fortnight afterwards.

Another example of the daring courage of the Scotch in the French service occurred in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and is mentioned in the *Universal History* of the *Sieur d'Aubigny*. Twenty Scottish gentlemen in the army of the King of Navarre received a challenge from M. de Mercure, a brave French captain, who was jealous of their high reputation for valour, and had also taken offence at some remarks which they had made. This challenge defied them to mortal combat, 20 against 20, to commence by running a course with grinded lances, with no better armour than their shirts. The Scots at once accepted the challenge; and on the day appointed appeared on the field, stripped to their shirts. M. de Mercure, the challenger, was also ready for the combat; but he stood alone, for the hearts of his companions had failed them, and they did not appear, being, in the words of d'Aubigny, 'of too base metal to encounter such a proof.' And so the affair ended without bloodshed, but to the great honour of the 20 Scottish gentlemen.

After the Reformation in Scotland, the privileges of the Archer Guard were considerably diminished; and many of the archers who had professed the Reformed faith were cashiered, and replaced by Roman Catholics. In 1570, it consisted of 100 men-at-arms, 100 archers of the guard, and 24 archers of the body who surrounded the royal person. By this time, the nomination of the captain had been taken into his own hands by the

French king; but the lieutenant, ensign, and other officers were all Scotchmen. But in the reign of Henry IV., or rather of Louis XIII., this was changed; and we find even the inferior commissions in the Guards filled by Frenchmen. In 1612, when Marie de Medicis, widow of Henry IV., was Regent of France, the Scottish Guard, who beheld their ancient privileges gradually invaded or withdrawn, applied for redress to their own sovereign, James VI., and drew up a very curious statement, entitled, 'Complaint of the Scottish Guard to the King, wherein is stated the origin of their alliance with France.'¹ This complaint appears to have met with some attention from James VI.; and Sir Thomas Edmondes, his resident ambassador in Paris, and Lord Colville of Culross, exerted themselves to obtain redress for the grievances therein detailed. The Guard particularly resented the conduct of their captain, M. de Nerestan, who had violated their privileges and defrauded them of their pay, and had formed two-thirds of his company of Frenchmen, although, according to ancient usage, it should have been composed exclusively of Scotchmen. It does not appear that the abuses thus complained of were ever redressed; but the Scottish Guard was remodelled and reorganized under Louis XIII., and a company of Scotch gendarmerie was also established during his reign. On the death of the Duke of Lennox, in 1624, the command of the Scottish companies was conferred, by royal letters patent, on his nephew, Gordon, Count of Enzie; and thus the captaincy of the Body Guard, which had long been in the families of Lennox and d'Aubigny, was transferred to that of Gordon. This Count Enzie, afterwards Marquis of Huntly, served in the French army for several years with much distinction, and received a commission from Louis XIII. to levy a regiment of 2000 men in Scotland, if he could obtain the permission of Charles I. This commission, however, never seems to have been carried into effect. In 1643, we find the Marquis de la Ferté-Imbault appointed colonel-general of the Scotch in the French service; and, after his time, that high office, as well as most of the inferior commissions, were generally bestowed upon Frenchmen. The company of Scottish gendarmes—whose establishment we have above mentioned—was distinct from the Scotch Body Guard, which ceased to exist under Louis XIV., and perhaps was recruited from its relics. The Prince de Ligne commanded the companies of the Scottish gendarmerie for twelve years; and under him they displayed the most brilliant valour, particularly in 1690 and 1691, at the battle of Fleurus and the siege of Mons.

¹ This interesting document will be found given at length in 'Papers relative to the Royal Guard of Scottish Archers in France,' printed at Edinburgh, for the Maitland Club, in 1835.

The Scotch gendarmes ranked as the first company of the gendarmerie of France; and their captain had the right of taking the command of all the companies of gendarmerie, whenever they happened to be acting together.

One of the most distinguished officers in the armies of Louis XIII. was Sir John Hepburn—or Hebron as the French called him, from the difficulty they had in pronouncing his name. He was colonel of a Scotch regiment; had served for several years under Gustavus Adolphus; and was an intimate friend of the Cardinals Richelieu and de la Valette, in whose correspondence his name often figures in the most brilliant manner. Hepburn was distinguished by a certain military frankness and brusquerie, and had a thorough contempt for mere military theorists. On one occasion, during a campaign, when the famous Father Joseph, the confessor of Richelieu—who piqued himself on his acquaintance with military science, and scrupled not to give advice even to the most experienced marshals of France—was forming vast projects for the conduct of the war, and pointing out on a map several towns which ought to be taken, Sir John quietly remarked—‘M. Joseph, towns are not taken with the point of the finger.’ There was a great rivalry, and a strong feeling of jealousy and dislike, between the Scotch regiment of Hepburn and the regiment of Picardy, the most ancient of the French regiments. This regiment ridiculed the pretensions of Hepburn’s to take the right on all occasions, on account of there being in their ranks several archers of the Guard, and nicknamed them in derision the Guards of Pontius Pilate,—‘a name,’ says M. Michel, ‘which has stuck to the Royal Scotch even in our days.’ Sir John Hepburn was killed at the siege of Saverne by a musket-ball in the neck. Cardinal Richelieu, in an answer to the letter conveying to him the news of his death, expressed the deepest regret, and pronounced a glowing eulogium on his talents and virtues. He was buried in the cathedral of Toul, where Louis XIV. afterwards erected a monument to his memory.

Upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a number of French Protestants, chiefly natives of Picardy, sought an asylum in Scotland, and established a little colony—which existed till about the end of last century—on the outskirts of Edinburgh, near the ancient barony of Broughton, and almost upon the ground now occupied by Picardy Place. They endeavoured, but without success, to establish a silk manufactory, and to introduce the cultivation of the mulberry. M. Michel conjectures that their experience was taken advantage of for linen weaving in 1746, when a company was formed for the encouragement of that branch of industry. Another party of refugees from Bordeaux found an asylum about three miles to the south of Edinburgh,

and the village where they settled is still commonly called Burdie-house. There is a notice of these Huguenot emigrants in Maitland's 'History of Edinburgh,' where mention is made of a large edifice to the north-west of Greenside, denominated Little Picardy, erected by the town of Edinburgh for the accommodation of a number of French families who carried on a cambric manufactory therein. Bower's 'History of the University of Edinburgh' also contains some interesting details with regard to them. A M. Dupont is there spoken of as the French minister within the college; he appears to have been one of the pastors of the French exiles, to whom the Town-Council had granted the privilege of assembling for public worship in the lower common hall of the university. By an Act of King William, in 1693, the town of Edinburgh received a grant, for a term of years, of a duty of two pennies on the pint of ale; and by the same Act the town was burdened with the sum of 2000 merks yearly for the benefit of the ministers of the French congregation. And we find from the Council registers, that upon the death of one of these clergymen, the magistrates agreed to give the survivor 1500 merks, the widow of his colleague 200, and 300 to the precentor, who, in 1713, was a student of divinity from Francquer, in Friesland, provided he would assist the Professor of Greek in teaching his students.

By far the most touching and romantic episode in the history of the Scots who followed the fortunes of the fallen House of Stuart, is that of the officers who had served under Viscount Dundee¹ at the battle of Killiecrankie. A hundred and fifty of these gentlemen, all of good birth and honourable character, voluntarily expatriated themselves and joined James II. in France,—a brilliant example of unshaken devotion, and of steadfast, though mistaken loyalty. The only wonder is, how a cold, stupid, cruel bigot like James II. could ever have inspired such feelings in the bosoms of brave and honourable men. We can only account for it by supposing that they forgot his character in his misfortunes, and saw in him only the representative of a grand old family, and a martyr to the Catholic religion, and to the principle of the divine and hereditary right of kings. But however mistaken we may think these men, it is impossible to withhold our admiration from their disinterested, self-sacrificing fidelity to their deposed monarch. When they found, on their arrival on the Continent, that they were paid and maintained in their former military rank by James, himself a pensioner on the bounty of Louis XIV., they insisted on forming themselves into

¹ It is said that the French refrain of *la faridondaine, la far dondé*, first found in a French song or ballad in 1709, is only an alteration of the Scotch refrain of *the fair Dundee*.

a company of simple soldiers and joining the French army, in order to relieve the slender finances of their sovereign from the burden of their maintenance. James at first tried to dissuade them from carrying out this generous resolution ; but they persisted, and he at last yielded to their entreaties. Before, however, joining the French army, they were reviewed by James at the Chateau of Saint Germain ; and even his cold nature seems to have been for a moment touched and melted at the sight of these brave gentlemen, voluntarily exiled, relinquishing for his sake all the comforts of wealth and rank, and reduced to the condition of private soldiers. He made them a gracious speech, thanking them for their loyalty and devotion, and promising never to forget their services and their sufferings ; asked each man his name, and wrote it down in his pocket-book ; then bowed to them all with his hat in his hand, prayed God to bless and prosper them, and so bade them farewell. Thereafter, the company set out for the frontiers of Spain ; and as the reputation of their courage and loyalty had preceded them, they were everywhere caressed and welcomed, especially by the ladies, who always appreciate true heroism. But their pay of 3d. a day and a pound and a half of bread was soon found insufficient, by men brought up as they had been ; and they were compelled to sell their watches, rings, and trinkets, and even their linen, and were reduced to great distress. But throughout all their hardships they never murmured, and were always conspicuous for a strict performance of their military duties and for daring courage in battle. They found the heat of the climate on the Spanish frontiers very oppressive, and at the siege of Roses they suffered so severely from fevers, that they received an order to leave the camp until their health should be restored. But they refused to obey, saying that they were come to fight, and, if need be, die in the trenches, but not in the hospital. When this reply was reported to the French officers, they exclaimed, ‘The gentleman is always a gentleman, and shows himself to be so in suffering and in danger.’

The company of officers were afterwards sent to serve in Alsace, where the climate was less unfavourable to them ; but they endured terrible hardships during their long march from Toureilles in Rousillon to Silistad in Alsace, across countries afflicted with famine, and in some places covered with snow. ‘At Silistad,’ says the author of the *Memoirs of Dundee’s Officers in France*,¹ ‘the officers were in very great want, provisions dear, the bread sixpence a pound, and their pay but three pence *per diem* ; so that all they could purchase was a few horse-

¹ This interesting paper will be found in the third volume of the ‘*Miscellanea Scotica*.’

beans, turnips, colwarts, or a little yellow seed, which they boiled in water, to keep life and soul together. They were certainly very religious, for they kept Lent all the year round. Though their sufferings and hardships in Alsace far exceeded any misfortunes they met with in Catalonia, yet it was observed by all strangers that conversed with them, that even in their greatest extremities they never repined, nor accused James for his own or their calamities; but with a primitive Christian patience and courage, humbly submitted themselves to Providence, knowing and believing that God was just, and would, at His own appointed time, establish the Royal Family in the throne.' The most glorious of the many brilliant exploits by which the company of officers distinguished themselves, during the campaign in Alsace, was unquestionably the capture of an island in the middle of the Rhine, held by a greatly superior force strongly entrenched. On the one side of the river was General Stirk, at the head of 16,000 Germans; on the other, the French commander, the Marquis de Sell, with only 4000 men; and between the two hostile camps was an island, with the Rhine sweeping round it in a deep and rapid current. It was a position of great importance. But the Germans had got the start of the French, who had no boats; had carried a bridge over to the island; and had garrisoned it with 500 men, who were busily engaged in establishing batteries which would have rendered the French camp untenable. The French general was sensible of his danger. But he had no boats, and the river ran deep and rapid, so that it seemed impossible to dislodge the enemy from his post of vantage. It was in this emergency that the company of officers—ever eager for renown and foremost in danger—came forward, and volunteered to wade the river and drive the Germans from the island. The Marquis de Sell, to whom Captain John Foster had been sent with this offer, looked upon the attempt as madness, and replied that the Scotch should be the first to attack when the boats arrived; upon which Captain Foster courteously thanked him, and told him that they needed no boats, but would wade to the island; and the Marquis, seeing their resolution, prayed God to bless them, and told them to do as they pleased. Then Captain Foster immediately returned to his company, got them under arms, and marched them quietly down to the river, each man carrying his arms and clothes on his shoulders. When they entered the Rhine, the water was up to their breasts; but they went on, hand-in-hand, with the tallest and strongest men farthest up the stream, so as to withstand and break the force of the current. As soon as they had passed the depths of the river, they hastened towards the island and poured a heavy volley upon the astonished Germans, who, occupied in

entrenching themselves, were quite taken by surprise, and soon fled in confusion across their own bridge, closely pursued by the officers, who killed several of them. They then returned and took possession of that island, which, so long as grass grows and water runs, will bear the name of *l'île d'Ecosse*, in memory of that gallant exploit. When the Marquis de Sell heard the firing, and understood that the Germans had been driven from the island, he crossed himself on the face and breast, and publicly declared that it was the bravest feat of arms that he had ever seen. Of that gallant company of officers—of whom the French themselves declared that a detachment from all the officers in France could not equal them—only four returned to their native country. Many fell in battle, or in the trenches; 24 died in hospital; 14 obtained their discharge at Silistad; and after the peace of Ryswick, in 1597, they were finally disbanded,—William III., according to some accounts, making it a condition that the Scotch companies, who had done so much harm to the Allies, should all be broken up.

During the period from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century, while so many of our countrymen in France were distinguishing themselves in arms, others were almost equally eminent for their proficiency in learning, and for success in the various pursuits of civil life. The splendour of military glory is, at all times, too apt to eclipse the calmer and milder radiance of peaceful distinction; and the names of the Scottish heroes of the French wars—the Douglasses, Buchans, Stuarts, Hepburns—are, therefore, naturally more familiar to our ears, than those of Mair, Boece, Buchanan, Balfour, Innes, Welsh, Crichton, and the long catalogue of Scotchmen who taught in the universities of France, preached from her pulpits, or practised in her courts. A full account of these eminent men will be found in the pages of M. Michel: in the meantime, we shall cast a rapid glance at the lives of some of the most celebrated among them. The distinction of the Scots in France for learning and science, dates back as far as the fourteenth century. Since that period, a great number of Scotch doctors and professors have been found in all the faculties of the universities of France; and the records of the University of Paris show that no fewer than thirty Scotchmen have held the office of Rector in that famous institution. The influence exercised upon the legal and educational establishments of Scotland by those of France was important; and both the College of Justice, and, at a later period, the High School of Edinburgh, were formed upon French models; while, down to the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, it was the custom for young men of rank and talent, to perfect their education and form their manners by a residence

at the French court, and a course of study at a French university.

There were several colleges in France founded and endowed by natives of Scotland, for the education of their countrymen. The principal of these was the Scotch College begun in 1325 by David Murray, Bishop of Moray, and finished by his successor, John Pilmore, in 1333. To this seminary, James Beaton—the last Roman Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow, who died abroad in 1603—left all his fortune and his papers, and is justly regarded as its second founder. By far the most important among these papers were the Archives of the Cathedral of Glasgow, which included a great number of ancient registers and titles, brought by the Archbishop into France, when he was driven from his diocese by the progress of the Reformation. Andrew Stewart found the materials for the first part of his History of the Stuarts among these documents, which seem to have possessed great historical value. The attempts made, in the course of the last century, by the University of Glasgow and the curators of the Advocates' Library, to obtain precise information with regard to them, were, unfortunately, unsuccessful; but it was ascertained that they included a great number of manuscripts relating to the reigns of Mary, James VI., and James VII., as well as to the reigns of several of their predecessors. We have no exact information of what ultimately became of this precious collection. But it seems highly probable that it perished in the storms of the French Revolution, when everything relating to royalty was devoted to destruction.

During the latter part of the sixteenth century, several Scottish gentlemen of the name of Crichton attained high distinction at the French universities. Of these, the most famous was James—commonly called the admirable—Crichton. He studied at the College of Guienne, at Bordeaux; and in the College of Navarre, at Paris, victoriously maintained a thesis before 3000 auditors. There was also a William Crichton, celebrated by Borrichius for the elegance of his Latin hexameters; and a George Crichton, who was doctor of laws, and historiographer and reader to the king in Greek and Latin. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, two Scottish ministers of the Reformed Church in Bordeaux took an active part in the religious conflicts of the period. Their names were Gilbert Primrose and John Cameron, the latter of whom founded a considerable sect of French Protestants, from him called Cameronites. Primrose was indefatigable in sustaining the cause of the Reformation by his pen; but we have fewer biographical details about him than about his colleague and compatriot Cameron. The latter was a

native of Glasgow, but went to France when only twenty years old, where he held the office of Regent in the newly-founded College of Bezerac, and afterwards that of Professor of Philosophy in the University of Sedan, before he was appointed Primrose's colleague in the Protestant church of Bordeaux. In 1618, he was chosen Professor at Saumur, the principal seminary of the French Protestants, to the great regret of the church of Bordeaux, which vehemently opposed his translation before the National Synod. He acquired high reputation as Professor at Saumur; and his course of lectures was so famous, that it often procured him the attendance of the celebrated Du Plessis-Mornay, who was called the Pope of the Huguenots. Such was the opinion entertained, even by their enemies, of the abilities of Cameron and Primrose, that Louis XIII.—influenced probably by the Jesuits, who detested Primrose—declared that it was his will that neither of them should be placed in any appointment as pastor or professor in the realm of France, and that for reasons of state, and not on account of their foreign extraction. Cameron died at Montauban at the early age of forty-six; and Primrose, forced to fly from France, became afterwards pastor of the French church in London. John Welsh, once minister in the town of Ayr, but subsequently banished from Scotland on account of his opposition to the measures of James VI. on ecclesiastical discipline, was another Scotchman who acquired considerable fame for learning and eloquence. He resided in France for sixteen years, acting as pastor, first at Jonzac, and afterwards at Saint-Jean-d'Angely. During his residence at the latter place, Louis XIII., then at war with the Protestants, laid siege to it, and pushed on his approaches with such vigour that the town was speedily compelled to surrender. After the king had made his public entry into the place, and was residing there with his court, Welsh continued to preach as usual, which gave great offence to the monarch, who, one day when Welsh was occupying the pulpit, commanded the Duke d'Epernon to drag him into the royal presence. The Duke accordingly repaired to the church at the head of an armed troop; but as soon as he had entered the door, Welsh gave orders to make room for him, and place a seat, so that the Duke might listen to the word of God. The Duke, instead of resenting this, took the seat offered him, heard the sermon to the end, and then communicated the king's orders to Welsh, who expressed his readiness to submit. The Duke then repaired to the king's presence, and on being asked why he had not brought Welsh, and why he had not interrupted his discourse, replied, 'It is because he speaks as never man spoke; but he is here.' The preacher was then brought in, when he threw himself upon his knees and prayed in silence. Upon the

king's asking him how he dared, contrary to the laws, to preach in the town of Saint-Jean-d'Angely, 'Sire,' answered Welsh, 'it would be well if you would yourself come to hear me, and would send all France to listen to my sermons; for I do not preach like those your Majesty is in the habit of hearing. My preaching differs in two points from theirs. In the first place, I preach that you must be saved by the merits of Jesus Christ, and not by your own; in the second place, that you, as king of France, are subject to no earthly power, while those whose sermons you hear would subject you to the Pope, which I never would do.' The king, delighted with this adroit reply, said to Welsh, 'Well; you shall be my minister,' and sent him back honourably, and on various occasions afterwards showed him marks of favour.

The Scottish students and professors in the universities of France appear, in general, to have been more distinguished for eminence in philosophy than for accurate scholarship in the languages of classic antiquity,—a peculiarity, by the way, which characterizes the Scottish *litterati* of the nineteenth century almost as much as those of the sixteenth and seventeenth. Etienne Perlin, a French writer of the sixteenth century, bears testimony to their excellence in philosophy, and mentions two Scotchmen of his acquaintance at Paris 'who had the books of Aristotle at their fingers' ends;' and Sir Thomas Urquhart, a later writer, after mentioning a Scotch professor in the University of Saumur who spoke fluently both Greek and Latin, proceeds to state that the result of the Scotch being in general more concerned about the knowledge of things than about the propriety of language, has been that there are among them forty professors of philosophy for one master of languages. He also mentions that the superiority of the Scotch in all matters of philosophy was recognised throughout the whole of France, and that a marked preference was given, in competitions for professorships, to those who had been trained in the Scotch system.

Many eminent Scotchmen taught in the famous University of Guienne, in the town of Bordeaux. The earliest and most celebrated of these was the accomplished George Buchanan, who studied at Paris and at St Andrews, and was first Professor in the College of St Barbe, and afterwards in that of Guienne, where his duty was to teach the Latin language, and where he composed four tragedies and various other poems. He remained three years at Bordeaux, and afterwards went to Paris, where he exercised the functions of Regent in the College of Cardinal Lemoine. Subsequently, he visited Portugal in company with his friend Govea, who had been appointed Administrator of the University of Coimbra. There, his accustomed freedom of

speech involved him in considerable danger, and he was imprisoned for two years in a monastery. After recovering his liberty, he was appointed Regent of the College of Boncourt, and in 1555, the Marshal de Brissac appointed him tutor to his son Timoleon de Cossé. In this situation he remained until 1560, when he finally left France and returned to Scotland. The first edition of his famous version of the Psalms appeared in 1556; and in the same year he published an edition of the *Alcestis* of Euripides, dedicated to Marguerite, daughter of Henry II. of France, a princess who was fond of literature, and with whom Buchanan appears to have been a favourite.

In the seventeenth century, another university—that of Bourges, in the centre of France—attracted a good many Scotchmen. The greater number of these were Roman Catholics, who came there chiefly to study civil law under the celebrated Cujas. Among them was Alexander Scott, a native of Aberdeen, who published an edition of the entire works of Cujas; William Barclay, an excellent civilian, and afterwards Professor in the University of Angers; and William Drummond of Hawthornden. It was during his prolonged residence on the Continent, that the last-named gentleman formed the valuable collection of the ancient classics, and also of the best authors of France, Spain, and Italy, which he subsequently presented to the University of Edinburgh.

At a much later date, we find a Scotchman settled in Paris, who enjoyed a great celebrity both in the literary and fashionable world. His name was Quentin Crawford, born at Kilwinning, in Ayrshire, in 1743. He spent thirty years of his life in Paris, and used frequently to say, 'One may make a fortune in any country; but to enjoy it, one must come to Paris.' He had acquired great wealth in early life in the East, and spent his time in Paris in literary pursuits, in forming a magnificent collection of pictures and statues, and in receiving in his hotel the best society of the capital. In 1790, he published in London, 'Sketches relating to the History, Learning, and Manners of the Hindoos,' which was translated into French soon afterwards by Comte de Montesquieu. Queen Marie Antoinette had a great friendship for Mr Crawford, who had many interviews with her in 1791 and 1792, when the shadows of the sad fate that was soon to overtake her were darkening and closing round her path. His known intimacy with the queen rendered it dangerous for him to remain in Paris during the sanguinary drama of the French Revolution, and he took refuge successively in Brussels, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Vienna. Shortly before his enforced departure from Paris, he published, in English, a curious history of the Bastille, which he afterwards translated

into French. He returned to his beloved Paris after the storms of the Revolution had calmed; but found that the superb collection, which he had taken so much pains to form, had been dispersed and sold during his absence. Undismayed, however, by this reverse, he immediately set about forming a new one, and in doing so was singularly successful. The most interesting part of this second collection was a series of portraits of all the most celebrated personages—both men and women—in French history. Mr Crawford had the good fortune to enjoy the friendship of the Empress Josephine, as he had formerly that of Marie Antoinette; and to her influence, and that of M. Talleyrand, he owed the privilege accorded to him of remaining in Paris, when all other subjects of Great Britain had been ordered to quit it, after the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. In 1803, he published ‘*Essays upon French Literature*,’ in two volumes; and in 1810, a volume entitled, ‘*Historical and Literary Miscellanies*,’ in which were published for the first time the *Memoirs* of Madame du Hausset, femme de chambre of Madame Pompadour. His last work was published in London in 1817, under the title of ‘*Researches concerning the Laws, Theology, Learning, Commerce, etc., of Ancient and Modern India*.’ He died in Paris two years afterwards, at the ripe age of 76.

We have hitherto made but few quotations from the pages of M. Michel. In his concluding remarks, he sums up, with considerable eloquence and laudable impartiality, the results of the long and close alliance between France and Scotland; and we cannot better close our notice of his book, or convey a more favourable idea of his style, than by translating his observations upon the influence of the Scottish philosophy on that of France:—

‘The Scottish philosophy’—he says—‘has exercised in France a more wide-spread influence than might, at first sight, be believed; and, strange to say, it has served successively to prepare the way for the scepticism of the eighteenth, and the eclecticism of the nineteenth century. Hume, in declaring war against “an abstruse philosophy, that seems to have served hitherto only as a shelter to superstition, and a cover to absurdity and error,” and reducing to a simple succession of phenomena that idea of cause and effect which is, as it were, the corner stone of psychology and theology, inaugurated in these two sciences the spirit of criticism, analysis, and doubt, which Voltaire, Diderot, and their rivals, carried, at a later period, into the study of history and religious antiquities; besides, although Hume was suspected by the writers of the 18th century of having still retained some relics of superstition, Joseph le Maistre, whose perspicacity and authority in such a matter none assuredly will deny, has characterized him as “the most dangerous, perhaps, and the most

culpable of those baleful writers who will not cease to condemn the last age in the estimation of posterity: he who has employed the greatest talents with the greatest sang-froid in order to do evil." We ask, then, if Hume had not been, under a variety of aspects, the initiator of these *baleful writers*,—if, in repeating philosophical tradition, he had not shown them the possibility of denying or combating religious tradition, would Joseph le Maistre have spoken of him in terms so severe?

'Fortunately for the reputation of the Scotch, the successors of Hume have not followed him in the perilous path on which he had ventured; enlightened by the attacks, often exaggerated, but sometimes well founded, which he had directed against the dogmatic philosophy, Thomas Reid and Dugald Stewart made it a point of honour to repair the wrong done by their countryman to philosophical studies. Like Socrates in ancient times, they made philosophy descend from heaven upon earth, and comprehended the necessity of giving her a more solid foundation, by the profound study of those faculties of the human understanding which Hume had accused of impotency: they showed that if man may wander when he seeks the solution of the most complicated problems, he is at least sure of arriving at truth and certainty when he restricts the circle of his speculations within the limits of psychology and ethics. In this way, the philosophers of Edinburgh became the promoters of the spiritualist renovation which took place in France in the beginning of the nineteenth century. M. Royer-Collard, in making us acquainted with the works of the Scotch school, which he supported by the vigour of his concise and manly eloquence, dethroned the sensualism of Condillac and of Laromiguière, which for a long time seemed to enjoy an undisputed empire. Soon after, his disciple, M. Cousin, rendered a brilliant homage to the talents and the influence of Thomas Reid and of Dugald Stewart, when he said, in his preface to the works of Maine de Biran, "I spring from the Scotch, and from Germany." Such an avowal would, alone, suffice to prove, that if Scotland was formerly indebted to us for her civilisation, she has since paid the debt with usury.'

- ART. VI.—1. *Combined View of the Prophecies of Daniel, Exodus, and St John.* By JAMES HATLEY FRERE, Esq. London.
2. *Three Letters on the Prophecies.* By JAMES HATLEY FRERE, Esq. London.
3. *The Great Tribulation.* By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. London.
4. *Who Will be in Rome.* By JAMES VERNER, Esq. London.
5. *The Speaking Image; or, Napoleonism prophetically Unveiled.* Simpson. Brighton.
6. *The Enigma; or, the Septimo-Octave Roman Emperors.* By PAUL FOSKETT. Brighton.
7. *Exposition of the Prophecies of Daniel and St John.* By THOMAS STEPHEN. London.
8. *Interpretations, etc.* By MAJOR J. SCOTT PHILLIPS. London.
9. *Louis Napoleon, the Infidel Antichrist, etc.* By the Rev. M. BAXTER. Canada.
10. *Uses of Prophecy: A Lecture.* By Rev. W. C. MAGEE, D.D. London.
11. *Prophecy the Key of Providence.* By R. BAXTER, Esq. London. 1862.

It is not without certain misgivings that we venture on the discussion of a subject which, in itself, more properly belongs to the theological than to the simply literary or scientific province, and, in any circumstances, demands considerate and thoughtful treatment. Theology, however, has its points of contact with other departments of literature. It is often stirring questions, and, in connection with these, giving birth to productions which sooner or later force themselves on the notice of the 'general priesthood of letters,' whose office it is to mark, and in part also to regulate, the tides of public opinion. And there is scarcely, perhaps, any branch of theological speculation and inquiry which may more readily be expected to fall under their supervision, or to call for their occasional interference, than that which relates to prophecy; since this not only holds a prominent place among the evidences of the Christian faith, but touches also on some of the greater movements of providence, and the more characteristic features of the world's history.

On this account we hold ourselves entitled to bring under notice, and, if need be, under censure too, the current literature on prophecy, whenever its own pretensions, or the course of events in relation to it, seem fitted to awaken anxiety, or imperil the interests of truth. That such is the state of matters at

the present time, we have too many grounds for believing. We are convinced, that what constitutes by far the most widely circulated portion of our prophetical literature, is anything but creditable to the enlightenment of its authors, and that it is pregnant with danger to the faith of multitudes in those perilous times. The sobriety and caution proper to inquiries connected with the darker passages of divine revelation, have, to a large extent, given way to feverish excitement, and the rashness of an enthusiasm which makes equally bold with the uncertainties of the future and the lessons of the past. The evil, too, is greatly aggravated, so far as regards the parties more immediately concerned, by the kind of seclusion in which they dwell, and the feeling of 'measureless content' at which they have arrived respecting their peculiar views. Whatever is fitted to disturb their system, or call in question their mode of treating the oracles of God, is either superciliously ignored, or set down to the prejudice and unbelief which human reason is ever apt to entertain towards the truth of Scripture. And it is certainly less with the hope of benefiting, or of even getting a hearing from the parties in question, than of directing the minds of others who still stand outside the enchanted circle, into a safer channel, that we propose to take a glance at the more popular department of this branch of sacred literature.

With this specific object in view, it is scarcely necessary to do more than refer, in passing, to the earlier fulfilments of prophecy, or to its apologetic value, as an argument for the truth of Scripture in its character of a divine revelation. That portion of the field has been well-nigh exhausted; and in the convictions of the vast majority of intelligent and serious inquirers, the results have been clearly and satisfactorily established. Prophecies of wide compass and of manifold variety, discriminating also in their tone and character, have, beyond all reasonable doubt, been brought to pass, and often palpably in ways which no human sagacity could have foreseen, nor any contrivances of human skill have carried into effect. So generally is this acquiesced in, that rationalism in its later efforts has kept comparatively aloof from the prophetic territory; it has chiefly confined itself to the subordinate part of finding exceptions to one or two of the alleged fulfilments of individual predictions. Even in this narrow line it has won for itself no credit, as may be seen by a reference alone to the volumes recently published in reply to the notorious 'Essays and Reviews;' the revival of old attacks (for it was nothing more) has been vigorously met, and ended in the full vindication of the reality and supernatural clearness of the prophetic foresight. Even in Germany, where so many hostile efforts have been made, and so many extrava-

gances ventilated on the subject, it has no longer become possible for any but persons of the most extreme opinions to deny the divine inspiration of the prophets. These were not merely men of religious genius (so it is generally conceded), but supernaturally endowed seers, to whom it was given, for the good of the Church and the manifestation of the truth of God, to behold the vision of the future; and this not in the abstract simply, or in its more general forms of development, but associated with such distinctive features and modes of action, as serve to render the prophecy and the corresponding history two closely related, and hence divinely adjusted factors.¹

But, unfortunately, the students of prophecy were not satisfied with this measure of general success; and the plenitude of proof which enabled them at so many points to silence the adversary, by being pushed to excess, became a source of weakness and discord. It did so, especially, when the increased knowledge which was furnished by the learning and research of modern times, came to be applied in this direction; when all that has been recently discovered of the lands and kingdoms of the Bible, of the condition and manners which formerly belonged to them, and of the changes which, in the providence of God, have swept over them, was employed to show how exactly the prospective delineations of prophecy had been verified. When from one portion and another of the prophetic territory the darkness thus passed away, must it not equally do so in respect to others, if but properly understood and applied? Must not prophecy in general be throughout plain in its delineations, and literally exact in its fulfilment? And so the feeling grew in behalf of a pervading literalism, and it gradually passed into a settled principle, that prophecy was just history written beforehand, and must fall under the same great law of interpretation. But then what was to be done with those parts—it might be only an occasional passage, or a peculiar term—which have not obtained so precise and literal a verification? Must they not be taken—even though it be in apparent violence to the connection—from the fulfilled portion, and transferred to that of the unfulfilled? Or how shall the boundary lines between these two classes be exactly drawn? Here arose grounds of perplexity and division. We cannot go into much detail, and shall merely point to an example or two to make the matter plain. But take the case of Edom: every one who has looked into the literature bearing on the subject, knows how many notices have been adduced from the accounts of travellers, reaching from the close of last century to the present time, in proof of the terrible desolation predicted by Isaiah (ch. xxxiv.) and some of the other pro-

¹ See Tholuck's *Die Propheten und ihre Weissagungen*, p. 104.

phets,—its destined sterility, its nakedness, the disappearance of its nobles, the overthrow of its fortresses, the resort it was to become of the wild beasts of the desert, and so on. But, intermingling with the same prophetic descriptions—not standing apart, or in a different connection—are statements of which no such verification can be found; such as, that the dust of the land should be turned into pitch, and its streams into brimstone, that the smoke of it should go up night and day for ever (Isa. xxxiv. 9, 10), that it should be the scene of a carnage so great, as would cause the mountains to melt with blood, and the dust of the earth to be saturated with gore (vers. 3, 7). Taking these also simply as history written beforehand, it is plain they must be transferred to the future; so that whatever correspondences exist in the other parts between prophecy and history, can only be regarded as signs and forerunners of what is to come. Not only so; but either the proper fulfilment of the whole has yet to be looked for, or the prophecy must be split into two distinct parts,—the one, and that the earlier, standing over for fulfilment in the last times; the other already accomplished, and, as might seem from its position, out of due time. Some popular writers appear inclined to the one mode of explanation, and some to the other.

Another example from the prophecies of Isaiah, combined with one in Malachi, will show still more distinctly the embarrassment caused by this turn in prophetical interpretation, and how it led to the withdrawal of predictions from the past to the future. In the passages referred to, it was foretold that Elias should come before the Lord to prepare the way before Him; and the preparation, it was said, should be such, that the valleys should be exalted, and the hills should be brought low. There can be no doubt that these passages were applied to the Baptist, partly by himself, and partly by Christ, when asserting for his forerunner his proper place among the ambassadors of Heaven; so expressly applied, that good old Lightfoot, though himself a sort of Rabbi, after speaking of it as ‘the obstinate expectation of the Jewish nation’ then and to this very day, that Elias was personally to come and fulfil what was spoken, adds, ‘Upon what grounds some Christians are of the same opinion, let themselves look to it,’ as if it were an extravagance *he* did not need to trouble himself withal. If he had lived two centuries later, he could hardly have passed those Jewish-like Christians, as he deemed them, with so cavalier a shake. For they now plainly declare the grounds of their expectation,—viz., that prophecy is just history written beforehand, and, of course, must be interpreted with historical plainness and literality. But then, certainly, John was historically not the old Elias, but the son of

Zacharias and Elizabeth; and the hills and valleys of Palestine stood, at the close of his ministry, precisely as he found them at the beginning. It is, therefore, the general conclusion of this class of popular interpreters, that the predictions in question had but an imperfect and provisional fulfilment at the Gospel era; that the proper realization is to take place in the last times, by the actual appearance of Elijah, and by physical as well as other changes in the region of Palestine, adapting it to the purposes of millennial rest and glory. And so, too, what John spoke of the greater than himself, whose coming he heralded,—that He should come with His fan in His hand, and with an axe to cut down the trees that were unfruitful, and consign them to the action of a fire unquenchable,—this, and all that was said in connection with the birth of Jesus, about His being born to bring redemption to Israel, to sit upon David's throne, and fulfil the covenant made to the fathers, must, in like manner, be relegated to the future of the second advent, since there was nothing at our Lord's appearance in the days of His flesh which properly corresponded to it. He occupied no literal throne in Jerusalem; and instead of bringing redemption and deliverance to Israel, His coming proved the occasion of Israel's most disastrous and crushing overthrow.

These and such like results, which grew by an inevitable necessity out of the literalizing, or strictly historical tendency brought into the interpretation of prophecy, appeared at first somewhat startling; but by-and-bye people got accustomed to them. Portions of the results were occasionally accepted by commentators of some note (by Stier, for instance, and Alford, respecting the Elias); and the subject being taken up by men of popular gifts, and brought with all its niceties into the arena of the pulpit and the platform, the necessity continually grew of having everything about it made clear and patent to the commonest understanding, interesting and attractive to the feelings of a listening multitude. For this purpose, the accounts of historical writers were often picked and sorted, so as to make them yield a greatly closer and more specific testimony than they could have done, if they had been fairly exhibited; and there are not wanting instances, we regret to say, in which, when history appeared too scanty and bare for the impression sought to be produced, it has been made to speak in a more distinct and emphatic tone. Dr Cumming, who, more than any other celebrity of the present day, has known how to turn to profitable account the taste for prophetic discourse, and given force to its popular tendencies, is a great adept in the line now indicated: in his hands, things in the past as well as the future yield obedient to the touch; and every point on which he de-

livers himself is made clear as sunshine, sure as demonstration. Thus, to glance only at one of his numerous volumes, 'The Great Tribulation' (and as our copy is the 12th edition, nothing can be imputed to want of opportunity for securing correctness), when speaking of the Herodian temple, and seeking to impress his audience and his readers with the improbability of its destruction by an imposing display of its magnificence and strength, he informs them that 'some of its stones were forty-five yards long,' and 'its roof was covered with plates of burnished gold, reflecting the sunbeams with so great splendour and intensity, that it was said no bird could light on it or bear the excess of glory' (p. 16). Was ever a building to be compared to that? But was it really such? What says Josephus, our sole historical witness, on the point? He does indeed say that some of the stones of the temple measured *forty-five* in length; but then it was forty-five *cubits*, which Dr Cumming, by a stroke of his pen, converts into *yards*, and so nearly doubles their proportions (Jos. Wars, vol. v., sec. 6). As for the burnished gold covering the roof, so bright that the birds could not light on it, the Jewish historian lived in too prosaic an age to know, or at least to say, anything about it. He does, however, say in respect to the roof of *Solomon's* temple, that it was covered with plates of gold *inside*; and we imagine that Dr Cumming, interpreting Josephus as he often does the prophecies of Scripture, by rending asunder the connection, may have thought himself at liberty to transfer to the one temple what was said of the other; though even in this case he leaves us at a loss to conjecture how either the dazzling light or the birds should have got to the interior of the roof. The plain prosaic statement of Josephus about the birds, in respect to Herod's temple, is, that the top part 'had spikes with sharp points, to prevent any pollution of it by birds sitting on it.' If we turn from the greatness and grandeur of the temple to the account given of its destruction, we find the same wonderful facility in adapting the accounts. 'In forty years,' says our authority, 'we read all that the Saviour said came to pass—the walls of the temple were levelled with the dust; the ploughshare literally drawn with numberless horses through the ruins of the illustrious fabric.' Drawn by numberless horses! A striking picture certainly! But again, what says Josephus? Literally, not a word; he does not name so much as a horse or a plough in the connection. The Romans *dug* about the foundations of the temple, in order to get out of the rubbish treasure which they supposed to be hidden there—that he does testify; and, for our part, we are satisfied with it, as we think Dr Cumming might also have been. Some of the Rabbins, centuries

after the temple had fallen, spoke of its having been ploughed up by the Romans, but only in this general way, and avowedly with reference to a like expression used by one of the prophets (Mic. iii. 12); and were it even more full and express than it is, it would be no more entitled, in such a case, to the rank of historical testimony than Dr Cumming's own.' Still again it is said, 'Open the page of Josephus the historian, and you will find it stated that Jerusalem swarmed with pretended Messiahs' before the taking of the city. We *have opened* the page of Josephus many a time, but have never been able to find so much as one pretended Messiah mentioned by him as appearing at that remarkable time. The suborning of false prophets, and the delusive arts and speeches of impostors, he does mention; but to apply to what is said, even of such, the epithet *swarming*, would be a ridiculous hyperbole.¹

These specimens may suffice. They would not have been referred to, were it not that we regard them as parts of a system—proofs of that vicious straining after a broad and palpable literalism in prophetic fulfilments, which has of late become a kind of rage. If, in order to obtain it, such liberties are used with the records of the past, one can readily conceive with what a light and jaunty air Dr Cumming and his followers will pilot their way through the darkness and uncertainties of the future. Nothing there, indeed, seems to occasion the least trouble or difficulty, in particular to Dr Cumming; amid thousands of things near and remote, probable and improbable, through which we are conducted in his sketches and lectures on prophecy, everything seems ready at command; changes the most radical and complete, revolutions the most startling, phenomena of all sorts, social, political, religious, physical, come and go as with a magician's wand, in order to fulfil the announcements of prophecy, according to the very letter of the predictions. But, in noticing this, we are rather diverging from our purpose; and we resume our historical critique.

It is not so much to points like those now referred to, as to the darker portions of the prophetic Scriptures, and to politico-eccle-

¹ Dr Cumming is just about as reliable in his references to critical as he is to historical testimonies. Again and again we find him claiming the most learned expositors as on his side, when to prove it we should require to have a new sense to the word *learned*. On the specific text, Matt. xxiv. 34, where our Lord speaks of the existing *γενεά*, or generation, not passing away till all was fulfilled, he represents Stier, 'the most learned and evangelical of all the German critics of the present day,' as asserting that, 'beyond all dispute, *γενεά* there means the Jewish race;' and Dean Alford, too, he is pleased to find, holds the same 'as beyond dispute.' What they really hold, not properly as beyond dispute, but as certain, is, that the word *may admit* of that sense, and they think it should be so taken there. But that is all, and they even confess that nearly all critical authorities are against them even in that!!

siastical movements, that the historical-loving spirit in prophecy has latterly devoted its chief attention. Mr James Hatley Frere appears to have been the person who first and chiefly contributed to give the tone in this direction; and he has had the singular fortune (as a kind of Biblical soothsayer) to have lived to see all his more specific prognostications successively falsified, and yet to find himself at the head of a considerable school adhering to his views. In his 'Combined View of the Prophecies of Daniel, Esdras, and St John,' published so early as A.D. 1814, in which Mr Frere partly concurred with, and partly differed from, Cuninghame, Faber, and others, he fell upon the method of breaking up the prophecy in the 11th chapter of Daniel into two distinct parts,—the first having reference to Antiochus Epiphanes in the nearer future, the second (commencing at ver. 20, 'Then shall stand up in his estate a raiser of taxes,' etc.) overleaping at one bound the gulf of ages, and making a new beginning with the existing head of the French monarchy in the latter part of last century. Louis XVI., according to Frere, came next in Daniel's prophetic outline to Antiochus Epiphanes,—he being the chief representative of the later Roman, as Antiochus had been of the later Grecian empire, and famous (as every one knows, and as so many improvident monarchs have been) for the trouble he had in the raising of taxes. Then, in ver. 21, under 'the vile person' that was to succeed him, comes, of course, Napoleon Bonaparte, whom Frere identified with the antichrist in what he conceived to be its last and infidel form; in whom, therefore, were to be consummated the worst and most terrible things connected with that impersonation in Scripture. This view was set forth, not only at great length, but also with perfect confidence in the justness of his principles, and the certainty of his conclusions. He spoke in as assured a tone of the approaching future as of the recent past: 'The period of the destruction of the fourth beast [*i.e.*, according to Mr Frere, as represented by the infidel antichrist, or Napoleon], and of its little horn [the papal antichrist], being a period of 30 years, commencing in the year 1792; or, as we should rather say, being the last thirty of a period of 1290 years, commencing in the month of March 533, it will terminate between the month of March 1822 and March 1823; and there can be little doubt that the prophetic hour will strike with the same precision at the expiration of this period, by the overthrow of the infidel power, the final destruction of the papacy, and the restoration of the Jews, as it did in the year 1792, by the overthrow of the French monarchy, and the commencement of the downfall of the papacy' (p. 210, 2d ed.). The specified period came, indeed; but with it no prophetic hour struck, such as Mr Frere had an-

nounced. Napoleon, his infidel antichrist, died in 1821; and all that concerned infidelity, papacy, and the Jews, remained much as it had been.

Mr Frere, however, though sadly disconcerted by the result, was not by any means driven from the field. By renewed and closer inspection, he discovered that the latter part of Daniel's prophecy was not so explicit as he had at first imagined; and though he still clung to the conviction that it was one power throughout (viz., the infidel antichrist) which formed the subject of discourse from ver. 21, yet he now apprehended it might admit of a division, as between Napoleon and some one that could in a measure be identified with him—one 'so united in character and situation with Napoleon the Great, as to be considered in the prophetical writings as the same individual.' Who might more naturally be thought to hold such a relationship than his son? Accordingly, with a modification to this extent, the scheme was again propounded in a series of letters on prophecy; and in a new edition of the 'Combined View' (1826), Napoleon, it was now set forth, had been the seventh head of the Roman empire; and the eighth, who was to be of the seven—the same, and yet different—this was young Napoleon, who must become King of Rome, and fulfil what his father had left unaccomplished. But, sooth to say, the prophetic hour again failed to strike; young Napoleon soon went the way of all flesh, and the current of events had to proceed without him. Some time after this second catastrophe had befallen his prophetical scheme, in the year 1833, Mr Frere published three letters more, in which he confessed his former mistakes, and the discouragement they had caused him; but still declared his stedfast belief, not only in the truthfulness of the prophecies, but also of the substantial correctness of his mode of interpreting them, and his abiding expectation that some individual, having a certain connection with the dynasty of Napoleon, should yet arise in France, and establish an infidel power of the worst kind in Rome. Hence, from the time that the present Louis Napoleon grasped the reins of government in France, and proclaimed it as his peculiar destiny to carry out the ideas of his great relative, the hopes of Mr Frere revived, and the movements of the political world became again the object of deep and earnest consideration. Here, at last, seemed to be the true successor of Bonaparte—one, too, manifestly not restrained by any religious scruple from acting the infidel's part, if that should anyhow suit the purposes of his ambition. Possibly, after having established his power in France, he might aspire to be King of Rome, and, in the whirl of events ensuing, would be hurried on to overturn the papal throne, and lay claim to a universal lordship over the nations. How strangely did not something of this sort begin to

loom in the political horizon when the Italian campaign of 1859 was formally entered on! Surely now the prophetic hour, so long expected, is going to strike! So Mr Frere concluded; and in haste to vindicate his prophetic insight, which had rather fallen into disrepute, he republished some of his former letters, virtually exclaiming, Well, who is right now? Had not I good ground, after all, for announcing who was to be King at Rome? The clock most distinctly had warned; but it could not be charmed to do more: it has obstinately refused to strike the actual prophetic hour. Instead of becoming Rome's infidel and blasphemous head, Louis Napoleon remains simply Emperor of France—nay, still 'the eldest son of the Church,' the very prop of the papal throne; while not an infidel antichrist, but a most 'Christian king,' holds the sceptre, and possesses the real sovereignty, of the Italian peninsula.

Whether Mr Frere's long-cherished convictions and hopes have survived this more recent discouragement, we have no certain knowledge—though, speaking on presumptive grounds, we have no doubt that they do; for, where the mind has surrendered itself to such a spirit of soothsaying as appears in his writings, it comes under a kind of hallucination, which the clearest evidence is powerless to dispel, and which successive defeats only brace to fresh and more resolute endeavours. If it be a compensation for such defeats as a prognosticator of events, to win success as a leader of opinion, that compensation eminently belongs to Mr Frere; for there is now a considerable party, numbering many clergymen in the Church of England, officers in the army, and Christians in private life, who have espoused his distinctive tenets. Faber, in his latter days, gave up the points wherein he differed from these, and announced his belief, not only in the manifestation of an infidel antichrist, but in the present Napoleon as being at once such an antichrist, and the last head of the Roman empire. A host of little productions have appeared during the last few years, advocating the same views, and circulating, we understand, in thousands. We will briefly glance at a few of them. 'Who will rule in Rome?' by James Verner, Esq., is simply an echo of Mr Frere, being little more than a selection from his writings, and desecrating in 'recent events' (such as they were two or three years ago) evidence so conclusive of the correctness of his views, that the writer deemed it enough to point attention to them. 'The Speaking Image, or Napoleonism Prophetically Unveiled,' published at Brighton in 1861, is a strong blast in the same direction. The present Emperor of France is both the image of the beast portrayed in Rev. xiii., and the eighth head of the Roman empire; and the very name not doubtfully indicates it: for, by a little

manipulation, the letters can be made to yield the number 666; and, besides, 'Napoleon has Apollyon mysteriously hidden under it.' Another publication related to this, 'The Enigma, or the Septimo-octavo Roman Emperorship,' by Paul Foscett, only so far differs from the preceding, that it denies the propriety of applying what is written of the speaking image to Louis Napoleon, and also holds it to be a mistake to regard him as yet fully manifested in the character of antichrist; but quite concurs in ascribing this character to him, and constantly looks for its proper development. A longer treatise—indeed, a little volume—entitled, 'A Brief Exposition of Daniel and St John,' by Thomas Stephen, travels over wider ground, but in regard to the points more immediately in view arrives at the same conclusion: Napoleon is the infidel antichrist, the beast rising from 'the bottomless pit of revolutionary violence' (p. 223); his occupation of Syria (about which time the book appeared) is held to be 'probably the entrance on his last war against the word of God.' His proceedings there were expected to provoke an invasion of Turkey by Russia; but, at all events, 'the confederated enemies of God, under the leadership of Napoleon Bonaparte, will be destroyed in the valley of Megiddon;' and in 1864 the mystery of iniquity is to be 'finally extinguished in bloodshed so great, that the apostle uses a hyperbole to describe it—'*reaching to the horses' bridles*' (pp. 240, 241). To specify further publications of this class may seem needless; but we must still refer to one or two more, which are substantially of the same class, though they belong also, in part, to another school of prophetic interpretation—that which goes by the name of the Futurists. This school is but another development of the extreme literalism which forms the guiding principle of the writers just noticed, combining, also, with the application of literalism to the words of prophecy a most fanciful and capricious adjustment of their connection. Most of the writers belonging to it do much the same with Daniel's prophecy respecting the seventy weeks in chap. ix., as Mr Frere and his followers have done with that respecting the successive kings in chap. xi. Those seventy weeks, which are commonly understood to have run their complete course (as weeks of years) with the consummation of Christ's course on earth, are by this class of interpreters divided into two distinct and far separate portions: the one consisting of sixty-nine, which closed with the death of Christ; and the other, of the remaining week, or seventieth, which they transfer from the beginning to the end of the Gospel age. This last seven they connect, not with Christ, but with 'the prince that should come to destroy the city and sanctuary' (in ver. 26), whom they suppose to be at once the eighth head of Rome and the infidel antichrist; and with

the same also they connect what is said in the next verse (ver. 27) about the covenant being confirmed with many for one week (properly, for many one week); the many being, according to them, the Jewish people, and the confirmer of the covenant the infidel antichrist. In accordance with this view, the whole of the Apocalypse, from the end of chap. iii., is referred by them to the last times; it is chiefly an expansion of Daniel's last week, depicting the closing scenes of the present dispensation with its triumphant issues; whence its names and dates are all to be taken with historical strictness. Israel means simply the posterity of Jacob; the temple, the sacred building to be yet erected in Jerusalem; the two witnesses, Elijah and another prophet; the beast, a person, infidel antichrist (we rather wonder they did not smell something of figure in their interpretation here); 1260 days, $3\frac{1}{2}$ years, etc., just so many days or years, etc. In the application of this historical literalism, a section of the school (headed by Mr Burgh, Dr Todd, and a few more) include the seventy weeks of Daniel; these are with them so many literal weeks, and are, not in part, as by the others, but in whole, transferred to the time of the end; they hold the entire prophecy to be still unfulfilled. This latter and more extreme section of Futurists have so far an advantage; they escape all comparison, and consequently any effectual check from the actual course of providence: for nearly all that is specific being consigned to the still undeveloped future, there is hardly anything to be compared; the whole swims like a vision in the air, and can only be tested by the rules of sound scriptural interpretation. But the other sections are greatly the more numerous and popular; with only subordinate differences, they agree respecting the final form and manifestation of antichrist, the antichrist strictly so called, and so far they stand in close affinity to the school of Frere.

To exhibit this, and to save much needless labour in the mode of doing it, we shall merely refer to a pamphlet before us, which aims at presenting in a brief compass an outline of the views generally received by the parties in question regarding things supposed to be immediately in prospect. It is that entitled, 'Louis Napoleon, the Infidel Antichrist,' etc., by the Rev. M. Baxter, Missionary of the Church of England at Onondaga, Canada West, 1861. The main positions of this treatise are—that the infidel antichrist will confirm a seven years' covenant with the Jews about the year 1861; that Louis Napoleon is the infidel antichrist; and that some of the living saints will be translated about 1863–64, before Napoleon's three and a half years' persecution commences. In connection with the first of these points, Mr Baxter produces evidence from twelve writers, showing that 'Daniel's seventieth week falls at the close of the Christian eco-

onomy, and will be fulfilled by a seven years' covenant being confirmed between the infidel antichrist and the Jews about seven years before the end of the Christian dispensation.' These twelve writers are—the late Mr Bickersteth, T. Birks, Sir Edward Denny, B. W. Newton, Dr Tregelles, H. Kelshall, E. Taunton, C. Molyneux, C. Maitland, H. Guinness, W. Burgh, Purdon. Instead of seven years, however, some of them, as already noticed, would make the time only seven days; but this is judged a matter of minor importance. And 'the great truth,' says Mr Baxter, 'which is clear as the sun at noonday (such is the marvellous assurance a clergyman of the Church of England can assume on such a subject), but which requires to be made more generally known, is, that Daniel's seventieth week is the period of the last antichrist's seven years' covenant with the Jews, and its commencement is the warning signal, that in about seven years' time this dispensation will end.' This last week of years, according to Bickersteth and Birks, to whom Mr Baxter adheres with implicit confidence, was just beginning when his treatise was issued in 1861. But he does not rest simply on their testimony; for he appeals to no fewer than twenty-five writers,—Frere, Cooper, Croly, Cuninghame, Elliott, Cumming, etc.,—as all concurring in the opinion, which their different publications have made extensively known, that the end of the present dispensation, or the period of the second advent, is to fall somewhere between 1866 and 1868. So that the seven years' compact between Napoleon and the Jews ought to have taken place in 1861 at the latest. Mr Baxter, and no doubt many others, were quite persuaded that it would: the Jews (we were told) were to be forthwith back to Palestine; their new temple in Jerusalem was to be finished by 1865; and presently afterwards Napoleon is there to begin his blasphemies, and his general persecution against Christians. 'Popery, as a system, is to be destroyed about 1864,' although the Pope and his ecclesiastics are to be allowed to linger out their existence a little longer, and go to Jerusalem, where he is to become Napoleon's false prophet, and, along with Napoleon, to be destroyed at Armageddon, and cast into the lake of fire in 1868.

So far from this writer being at all peculiar in so many specifications of time and place, we find, in another production, a little volume by a Major Scott Philipps, published in 1860, even more minutiae of the same kind. Quite agreed with the preceding writer in the main, he held that Napoleon began his special proceedings as the antichrist in 1860; that his covenant with the Jews was to be formed in 1862; that it was to be broken off in three and a half years after; that in 1863 he is to reign as antichrist on the earth, with supreme power; subdue the territories

once reigned over by Nebuchadnezzar ; work miracles by Satanic agency ; in 1865 begin a sanguinary persecution against the people of God ; and in 1867 come to his end with none to help him (pp. 57, 98). The Major carries his military habits with him into the prophetical territory, and bravely dashes through all the difficulties that seem to stand in the way. Gog was to be drawn back by a hook of six teeth (Ezek. xxxix. 2, adopting an old and utterly false rendering), and this was fulfilled by *six* nations signing the treaty of Paris in 1856, to support Turkey against Russia. Among other changes—changes of all sorts to be presently effected on Palestine and the surrounding regions—there are, of course, to be railroads ; for in the blessing pronounced on Asher, which is then to be strictly realized, it was said, ‘Thy shoes shall be iron and brass,’ in which we have ‘a just emblem of a modern railway ;’ and a railway, accordingly, is sketched from Antioch to the Persian Gulf. So, too, in ‘the abundance of the seas and the treasures hid in the sands’ promised to Issachar and Zebulun, our author foresees a fine traffic about to be established on the Gulf of Akabah, and many a treasure-trove to be dug out of the sand-drifts of the neighbouring deserts. Good prospects for our enterprising men of business ! and so near at hand, that it might almost seem time for some London company to be taking up the matter !

Such is the character, and such are the more immediate issues, of that mode of interpretation which has of late commended itself to the great proportion of those who have been striving, and have also in great measure succeeded in their striving, to form the popular belief on the subject of unfulfilled prophecy. It is for the verification of views so singularly elicited, and so confidently propounded, that thousands, especially among the evangelical clergy of the Church of England and their flocks, are daily looking with the most intense anxiety. While this temper prevails, and publications such as those we have been passing under review are flooding the land, can we wonder that works devoted to a calm, serious, and learned discussion of the subject, have almost ceased to appear ? There is no longer any taste for these among the persons who interest themselves most deeply in such themes ; they have come to consider themselves as approaching the consummation of an eventful drama, and must have food adapted to the state of feverish excitement in which they find themselves : nothing can appear deserving of their perusal, or be regarded as coming up to the proper measure of knowledge and discernment, which does not show how the lines of prophecy are meeting in the current events of the day. We fear that, in not a few, the picture drawn by an experienced hand more than a quarter of a century ago, is but too closely realized : ‘There is scarcely any

sobriety of temper which can secure the mind against fanatical restlessness, when once the habit has been formed of collating daily the newspaper and the prophets; and the man who, with a feeble judgment and an excitable imagination, is constantly catching at political intelligence—Apocalypse in hand—walks on the verge of insanity, or worse, of infidelity. In this feverish state of the feelings, mundane interests, under the guise of faith and hope, occupy the soul, to the exclusion of things unseen and eternal.¹ The publications at which we have glanced bear unmistakeable evidence of this. They are painfully occupied with the plans and projects of politicians, or the merely formal relations of ecclesiastical systems and parties, which cannot but reduce things of higher moment to a subordinate place, even though they are not wholly excluded from consideration. What is chiefly made account of by such writers partakes almost equally of the puerile and the carnal—accidental coincidences, names and insignia, worldly relationships, the economical or political condition of states and empires, climatic changes, commercial or civic improvements—things which in every age have been in motion, and, at most, but incidentally touch on the higher interests of religion. Here, also, the head of gold seems to have degenerated into feet of clay and iron; what began with apparent zeal for the honour of God's word, has run out into a medley of flesh and spirit, in which the former has obtained much the larger share.

But that is not the worst; for many, disgusted by the extravagances which have overspread this portion of the prophetic field, and perplexed by the contending claims of rival expositions, which seem alike arbitrary, turn from the whole subject of prophecy, as a matter with which it is best meanwhile not to intermeddle. It presents to their view the aspect of a heaving and troubled chaos, which it is for more adventurous spirits than theirs to try to reduce to light and order. And when the veracity of the Bible is so rashly staked by being committed to expectations which the course of events may any day scatter to the winds, which it has many a time so scattered, and is at this moment scattering before our eyes,—who can tell in how many minds the recoil of unbelief may be ready to take the place of disappointed credulity? 'It is putting,' as was justly said by the writer recently quoted, 'the credit of Christianity at pawn in the hands of infidelity, to be lost beyond recovery, if not redeemed on a day specified by the fanatic for the verification of his word.' If the result of such speculations—presented, as they are, in the form of things most certainly to be believed and looked for—be not the augmentation and emboldening of un-

¹ *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, p. 116.

belief, it will assuredly be due to something else than the wisdom of their authors.

There will, doubtless, be some who, like the late distinguished Robert Hall, have strength of mind and fixedness of principle sufficient to withstand the shock, and who may, perhaps, take occasion from it, as he certainly did, to rise to more correct views of the nature and proper function of prophecy, in relation to the future dispensations of Providence. A few years after the battle of Waterloo, he is reported to have said to a friend, 'I have scarcely thought of the unfulfilled prophecies since that event. It overturned all the interpretations which had been previously advanced by those who had been thought sound theologians, and gave new energy to the Pope and the Jesuits, both of whom seemed rapidly coming to nothing, as the predictions appeared to teach. That battle and its results seemed to me to put back the clock of the world six degrees.'¹ In some respects, it might justly enough be said to have done so, though only to prepare the way for safer or more accelerated progress afterwards. But if the students of prophecy had been able to discern aright the signs of the times, the things which then happened would have materially helped them to a better apprehension of the subject, and saved them from the folly of repeating similar prognostications, to be inevitably followed by similar disappointments and misgivings. This effect appears to have been, in a measure, produced upon Hall; for though he never gave himself to any close or critical examination of the prophetic Scriptures, we yet find him, in one of his noblest discourses, throwing out views on the general character of prophecy, which seem to indicate a decided advance on his previous position. 'The prophetic part of the word of God, while it contains some general intimation of future events, is expressed in language, or denoted by imagery, proverbially obscure. This is intended to afford some general knowledge of the future, or it would not be prophecy; but, at the same time, obscurity forms a necessary ingredient. Were it free from that—were it like the language of narrative—it would give such a distinct knowledge of the future event, as would lead some persons to use means for the purpose of accomplishing it by their own power, and tempt others presumptuously to endeavour to frustrate it. The infinite wisdom of God appears in His foretelling future events in such a manner that, when they arrive, they accurately correspond to the prophecy in a variety of particulars; while, in the meantime, the events are so darkly shadowed, that the human agents by whom they are accomplished are ignorant that, in so doing, they are, in fact, fulfilling the counsels of Heaven. Prophecy (he therefore concludes) is not intended

to give men such a knowledge of futurity as to enable even the most sagacious to predict events. Those who have attempted with certainty to assign beforehand particular prophecies to particular events, have uniformly failed in their presumptuous endeavours.¹

It is possible, no doubt, to point to some apparent exceptions—a few fortunate guesses which have at times been hit upon; but they are no more than might fairly have been expected out of the infinite number of conjectures that have been hazarded. As a rule, such endeavours have palpably failed, although sometimes they have proceeded from quarters, and assumed a form, to which one is unwilling to apply the epithet *presumptuous*. Yet there must be the essence of presumption in endeavours which proceed on a misapprehension of the true genius of the prophetic word, and turn it virtually, and altogether beside its proper design, into an instrument of soothsaying,—however humble the spirit of the men who may have done so, and unfeignedly desirous to learn the mind of God. It would not be easy to name a theologian by whom these qualities were more remarkably possessed than the well-known Albert Bengel; and yet what has become of all his anticipations of specific events and periods raised from the prophetic symbols of the Apocalypse? Now that we know every one of them to have failed, how sad is it to read, yet how instructive, if we but read aright, some of the letters he wrote on the subject! ‘It is impossible for me,’ he says in one of these, of date 24th December 1724, ‘to withhold from you a disclosure, which, however, I must request you to keep entirely to yourself. By the help of the Lord, I have found the number of the beast. It is 666 years from A.D. 1143, to A.D. 1809. This key to the Apocalypse is of importance, and even consoles me with respect to the repeated losses of my infant children; for those who are born in this generation are entering into troublous times.’ And in another, written about the same time, ‘While I am computing the periods of sacred chronology, I feel astonished beyond measure that God should thus impart light concerning them to such a poor feeble creature as myself; indeed, if I at all stagger about my own computations, it is only when I wonder how it at length comes to pass that I should be the person to unfold such high and holy matters to the world.’ Alas! if estimated by the result, there had been found little in the discoveries either to endanger the humility or to affect the comfort of this man of God. And the many worthy and pious men of the present day who have refused to profit by the experience of interpreters like Bengel, and have in even a more assured tone adventured on the same line of prognostication, have in part already become, and

¹ Works, vol. vi., p. 57.

shall certainly ere long as a body be found, only so many beacons to warn future inquirers from pursuing a course which, from its very nature, is fraught with uncertainty and danger. Such prognostications are formed in violation of the great principles of interpretation, which ought ever to be applied to the prophetical Scriptures; and so long as those principles are either avowedly rejected or practically ignored, cycles of fallacious divination, with their natural sequel of groundless hopes and grievous disappointments, may confidently be looked for.

It would be out of place to enter into a formal examination of the principles in question, or to do more than very briefly refer to them. Yet, without *some* indication of their nature, the discussion we have gone into would be left without an appropriate conclusion; and we will therefore notice what we take to be a few of the leading points, though we must do so under the disadvantage of having to leave them without any adequate illustration. We must be viewed, therefore, rather as suggesting hints, than attempting to establish a series of thoroughly digested rules.

What we are disposed to place first in order, and to regard as an indispensable preliminary to all safe progress in prophetical interpretation, is a renunciation of the principle, that prophecy is just history written beforehand, and must be read like history. This idea has been the fertile source of numberless extravagances in interpretation, and is that which now at length has reached its proper culmination in the almost incredible absurdities of the extreme section of the Futurists. Of course, prophecy might have assumed, and in some particular cases did assume, very much the aspect of anticipated history; it could make its announcements, when circumstances so required, in the plainest and most direct language. Such, for example, were Elijah's announcements, that for certain years there should be no dew or rain in Israel but at his word; and that dogs should lick the blood of Ahab in the vineyard of Naboth, and of Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel. Such, too, were the specific announcements of our Lord to His disciples, in the latter days of His ministry, that He was going to be betrayed by one of their own number, rejected by the chief priests at Jerusalem, crucified, and on the third day raised again from the dead. But cases of this kind were somewhat exceptional, and were called forth by the peculiar urgency of the occasions. For the most part, as already stated in the course of our remarks, it was necessary for the higher ends of prophecy that a certain disguise should be thrown around its intimations of the future, and that, like the prefigurations of type, it should still partly conceal, even while it in a measure disclosed, the events and objects to which it pointed. Hence it naturally clothed its prospective delineations to a large extent in the

language of figure and symbol. Language of this sort, which necessarily has something of the poetical in it, arose also from the circumstance that, though not always, yet in the great majority of instances (and indeed according to the rule, Numb. xii. 6-8), the revelations of prophecy were given in vision, when the mind of the prophet was in an ecstatic condition, and was conscious of frames and feelings that are closely allied to the poetical. A poetical or figurative element, therefore, in the form of their communications, was just as natural to the prophets, as it is foreign to the simple and unadorned narrative of the historian. Not unfrequently it occurs in modes of representation, which it is scarcely possible for the most stupid or prosaic mind to misapprehend,—as when Ezekiel represents Israel as having had the Amorite for his father, and the Hittite for his mother; when Jeremiah speaks of hearing the voice of Rachel weeping for her children; or when Isaiah portrays the approaching descent of Babylon into the chambers of Sheol, and the reception of its monarch there among the ghosts of the departed. The common defect lies in failing to assign to this principle either the deep ground or the breadth of application that properly belongs to it; and this especially in the exposition of the Apocalypse, where the property in question finds its highest exemplification in a continued drapery of allegory and symbol. To read this book after the fashion of the Futurists, and of some others not materially different, betrays an incapacity for the interpretation of such writings, that reminds one of the peer, in Queen Anne's time, who took Gulliver's Travels for a literal history, and is reported to have said, that, for himself, he really could not bring himself to believe all that was in that book!

We hope that a reaction on this point is already beginning to work in those who, on subjects of a religious nature, are assuming the direction of the popular mind. A symptom of it, we are willing to believe, appears in a lecture delivered during last season in Exeter Hall, on the 'Uses of Prophecy,' by Dr Magee, rector of Enniskillen,—a very sensible and spirited production throughout; for while, at the place we refer to, he is speaking only of the impropriety and evil consequence of looking at prophecy and its fulfilment with too exclusive a respect to the evidence it affords of the divine authority of the Bible, he, at the same time, draws attention to the excess into which interpretations have been carried on the side of literalism. 'The result has been,' he justly says, 'not only that we have lost sight somewhat of the religious use, but have actually weakened the evidential value, of prophecy. We have strained, perhaps, the words of some prophecies; have insisted too strictly always on literal fulfilments; have sometimes turned metaphor into fact,

and poetry into prose, while we have overlooked that mighty evidence which lies in the very fact of this progressive and continuous religious teaching of the prophets.' Very sensibly, and, we may add, very temperately spoken, considering the enormous mass of crudities that must have been in the speaker's eye.

It is possible, however, to admit the figurative character of many of the delineations of prophecy, and yet so circumscribe its range or limit its application, that no satisfactory or certain result is attained. We therefore hold it to be another point essential to success in prophetical interpretations, that there be a consistent and harmonious explanation of their style of representation, especially of that which is more peculiarly characteristic of each writer. The prophets, as well as the other inspired penmen, have their respective peculiarities of form and method; they are distinguished one from another by their greater or less resort to symbolical and figurative language, and also by the way and manner in which it is constructed. We must consequently endeavour, as far as possible, to make each prophet his own interpreter, in order to catch the minuter shades of meaning, and the precise aspects of things, which presented themselves to his mind. But since there could manifestly be no certainty in the prophetical language, and no safeguard against arbitrariness and caprice in the interpretation of it, unless there had been some principle of order, some consistent method regulating its use, no interpreter can have any reasonable prospect of success, who, regardless of this, isolates particular passages, and gives to their imagery a sense or an application that accords ill with other parts of the writings to which they belong. The confusion that has been brought into the interpretation of the Apocalypse from this source alone is endless; it is to be met with, in different degrees, no doubt, but with very considerable frequency, in all the productions formerly referred to, in Elliott also, and others of the higher class. We find them understanding mountains in one place literally, in another figuratively; the star falling from heaven figuratively, but the waters into which it fell literally; Babylon they take in the spiritual sense, but its river Euphrates in the literal; the sea which was seen no more when the former things had past away, is figurative, but the city which comes down from heaven is literal;¹ a spiritual Israel, often also a spiritual Jerusalem, but a literal Armageddon, etc. It is perfectly inconceivable that the Apocalypse should have been written in a style so utterly incongruous; for had it been so, the

¹ So, at least, Dr Cumming, and a considerable part of the later writers. 'Why should it not be a literal city?' asks the author of 'The Apocalypse Expounded,' Nisbet, 1861. He scorns the idea, that it violates the proper laws of interpretation to take the words literally; for, 'is there anything absurd in the supposition in God's letting down a city from above?'

fundamental laws of the kind of composition to which it belongs had been violated, and certainty as to the meaning had been precluded by the very structure of the vision—guesses more or less probable is all that the most careful exposition of its contents could have reached. The Spirit of God, we may rest assured, will make Himself known as the author of order in the prophetic revelations he gives to the churches, not less than in the government He establishes among them.

If the violation of this principle, however, has been more marked in regard to the interpretation of the Apocalypse than most other books of prophetic Scripture, there has also been no want of examples of it in reference to them. These occur especially in connection with the announcements of a sort of repetition of the past to take place in the future, which are taken, some one way, and some another, as it suits the fancy of the interpreter. Israel, for example, is threatened on account of sin with a return to Egypt, or to the wilderness; then he has the promise of a flourishing condition in Canaan, with David for a king to reign over him. Again, in another connection, Elias is spoken of as going to come back, and many places and peoples also of the olden time—Moab, Tyre, Babylon, even Sodom and Gomorrha. Now, such representations are plainly of a piece; they belong to essentially the same style of address; and it stands to reason, that if one or more of them are to be viewed as figurative modes of speech (presenting what is to be as *relatively* but not *actually* the same with what has been), so also should the rest. It will not do, as many have done, and are ever doing, to take what is said of the return to Egypt, and the wilderness, of the raising up again of David, and such like, in a figurative or relative sense; but to insist on a literal Elias, or a literal rebuilding of the cities of the plain, and a literal restoration of the ancient centres of population and influence. The establishment of sound principles of interpretation, with their consistent application, will assuredly drive such arbitrariness off the field; and those who have studied the subject with some care, and have made themselves acquainted with the essential nature of prophecy, can have no doubt which of the modes of explanation should in such cases be made to rule the other. Often in the history of God's dispensations has the new had its prototype or shadow in the old, but never has the old itself actually reappeared; even the bodies of God's people, which are again to be restored to them, shall come back very different from what they were in the past. Nowhere is there a formal repetition.

It would, we may add, contribute not a little to this proper and consistent explanation of the symbolical language of prophecy, if the writings of the prophets themselves were studied more, and

less regard were paid to human authorities,—in particular, to the fathers. For, in respect especially to unfulfilled prophecy, the tendency has ever been (in patristic as well as later times), to isolate particular predictions, and judge of their import by appearances, which might seem for the time to have a partial conformity with the terms, though possibly not such as could ever yield a proper fulfilment of what was spoken. The fathers, too, it must be remembered, and earlier writers generally, however privileged in some respects, stood here at a certain disadvantage; for, above all other parts of Scripture, the prophetical writings have light thrown upon them by the march of providence, and nearness to the fulfilment gives the better opportunities for knowing what kind of fulfilment to expect. This was long ago well expressed by Warburton, in regard to a point on which the popular writers of the present day have, we are persuaded, got entirely into a wrong track, and have been in great part misled by the crude speculations or hasty inferences of some of the fathers. We refer to the subject of the antichrist, and specially to the notions that this portent is to take the form of outrageous infidelity or atheism, and in that form culminate in a single individual, such as the French Napoleon. We believe such a notion to be destitute of any proper support from the language of Scripture, when fairly interpreted; but there can be no doubt it derives countenance from comments found in the patristic writings. The Spiritualist party among the Franciscan monks were the first distinctly to apply the description of the antichrist to the head of the papacy: they did so in their violent contests with successive popes during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. And as betwixt them and the early fathers, who took a different view, Warburton, in opposition to Grotius, draws attention to an important distinction, which ought to be kept steadily in view. He says: ‘In a *history of things past*, and recorded in the learned languages, the languages of the times, the best scholar and most sagacious critic, without doubt, bids fairest for the best interpreter; and the earlier he is to the subject, the better chance he has of being in the right. But in a *prophecy of things to come*, foretold in all its circumstances, common sense assures us, that he is most likely to interpret best who lives latest, and comes nearest to the time of completion; for he who has seen one part already fulfilled, a part which gives light to the remainder yet unfulfilled, will certainly be best able to judge of the whole, and best understand to what object it capitally relates. The most exalted genius, with the exactest knowledge of antiquity and skill in languages, could not enable the early fathers of the church to form any tolerable judgment of a thing at that time almost totally hidden in futurity; especially if it

were (as was the case here) in a matter of which the mind of man, for want of the knowledge or experience of anything similar, could have no conception. On the other hand, the profoundest ignorance, in the want of all these accomplishments, could not hinder the most stupid monk from seeing what was before his eyes,—antichrist in pontificals, and the man of sin arrived at his full stature. Thus the Franciscans, without a miracle, had the honour of starting antichrist in his form, which, without a miracle, the Origenes and the Chrysostoms must hunt after in vain.¹ Greatly higher authorities than our popular writers on prophecy would do well to mark, and reflect a little more on the principle involved in this distinction.

Another important element in prophetic interpretations, certainly not inferior to those already noticed, has respect to the predominantly moral or spiritual aim of prophecy, especially as seen in the fulfilments given to its grander announcements at the Gospel era, and necessitated for all future time by the change then introduced into the form of the divine administration. It was so, indeed, even before this period. The prophets were, from the first, much more teachers of religious truth than foretellers of future events; they were the more select representatives of Heaven to their people and age, and as such necessarily became bearers of communications which had respect mainly to the great principles of truth and duty. These ever were the primary interests they had in view; and whatever they might disclose of things to come, could be nothing more than subsidiary. But in this respect, as in others, everything took a fresh start, and entered on a higher development at the commencement of the Gospel. And of that formative period nothing can be more manifest than that the things which chiefly contributed to render it what it was, took far less of an outward and carnal direction, and had more of spiritual grace and life, than the Jewish people, or even the better portion of them, as represented by the disciples, expected. It was here, indeed, that their most serious mistakes and disappointments originated; and what happened then was designed to serve as a perpetual instruction and warning to the church of future times. The work and kingdom of Christ, it was found, concerned themselves but little with the interests of flesh and time; they touched only incidentally on political relations, and soared quite above the ambition of earthly states. Jesus, indeed, as ancient prophecy foretold, had a mighty conflict to wage, a victory to win, a people to form to Himself, a temple to rear for the glory of the Father; but they were all effected without a sword being drawn, a fleshly weapon of any kind employed, or the least dependence placed on worldly

¹ Works, vol. x., p. 194. Disc. on 2 Pet. i. 16, 21.

schemes and political organizations. It was throughout spiritual in its nature and results : it was spiritual truths He taught, spiritual interests He secured, a spiritual kingdom He set up ; and for the one grand purpose of reconciling sinners to God, and preparing them for the inheritance of His glory. It is as if men forgot all this, and returned again to the weak and beggarly elements of pharisaical folly and earthliness, when, in attempting to forecast the future of prophecy, they fall to discourse about the intricate plots and movements of worldly kingdoms, watch with anxiety the ambitious projects of godless potentates, contemplate the formation of canals and railroads, and other such things pertaining to the merely physical or economical well-being of commonwealths. The kingdom of God does not consist in these, nor, we may be sure, does His prophetic word to the church occupy itself much about them ; and the endless details into which we are led respecting them, especially by writers on the Apocalypse,—nor these only, but the stress laid on such comparatively unimportant things as the successive constitutional changes in the old Roman empire ; the pedigree even, the attire and insignia, of some of its heads ; the decrees of individual emperors or particular councils ; the horse-tail standards of the Turks ; the three-frog arms of ancient France, etc.,—altogether look more like a burlesque on the prophetical Scriptures, than a proper and becoming illustration of them. Prophecy, as an exhibition of the mind of God, must look far deeper, both for the evil and the good of which it speaks ; and schemes built on such shallow foundations can never prove more in the future than they have done in the past—castles in the air. In particular, it is not the Pope's external sway at Rome, but the sway of popery itself over the hearts and consciences of so many people, which, either in its existence or its overthrow, can materially affect the kingdom of Christ, and consequently can enter much into the intimations of prophecy. Rome may pass through many a change before the desired result in this respect is accomplished.

Once more, it should be borne in mind that prophecy, from its very nature—especially from the mode of its revelation by vision, and the studied symbolism under which it is delivered—cannot be understood to intimate very definitely the time and relative order of coming events. Successive visions passed before the spiritual eye of the prophets ; but the realities to which they pointed were not necessarily successive in point of time ; they might be—sometimes (as in the two dreams of Pharaoh, and some of the visions of Daniel)—we know that they were contemporaneous rather than successive, and differing chiefly in respect to the particular aspects they presented of the kingdom of God, or of other kingdoms in relation to it. Even when succes-

sive, the periods between one stage and another might be great or little, according to the nature of the movements delineated, without any specific notes of time being given in the prediction, because none were furnished in the vision. And still further, when indications of time *are* given, the very form these are usually thrown into bears on it an enigmatical impress; while it affords materials for inquiry, perhaps supplies grounds for probable expectation, it carries with it an admonition to the exercise of a cautious and prudent reserve. Calculations made out with arithmetical precision, and announced with oracular confidence, betray their own folly.

But we shall pursue the subject no further. We have only indicated a few of the greater landmarks in this difficult and perplexed field of inquiry. Even were such generally recognised and observed, there would still, doubtless, be room for differences of opinion, among persons of independent judgment, on many particular points. But these might gradually lessen or disappear, if only the fundamental principles were agreed on. And till this be done, we augur nothing but fresh manifestations of that rash and hap-hazard spirit of soothsaying, which has wrought so perniciously in the past, and has seldom been more busily at work than it appears to be in certain quarters at the present time.

- ART. VII.—1. *Damas et le Liban. Extraits du Journal d'un Voyage en Syrie au printemps du 1860.* Londres, 1861.
 2. *L'Orient rendu à lui-même. Par S. A. Mano.* Paris, 1862.
 3. *Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel, 1861.* Edited by FRANCIS GALTON. London, 1862.
 4. *Syria and the Syrians.* By GREGORY M. WORTABET. London, 1856.
 5. *Proceedings of British Association, 1862.* Section E.—*Geography and Ethnography.*

OLD as the world is, and wise and moral as kings and people have become, at every new turn of international politics we are still reminded of the fable of the fox and the lamb. Talk as we may,—wish as we must that it were otherwise,—Might still makes Right all the world over; and right is only sure of being respected when it can transmute itself into ‘big battalions.’ The old farce, which governments never seem to think stale, and which so often precedes a tragedy, has begun again; and the chief players are strutting about in their masks, previous to the rising of the curtain on another version of that serious drama, the Eastern question. Ten years ago the quarrel was about the keys of the Holy Sepulchre: this year it was about mending the roof. Anything will do for a pretext. In 1852 the quarrel was between France and Russia, with Turkey acting as a sorely perplexed mediator. Now—ominous conjunction!—France and Russia have exhibited themselves in perfect accord, and poor Turkey is about to be put into the cleft stick. The menacing rumours current in June and July have grown faint again: but it does not require the vision of a seer to tell us that the re-opening of the Eastern Question is only postponed, and to a not distant date.

It hardly needed this new imbroglio to attract public attention to the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. Syria and the adjoining regions have, of late years, been rising more and more into men's thoughts. Half a century ago, when Lady Hester Stanhope, after the death of her great uncle, took ship and embarked with all her goods for the Syrian shore—to watch the stars from the old convent of Mar Elias, and be crowned Queen at Palmyra by the wild Arabs of the desert—she went thither as to an out-of-the-way corner of the earth, where she could give scope to her heroic nature and bizarre caprices, unchecked by the staid world of which she had grown weary, and which, perhaps, had grown a little weary of her. More recently, when Lamartine went thither on his famous pilgrimage,—self-exiled

for the health's sake of his little Julie, whom he left at last in a Syrian grave,—the journey was so rarely undertaken, that he equipped himself with the retinue of a prince; and it is the highest compliment to the popularity of his charming 'Voyage en Orient,' to record that the sale of the book compensated the profusion of its author. Now we think nothing of the 'excursion.' We 'do' Egypt and Syria in the winter months, as we do Norway in the summer. Egypt is already half occidentalized, and projects are on foot which will ere long work similar changes in Syria,—projects political as well as commercial. A railroad projected from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates; a good road completed from the coast to Damascus; silk factories on the slopes of the Lebanon; regular steamers to Beyroot; and, above all these, the action of foreign Powers, watching and waiting for the expected hour when their influence and their arms are to be exerted on this important isthmal region of the Old World. As if to symbolize the current of political thought, royal and princely visits to Syria have of late years taken place in remarkable succession. First, the Grand Duke Constantine, brother and representative of the imperial head of the Greek Church. Next, in the spring of 1860, the Comte de Paris, the heir of the ex-royal house of Orleans, who has given us his impressions of the visit in an elegant and thoughtful narrative. Thereafter the last of the Bourbons of France, the Count de Chambord, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Places. And, to close this series of royal visits, which have all taken place within the last three years, our own Prince of Wales recently returned from a similar expedition. As if in turn, the Viceroy of Egypt has come to visit the Courts of England and France. Thus, by many different ways, the thoughts of men have been directed with more than usual interest to the countries of the Levant. And in these different events, each of small importance taken by itself, we behold expressions of that widely-felt interest and unconscious restlessness which so often are manifested on the eve of great events.

The tourist in Syria, as he travels along the rough roads or bridle paths, does not readily discern any explanation of the importance which, by general consent, the governments of Europe attach to that corner of the Ottoman Empire. It is certainly no Eldorado. There are no accumulated treasures. A single millionaire Hebrew of the West could table as much ready money as the entire population of Syria could produce. The country is little better than a desert. Anarchy and apathy reign together. The wandering Arab tribes, leaving their proper region, pass unopposed, in their leisurely turbulent way, right through the country, monopolizing for their herds and flocks the rich

plain of Esdraëlon, and pitching their black tents up to the foot of Mount Carmel. The Lebanon—the happiest and most prosperous part of the country—has been steeped in bloodshed, and blackened ruins remain as records of the sanguinary fray. Extortionate as the Turkish Government is—not so much from choice as from a helpless ignorance of financial administration—we believe that Syria actually costs as much as it yields. To add to the *désagréments* of this coveted country, the population is split up into a dozen different sections, either originally distinct, or who have parted asunder in religious feud, and all of whom are intensely jealous and opposed. A less inviting corner of the earth, one might think, could hardly be conceived; yet great Powers have fought over this dead carcase, and will, we doubt not, fight over it again. Napoleon invaded it, and to the last hour of his life regretted the ‘accident’ which compelled him to abandon it. Ibrahim Pasha, backed by France, coveted and conquered it. And only last year we had great difficulty in getting the troops of Napoleon III. out of it.

It is true the poverty and wretchedness of the country are not its own fault. It is a sad inheritance—a legacy from many centuries of misfortunes. The geographical position of Syria has been its ruin. Every lordly race of the Old World has been led thither in conquest. The central isthmus, the very neck of the Old World, its invaders have come from every point of the compass: the Assyrian and Persian from the east, the Greek and Roman from the west, the Arab from the south, the Mongol and Turk from the north. It is a land whose history presents a striking series of vicissitudes,—one violent change of dominion or of religion following hard upon another. It is the advent of a wanderer from the uplands of the Tigris and Euphrates that first dispels from Syria the darkness of pre-historic time. We see an Aramæan suddenly, on divine impulse, striking his tent by the Euphrates, near Ur of the Chaldees, and journeying with his family and flocks westward, round the northern edges of the Syrian desert, till he comes upon another region of fertility, and a new civilisation—if such it may be called,—and beholds the Syrian hills and towns, Damascus and the Cities of the Plain. Four centuries afterwards, the descendants of that patriarch, then become a nation, re-issuing from Egypt, accomplished the first invasion and partial conquest of Syria of which we have record. At that early time, we are told, Syria had not a few walled towns; the vine was cultivated, and, still more, if not the art, at least the usages of war. The whole interior of the country, up to the very edge of the Desert, was occupied by tribes who warred with one another, but who nevertheless spread population and cultivation over many dis-

tracts (especially to the east of the Jordan and Dead Sea) which now have been desert for long centuries. On the coast, the Phœnician race—skilled in manufactures, trading in ships, and warring in chariots and iron mail—had commenced that enterprising career which led them as traders or colonists to Greece, Carthage, Marseilles, and the distant shores of Britain. At the same epoch, Syria began to witness the inroads of the rival armies of Egypt and Assyria; and at length, about seven centuries before Christ, the Assyrian monarchy, then in the zenith of its power, dominated ruthlessly over the whole of Syria. Conquest made radical changes in those days. The greater portion of the Hebrew nation was carried away into servitude, never to return, other settlers being imported to fill their place: and thus Syria witnessed a second great change in its population, although the new settlers probably sprang from the same old stem from which Abraham had branched off. Next came the noble Persians, ruling Syria as a satrapy, but making little change in the customs or religion of the country. Alexander and his Greeks followed, giving rise to the great dynasty of the Seleucidæ, who had their capital at Antioch, and leavened with their influence the northern half of Syria. Tyre had fallen under the blow of Alexander, but a hundred other towns started into existence, or at least into new and higher life, under the Grecian rule; and Grecian art and civilisation dominated in the country even during all the subsequent rule of the Romans. For ages before Pompey led the Roman legions into Syria, highways of commerce traversing the country connected Tyre and Sidon and the coast of the Levant with Damascus, Babylon, and the countries of the East. Upon one of those highways, running through the Syrian desert, arose queenly Palmyra,—graceful and beautiful as the palm-trees from which it took its name, and whose extensive ruins, standing now amidst perfect solitude, still enchant the traveller who is sufficiently daring to journey through the sandy wastes and lawless Bedouins to visit them. (Posterity will be thankful that the enthusiastic spirit and pictorial genius of Carl Haag have preserved for them that lovely vision.) Baalbek, too, in the valley between the twin mountain-chains of Lebanon, arose with its magnificent Temple of the Sun, whose superb columns and architraves are deemed to have been the work of genii by the starving tribes who now drive their flocks over the waste but surpassingly prolific plain of the Bekaa.

Judaism, ever an isolated religion, in due time passed away from the hills of Palestine; and Christianity not only supplanted it, but triumphed also over the worship of Baal and Astarte, and the other forms of paganism which of old existed

along the coast and over all the northern half of Syria,—Antioch, afterwards the ‘eye of the Christian churches,’ certainly not excepted. But a new religion and a new power suddenly arose in the barren peninsula to the south; and the Arabs, under the successors of Mahomet, rushing as fierce conquerors into Syria, began the greatest and most destructive series of changes which that country has undergone. The supremacy of Islam was inaugurated by the stern Kaled amidst torrents of blood. Jerusalem became a Mahometan city,—a Mosque arose on the site of the Temple. Then it was, when the rule of the fanatic Moslem became intolerable, that the tales of suffering brought home by pilgrims aroused all Europe to rescue the Holy Land from the Saracen. Peter the Hermit, Godfrey, Tancred, and Richard of England, headed the fiery onsets; and for a time the chivalry of the West proved more than a match for the walled cities and swarming hosts opposed to them. For several generations the sea-coasts and the mountains were held by the Crusaders. The Counts of Tripoli and Thoulouse ruled their districts with settled sway, and not a few ruined castles in the Lebanon date their origin from that period. But the genius of Saladin and the dashing valour of his Arabians ere long turned the tide of victory into its old channel; and before the royal shroud raised aloft on his lance proclaimed at Damascus that the great Saladin was no more, Syria had fallen anew under the dominion of the Crescent. The religion of Christ then finally gave way before that of Mahomet. Only in parts of the Lebanon range which offered a refuge from the intolerance of the Moslem, did any Christian population exist; it became the home of the sect of the Maronites, who have preserved their Christianity (such as it is) to the present day. Once more, and in still more dreadful form, the waves of war and conquest rolled over Syria. Mongol and Turk, in repeated invasions, desolated the land, destroying cities, massacring inhabitants, and sweeping away first the rule of the Saracen Caliphs, and latterly the dominion of the Egyptian Mamlooks. For upwards of three centuries the Ottoman Turks have ruled in Syria; but unless we mistake the signs of the times, they will not rule much longer.

The present condition of Syria fitly accords with its past history. The population is not a tenth of what it once was, and cultivation has proportionately decreased. Many towns have wholly disappeared; mounds of ruins still attest the site of others. The slopes of Mount Lebanon and the barren hill-sides of Judea show marks of the ancient terraces; and vast regions of now desert plain on the eastern side of the mountains were of old the seat of populous towns. The present population of Syria, from Antioch and Aleppo to the deserts of Arabia, does not exceed

two millions and a half (less than the population of London!); whereas Judea alone, in the time of Titus, contained four millions. At whatever point the traveller enters the country, he steps upon ruins. Even at thriving Beyroot, he is reminded that there of old was the greatest school of law in the Roman Empire; and the ruins disinterred in every part of the environs show that the city is but a shadow of what it was. Of Seleucia, once containing 600,000 inhabitants, nothing remains but half a dozen houses and the crumbling piers and jetties of its noble harbour. Tyre has left only its site,—Sidon is a village,—Acre is a miserable substitute for Ptolemaïs,—only 27,000 remain of the 500,000 inhabitants of Antioch,—of the ten cities which gave their name to the region of Decapolis, not one remains,—and how miserably Jerusalem is fallen needs not be told. Everywhere it is the same tale of decay. Approach Syria from the side of Egypt, and ruins are found extending for miles into the Desert; proceed thence into the Hauran, the vast plains lying east of the Dead Sea and south of Damascus, and in the solitude you come upon the remains of goodly cities, and find enduring traces of ancient cultivation. Continue your journey northward past Damascus, down the valley of the Orontes, and ruins still present themselves everywhere; or, leaving the river at Hamah, take the route from thence to Aleppo, and all along the road you discover the remains of ancient villages, numerous aqueducts, cisterns fallen in, ruined fortresses, vanishing temples.

Such is modern Syria—a crumbling skeleton of the exuberant life which reigned there of old. Such a picture of decay is very striking; yet we are apt to forget how great a part local decay holds in the progress of the world. Accustomed as we are to an unbroken progress in our own isles and surrounding countries for two thousand years, we regard retrogression and decay as a much more exceptional event than it is. Even in Europe, pre-eminently the continent of progress, there have been remarkable retrogressions. Greece has lost its population as well as its prosperity and fame; and even Italy is, in many respects, inferior to what it was in the time of the Roman Empire. But if we quit Europe, examples of retrogression meet us in all quarters. There is one great zone of the Old World, stretching from the desert of Cobi to the Atlantic—through Bactria, Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Egypt, and all along Northern Africa—which presents an unbroken series of prostrate States and decayed countries. The population of the earth, like the waters of the sea, has its tides, which, when rising high in new quarters, leave behind them bare sands in other places. But as the tide of the sea returns again, so, we believe, will population and prosperity revive in those regions which gave birth to the first empires of civilisation.

Europe, while reviving her own decayed parts, is throwing (or about to throw) her energies with expansive force upon every part of that zone of decay which passes, like the line of the ecliptic, through the heart of the Old World. And in the middle of that zone, at the very point where the forces and influence of Europe will make themselves felt most strongly and most speedily, lie Syria and Egypt.

Wide as have been the conquests of the Spaniards, great as is the expansion of the Anglo-Saxons, the overflowing of the white race of Europe into other regions of the globe is very far from having reached its term. Compared with what will yet be, it is only beginning. The territorial limits of the various nations in Europe is now, not quite, but pretty nearly, established on a natural and lasting basis; but not so the limits of their power in extra-European regions. Every year the colonies of England are increasing in population, wealth, and power; and it is in the regions beyond the Egyptian isthmus that our possessions are most rapidly extending. Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, the Cape, Natal, and India, demand more easy and rapid communication with the mother country; in Borneo we see the beginning of a new and important British State, and we are fringing with settlements the coasts of China. Our line of communication with these nascent States, and with our great Indian empire, lies through Egypt or Syria,—by-and-bye, we hope, through both; and the natural consequence of such a position is, that we must consolidate our influence in these countries, in order to secure for ourselves a sure passage, and strenuously resist every effort of a foreign Power to establish itself in that important region.

Other European Powers are likewise spreading; and, by a strange and most suggestive coincidence, their march is leading them by opposite routes to this very quarter—to this neck of the Old World, once so famous, now so fallen, and in the friendly independence of which region England has so momentous an interest. While the British race, the lords of the sea, act as colonizers of ultra-oceanic regions, the Russians are playing a similar though less marvellous part by land. Kept in check by the dense populations of an equal race in Europe, their natural craving for territorial expansion will find vent in the vast regions of Northern and Western Asia, thinly peopled by races who cannot contend on equal terms with the European. While spreading down the Amoor to the shores of the Pacific, the Slavonians are extending their power still more zealously in Central Asia. They have long had a flotilla on the Caspian; they have lately launched armed steamers on the Sea of Aral, with boats for ascending the Oxus river, by which troops or traffic can reach the mountain-pass of Bameean over the Hindoo-

koosh to Cabool. They have broken through, though not wholly subjugated, the line of the Caucasus ; and over this neck of land, flanked on either side by their fleets in the Black Sea and the Caspian, they are ready to act upon the adjoining provinces of Turkey and Persia whenever the fated hour shall come round. Apart from the ambitious policy of the Czars, Russia must throw off her swarms, just as England has done ; and it is in the East alone that an opening for those swarms can be found. In the more temperate regions of Asia they will settle as colonists, forming a numerous upper caste, and leavening the Tartar tribes with the knowledge and religion of the West. In the more southerly regions they will simply usurp the administration, taking the reins of government from the failing hands of the Turk. The Russians dream of one day dictating peace to us at Calcutta ; but the British and Muscovite powers must have come into collision in a less remote part of Asia before their battalions can meet in mortal strife on the Indus. Syria is the key to the British possessions in India—moreover, it will ere long be one of the most important commercial positions in the world ; and it is towards that country that Russia will in the first instance advance. A century and a half ago, Czar Peter discerned that an indispensable step to an attack upon our Indian empire was to get possession of the Syrian peninsula ; and in the war of 1829, Paskiewitch, victorious alike over Turk and Persian, meditated a descent through the mountains of Armenia into the valley of the Euphrates. Peace alone prevented him from accomplishing his design. But the capture of Kars and the advance of the Russian outposts to Erzeroum in 1855 was another push in the same direction ; and whenever the war between the Cross and the Crescent is reopened, we may rely upon it that the principal advance of the Russians will be made round the eastern side of the Black Sea, into Asia Minor. Forewarned is forearmed ; and although we believe England is able to avert the danger, it is well to bear in mind the opinion expressed by Colonel Chesney in 1825 :—

‘ Russia is actually in possession of the Turkish province of A'chalt-zick, within fifteen days' march, or even less, of the navigable part of the Euphrates ; and as she has at command the immense forests of Armenia, as well as those of the province of Kars near at hand, there could be no difficulty in constructing rafts to any extent. From the 26th of April until the 25th of June *at least*, there is a depth of twelve or fourteen feet over the rocks of Karabla ; at this time the heaviest guns could be floated down with perfect ease ; and long afterwards—in fact, all the eight months—there is sufficient water to convey troops and stores. Four or five weeks would suffice to carry the advance of the army down the river to the estuary of the Shat-el-Arab, and this

speed would give the enemy possession of the numerous small vessels and ample resources of the rivers and provinces of Mesopotamia; Bussora would make a good port, dockyard, etc., opening towards India, as well as an excellent *place-d'armes*, from which an enemy might immediately extend himself along the Indian river, and east side of the Persian Gulf as far as Cape Jask, which point is within 625 miles of the Indus.

'Once possessed of Bussora as a port, and the line of the Euphrates to give the supplies, it would be a work of millions to dispossess the Russians of a line of country which may be defended with the utmost facility from an attack, whether made from the side of Syria or that of India.'

France, too, has begun the work of extra-European expansion and territorial extension. The French have never been good colonizers; but they show much skill and address in adapting themselves to the manners, and amalgamating with the population, of foreign countries; and in their new colony of Algeria, they have a country pre-eminently favourable for the extension of their power. Although for the most part lying waste, the country is so highly fertile, that in former times it was the granary of the Roman Empire. It is a country, also, which needs military organization, in which the French excel, rather than civil administration, in which they are comparatively deficient. The possession of Algeria has already added greatly to the military power of France. The Zouaves are the Sepoys of the West. They are to France what our Indian army would have been to us, if it had existed simply as a reserve, and had been brought within three days' sail of the parent State. But if the native troops of Algiers are likely to play an important part on the battle-fields of Europe, they are not less certain to be of great service in extending the dominion of France eastward through Northern Africa. The dream of Gallic ambition to convert the Mediterranean into 'a French lake,' and the designs of the first Napoleon upon Egypt, have never been forgotten by the French nation or Government.¹ It was with a view to establish the influence of France on that important isthmus, that M. Thiers and his Government supported Mehemet Ali against his suzerain the Sultan; and nothing could exceed the irritation of the French Government when the successful

¹ Even the Comte de Paris, in his graceful record of his journey in Syria, cannot forbear thinking of French politics. He says—'After traversing the Lebanon, I have become convinced of the superiority of the Christians over the other races of Syria, and of the beneficent influence which Europe, and especially France, may have upon them. It is by religion that they must be acted upon; and as three-fourths of the Christians are Catholics, it is France that must play the principal part. Her priests form an admirable militia to accomplish this work of progress.'—*Damas et le Liban*, p. 128.

bombardment of Acre by the British fleet put an end to that scheme of ambition. By her settlements in Algeria, France is constructing a better and surer road to the goal of her ambition. The official reports on Algeria show how the invading race is spreading like a dominant caste—eastwards, westwards, southwards—over the native tribes of the coast, the mountains, and the desert. Such a power must, from its very nature, extend itself; and nothing exists to circumscribe its operations eastwards, the direction in which it longs to advance. In a few years we may see it rebuilding the docks and quays of Carthage; and the cynosure of its ever-advancing course will be Egypt.

Thus, again, are we brought back to the frontiers of Syria. Starting from different points, approaching by different routes, the conquering march of the three leading powers of Europe is converging towards the same point. The policy, if not the arms, of Russia, France, and Britain, are coming into contact in that most important of all regions, which connects together the three continents of the Old World, and across which passes the shortest route between Europe and the island-continent of Australasia. The necessity of speedy communication with our Indian empire, and with our Australasian colonies—destined to become a puissant confederacy of states,—renders it indispensable that Great Britain keep secure for herself a passage either across Egypt or Syria. And yet this portion of the earth is the very point to which both Russia and France are advancing as the goal of their expansion. Strange region! thus attracting from afar the greatest powers of the world. Marvellous point! towards which the white oligarchs of the earth, after subduing the greater part of the world, are advancing in rival force to come into collision on its plains. How the inspired songs of the bards of Israel rise into our thoughts as we contemplate the actual facts of the hour, and calculate the force and tendency of the current of affairs!

Let us view this old historic land, now at its lowest ebb of desolation, but certain ere long to regain in a new form its ancient importance. The features of the country are easily described. A long range of limestone mountains, running from north to south, forms the backbone of Syria, reaching its greatest altitude in the country of the Druses and Maronites, above Tripoli and Beyroot, where it splits into the parallel chains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon; and thereafter, below the latitude of Tyre, spreading and sinking into a number of lesser ridges, which run southwards through Palestine and around the Dead Sea, to the stony wastes of the Arabian Desert. With the blue Levant on one side, and the hot level plains of the Syrian Desert on the other, the chain of Lebanon presents the same aspect to

both,—a cloud-capped ridge running north and south as far as the sight extends, and distributing itself in offshoot ridges in various directions, only on the side of the desert the cliffs are bare and white, whereas the showers and saline dew from the sea cover the western slopes with ample verdure. The coast region, the narrow strip of level ground which lies between the mountains and the sea, almost disappears in the middle portion of the coast line, between Tripoli and Tyre, and is broadest in the southern portion, south of Carmel, where lay the lowlands of Philistia, with the cities of Gaza, Ashdod, and Ascalon. Yet this southern and broadest portion of the coast region is now the most desolate of all.

If, sailing from Egypt, we coast the Syrian land from the south, the only town worth mentioning which we pass in the first hundred miles is Jaffa, insignificant in all respects, save that it is the port of Jerusalem, which lies forty miles inland across the hot plain where once grew the roses of Sharon, and beyond the barren robber-haunted hills at whose foot stands the village of Ramleh. After sailing along this flat uninteresting coast for a hundred miles, we round the hill-promontory of Carmel,—on whose brow took place the memorable contest, in presence of the King of Israel, between Elijah and the priests of Baal—and entering the bay of Acre, we behold the town that has stood so many sieges where English prowess has won, from Cœur-de-Lion to Sydney Smith and Commodore Napier; and opening out behind the bay, between Acre and Carmel, and extending inland to the hills above Nazareth, lies the great plain of Esdraëlon, where Hebrew, Philistine, and Egyptian, Crusader and Saracen, Turk and Frenchman, have contended in turn for the mastery of Palestine. Continuing our course northwards, we pass the rock of Tyre, and behold fishermen drying their nets where once stood the proud city that set at defiance the hosts of Nebuchadnezzar, and proved all but impregnable to the conqueror of Darius. Next the town of Saida (Sidon) comes in view, with its miles of smiling gardens and shady lanes, in the spring-time a paradise of verdure, scents, and flowers. Up the heights there—three miles up—is the hill of Djoun, where the niece of Pitt built herself a house, and spent, in proud solitude, the latter half of her life. It was from thence she set out on that adventurous expedition to the desert-encircled city of Zenobia, where the wild Arabs, in enthusiastic admiration, hailed her Queen of Palmyra. It was there that she bearded for years the power of the Emir Besheer, the unscrupulous chief of the mountains. And there, too, reading the stars, and the lines of his hand, she told the poet Lamartine that one day he would be ruler of France. Strange prediction, as

strangely realized, when the eloquent visionary for a brief hour ruled the revolutionary multitude of Paris, in the summer of 1848.

Still coasting northwards, before us shoots into the sea the triangular headland of Beyroot, sloping gently down to the shore, the old town looking dingy beside the new suburbs, and clumps of mulberry trees rising with greenest foliage amongst the houses. 'Beautiful Beyroot!' wrote poor Warburton: and every one will repeat those syllables of admiration. It is the busiest and most thriving place in Syria—half Oriental, half European. Steamers are constantly arriving and departing,—the manufactures of Europe and America are exhibited in its shops; and the stranger will be luckless indeed if he do not meet some native who understands his language. Now, too, Lebanon, the goodly mountain, appears in its glory,—villages studding its picturesque slopes like birds' nests, and its sides seamed with dells fresh with the grey-green foliage of the olive groves. Mountain of strong, fierce, industrious men, of delicious sparkling waters, and of scant but fruitful soil, where freedom has maintained itself almost unimpaired, amidst all the fearful waves of conquest which have overswept Syria. Seven hours' journey up the heights, to the south-west, is Dar-el-Kamar, with its palace or citadel of Beteddin, in the Druse country, where the old Emir Besheer ruled the mountains, until he took himself off to Malta, after having sided with Ibrahim Pasha in 1840. Weighing anchor again, a few miles north of Beyroot we pass the mouth of the Nahr-el-Kelb (dog-river), nominally the boundary-stream between the Druze and Maronite countries, and where, engraven on the rocks, still appear the cuneiform letters which record the conquests of Nebuchadnezzar in that region. Passing also Djebail, more famous in Syria for its tobacco than Latakia itself, we arrive off the last-named town, built on a spur of the Ansayrii mountains, which here form a headland, and presenting a picturesque luxuriant aspect from the sea. The river Adonis here falls into the sea, reminding us of the ancient Syrian worship of the goddess of love, which in another form, we are told, still prevails among the strange Ansayrian sect in the mountains. Forty miles north of Beyroot, two days' journey by land, but quickly reached by the steamer, is Tripoli, the second in importance of the maritime towns of Syria: the merchants' offices form a suburb on the shore, the main part of the town being about two miles inland, which distance you can be conveyed on a donkey for twopence! The town is divided by the stream of the Kadesha, from whence water is drawn in rivulets to the shady far-spreading gardens, blooming with the rose and jessamine, and laden with the orange, pomegranate, peach, and apricot, whither the inhabit-

ants repair for evening pastime, and where the damsels of Tripoli, unrivalled in Syria for grace and beauty, may be seen seated in pic-nic parties, by the rippling streamlets, beneath the odorous shade.

As we near the end of our voyage along the Syrian coast, the cloud-capped summit of Mount Cassius, rising 5300 feet above the sea, and by-and-bye Mount Rhossius also, proclaim our approach to the spacious, sheltered, sandy-bottomed bay of Antioch, of which these two mountains form the horns, and we see the little town of Suediah (the poor remains of the ancient Selencia) standing in a narrow plain, near the mouth of the river Orontes. Further northward still, in the angle where Asia Minor joins to Syria, is the bay of Scandroon, or Alexandretta, furnishing the best shelter and anchorage on the Syrian coast, but with the most pestilential of marshes extending along its shore. From this place a highway leads inland, passing through the mountain defile of Beilan, famous of old as the Syrian Gates, through which almost every conqueror of Western Asia has passed, from Alexander the Great to Ibrahim Pasha. But we shall go no further north than Suediah, as famed for its salubrity as Scandroon is the reverse, where the route inland is less difficult, and which will, ere long, be the terminus of the Euphrates Railway. Proceeding inland from Suediah, up the valley of the Orontes, clad with noble oaks and other forest trees, fragrant with the myrtle and box, and where rocks and crags topple in disorder over the road and the river-bed, we emerge into the hill-enclosed plain of Antioch, and behold the city, once the royal seat of the Seleucidæ containing a quarter of a million of souls, but now a poor dilapidated place, beautiful only from the surrounding scenery, and the gardens of mulberry and fig-trees, with the tall slender shafts of the poplar casting their shadows on the waters of the Orontes. It was by this route that Alexander pursued the host of Darius, routed at Issus; it was here that Zenobia made her vain but gallant stand against the legions of Aurelian; and hither, too, came Godfrey and Tancred, to capture Antioch, before they could venture to march southwards towards the Holy City. Forty-two miles eastwards we come to Aleppo, in population the second city of Syria, where in 1850 the fanatical Mussulmans perpetrated a horrible massacre of the Christians. Like Antioch, it is on the direct line from Suediah to the Euphrates, and will one day be awakened from its slumbers by the whistle of the steam-engine, and shaken out of its fanaticism by the rushing throng of railway passengers.

Next turning due southwards, along the road which may be said to form the line between Syria and the eastern desert, we enter a district covered with mounds and other vestiges of

ancient habitations, and where the soil of rich earth, unmixed with stones, exhibits its marvellous fertility wherever man gives it the opportunity to be luxuriant. Here we pass Famia, where the veterans of Alexander's army reposed after their career of victories, and where the Seleucidan monarchs had the nursery of their cavalry,—30,000 mares, 300 stallions, and 500 elephants, finding abundant pasturage, where all is now marsh, sustaining only a few buffaloes and sheep. Journeying on, we again strike upon the course of the Orontes at the town of Hamah, with its 4000 inhabitants, situated in a narrow valley, on the banks of the river. Thirty miles further up the river, we reach Homs, the Emesa of the Greeks, once a strong and populous city, now a ruinous place, containing about 2000 inhabitants. All the way from Aleppo we have been journeying over a dead level plain, in the latter half of the road with the snowy tops of Lebanon visible to the west; and the population appear taller and more robust than the rest of the Syrians. Leaving Homs and the blue waters of the lake of Kades, which mirror the summits of the adjoining mountains, the high road skirts the eastern base of Anti-Lebanon for about seventy miles, when we descend into the oasis of Damascus, the capital of Syria, lovely with the almond and rose, and, to use the phrase of the Syrian, set like a pearl amidst the emerald groves, sparkling streamlets, and the amethystine blue of its cool lake. 'The sight of it,' said the death-stricken Buckle, 'is worth more than all the pain and fatigue it has cost me.' A straight line, drawn westward from Damascus over the mountains, would reach the coast at Saida (Sidon); but the twin chains of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon are so lofty, that if ever a railway were projected to unite Damascus with the coast, it would have to run south-westwards from Damascus, round the south-eastern flank of Mount Hermon, and thence proceed westwards to the coast at Tyre. South of Damascus spread the wild plains of the Hauran, tenanted by lawless tribes, where numbers of the Druzes sought refuge after the recent massacres, and the attempt to subjugate which region cost Ibrahim Pasha 15,000 of his best troops. Turning from this inaccessible country, and proceeding westwards for some fifty miles, we come upon the head-waters of the Jordan, and the towns of Hasbeiya and Rasheiya (which suffered so dreadfully in the massacres), at the foot of Mount Hermon. Journeying down the Jordan we enter Galilee, pass Nablous, with its lawless and ultra-fanatical population, and thence onwards to Jerusalem, beyond which point a bare and rocky wilderness extends round the shores of the Dead Sea to the frontiers of the Arabian Desert.

In thus coasting along the western, and journeying down the

eastern side of Syria, we come upon almost every town or village of note in that oft-desolated country. The plain of the Bekaa,—the ‘hollow Syria’ of the Greeks,—lying between the parallel chains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, watered by the Leontes, at whose source stand the grand ruins of Baalbek, and with the thriving Maronite town of Zahlé looking down upon it from the eastern slope of Lebanon, completes the picture of that once goodly Syrian land, where, to the desolation of centuries, have lately been added fresh massacres and devastation.

The massacres of 1860 excited a lively feeling of sympathy throughout Europe in favour of the misgoverned population of Syria. It were unjust, indeed, to charge upon the Government of the Turks the existing desolation. It was in the ruthless wars which preceded and attended the first establishment of Seljookian and Ottoman power, that the dismal ruin was effected. The fault of the recent administration of the Ottomans in Syria has been rather of a negative than of a positive kind. The Turkish power is dying, and it has hardly strength left to benefit Syria if it would. It has given no help to the recuperative energies of the population. It has lent no hand to lift Syria out of the fallen state in which that fine country has lain for centuries. But Syria has still a future, and it will not be an ignoble one. We speak with the confidence of a well-founded conviction when we say this. As surely as the world moves and civilisation spreads, the energies and wealth of Europe will be drawn into the region of the Levant. The Syrian peninsula, which used to be the highway of commerce between East and West, will be so again. The railway will, ere long, run in the track of the caravan. The commerce with India and the Australian world will yet stream in part across Syria, from the Persian Gulf to the Levant. In those days of rapid travelling and speedy communication, the line of the Euphrates will become a formidable rival to the route by Egypt. Aleppo, Antioch, Suediah, Beyroot, will start into new life; and we make bold to say, that ere the present generation has passed away, Syria will be rebuilding her ruined walls, and restoring her waste places to cultivation, and her people to prosperity.

Syria is too helpless to be able to work out her own regeneration; but the wants of others will accomplish what she could not accomplish for herself. England must have a short and safe route to the East. British India was never so profitable to us as now. It has grown from a province to a vast empire, presenting a noble outlet and rich employment for our youth, offering an ever-expanding market for our trade, and a region in which cotton may be cultivated to any extent to supply our staple manufacture, and constituting a mighty lever, by which, both

commercially and politically, we can act upon the other countries of the East. But whatever is most precious, is held by the most precarious tenure. No one, we presume, is so sanguine as to think that the revolt of the Sepoys is the last great peril to which our Indian empire is exposed. In proportion as the resources of the country are developed, and as intercommunication increases, a spirit of homogeneity will grow up amongst the native population, supplanting the present diversities, and exciting efforts of an ever-widening nationality to throw off the alien British element in the administration. Russia, too, is approaching to menace and disturb our rule from without. And although neither of these dangers is very pressing, they certainly lend additional force to the commercial considerations which compel us to improve and facilitate our communications with the East, especially at a time like the present, when the reopening of the Eastern question is not likely to be long delayed.

The Suez Canal is a magnificent project, but it is one rather for posterity than for our own times. Were it successfully executed, we should have an open canal uniting the Indian seas with the Mediterranean,—an Egyptian Bosphorus, through which vessels of 2500 tons could pass fully laden, and so sail right on without obstruction from London to Calcutta. But the scheme is too hazardous and too costly to be other than a failure at the present time. And the only immediate effects of the operations for its construction are, to fill Egypt with Frenchmen, and to give them a great influence over the native population—to raise a strong entrenchment (a rampart and broad-wet ditch) all along the frontier of Egypt on the side of Syria—and to involve the Viceroy in obligations to France, from which he will not easily extricate himself. Even if the project were more practicable in its nature, and less suspicious in its origin, it would not be a project for British enterprise. It is a good thing to have two strings to one's bow. There is already a good route to the East through Egypt; and instead of spending or wasting money on the Suez Canal, it would be immeasurably better for England that another and shorter route to the same goal were constructed through Syria. Such a route could be constructed for a fourth of the estimated cost of the Suez Canal; it is shorter; and its political advantages also would be on the side of this country. It would not only give us a double route to our Eastern possessions, and thereby lessen the evil consequences of any outburst of Gallic conquest towards Egypt,—an outburst which might be favoured by Russia (just as she offered us Candia to obtain our co-operation in 1853,)—but it would at the same time strengthen British influence in one of the most important strategical points of the globe.

The British Government has long had its eye fixed on the valley of the Euphrates, as likely to furnish a good route to our Indian possessions. Of the navigability of the Euphrates in ancient times, and even in comparatively modern times, there exists ample proof; and Colonel Chesney, when sent out by the British Government in 1830, after careful explorations, reported that it was practicable to repair the old route. His opinion has been fully confirmed by subsequent explorers. Foremost among these are Captains Charlewood and Campbell, the former of whom expresses his conviction, 'that there are no obstacles to the navigation of the Euphrates from Jaber (the point nearest to the Mediterranean) to the Persian Gulf, throughout the entire year.' The latter says, 'Of the practicability of the line there is no doubt. The boats now on the Indus were the ones I worked up the Euphrates in 1840. The fact that a sufficient volume of water always finds a vent, without anything like the peril of the Iron Gates of the Danube, shows that there is no really serious or insurmountable obstruction to be overcome.' He adds, 'Where is there now difficulty in obtaining boats to run a speed of twelve to thirteen knots, and drawing not more than two feet of water? Such boats are to be seen every day on the Thames, and with these the Euphrates can be navigated from end to end.' In point of fact, Mr Laird, the shipbuilder, undertook to furnish steamers to navigate the Euphrates, drawing only two feet of water, capable of carrying a large amount of merchandise and passengers, and at a speed, when loaded, of twelve knots an hour.

Six years ago, the project of developing an overland route to the East through Syria was completed, by a minute survey of the country between the Mediterranean and the Euphrates, which established the fact that a railway could be easily constructed between the two points. An excellent harbour was found on the southern side of the Bay of Antioch, from which port the railway was to run by Antioch and Aleppo to Jaber Castle on the Euphrates. The expense of constructing the harbour, which was estimated at from L.250,000 to L.300,000, was to be borne by the Turkish Government, which likewise engaged to carry out the works, under the direction of English engineers, simultaneously with those of the railway. The total cost of the line from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates was estimated at somewhat less than a million and a half sterling. A line of telegraph was to accompany the railway, extending also down to Kurnah, at the mouth of the Euphrates, from whence the submarine cable was to traverse the shallows of the Persian Gulf and Arabian Sea to Kurrachee, at the mouth of the Indus.

Political difficulties have hitherto prevented the execution of

this project, but its ultimate realization is certain. Everything had been arranged with the Turkish Government,—even a firman, we believe, had been obtained by the English company,—when the strenuous opposition of France caused the Porte to withdraw, or at least suspend, its sanction to the construction of the works. The French Government foresaw that this project, if proceeded with, would be fatal to their pet scheme of the Suez Canal; they also saw that it would give England as formidable a position in Syria as the Suez Canal was expected to give to France in Egypt. There may be war in the East before the project can be resumed, but war will only prove more forcibly the necessity for such a route. At present, all the merchandise of Europe which penetrates into Central Asia is conveyed along the wretched caravan road which starts from Trebizonde, on the Black Sea, and, after winding by Erzeroum through the mountains of Armenia, enters the north-western angle of Persia at Tabreez. We need not speak of the superior advantage of a route through Syria. It is obvious that, if the Euphrates valley route were opened, merchandise from the Mediterranean could be conveyed into the heart of Persia in the time that it now takes to convey it to Trebizonde. What we desire specially to call attention to is this,—that the caravan road from Trebizonde to Persia passes close to the frontiers of Russia; so that the least extension southwards would give her the command of this highway to Central Asia. The commercial consequences to this country of such an event would be very serious. The recent history of the trans-Caucasian provinces shows that, wherever Russia enters as master, there she erects tariffs prohibitory of foreign merchandise, permitting the consumption of no goods but her own. Besides the money value of such an arrangement, she knows that, where commerce goes, influence follows. Acting upon this principle, Russia has long striven, and with considerable success, to possess herself of the trade with Central Asia; and it cannot be doubted that, as soon as she gets the command of the caravan road by Tabreez (which will certainly be very soon), her first step will be to raise obstacles to the transit of European merchandise, and especially to that of her great rival in the East, England.

Egypt is by no means suited for the European constitution, but the climate of Syria is almost as favourable as could be desired. The sea-breezes temper the heat of the seaport towns, and the vicinity of the mountains enables any European inhabitant of Beyroot or Tripoli to obtain not merely a change of air, but of climate, in a couple of hours' time. On the lower slopes of the Lebanon you may find perpetual spring. Of the amenities and utilitarian attractions of Syria as a place of residence, Mr

Wortabet, a native Syrian educated in this country, and who, if somewhat enthusiastic in his anticipations, may be fully trusted in his statement of facts, thus writes :—

‘The climate is good ; and, unless in the marshy lands of Alexandretta, or the hot plains of the interior, no diseases of any particular kind prevail. Mount Lebanon is exceedingly healthy. Are you in search of a cool and bracing atmosphere ? Behold it in Lebanon. Everywhere is romantic grandeur and wild beauty, sweet glens and gurgling streams,—vineyards, and groves of mulberry, fig, and pine trees ; . . . and beyond, the billows of the rolling Mediterranean. . . . The time is not far distant when the Lebanon will be the fashionable watering-place between India and England. Here, on this mount, friends long separated will yet meet ; the mother will clasp to her bosom her long absent boy ; and here the civilian and soldier brothers may greet each other after a long separation.’—(Vol. i., pp. 134–6.)

Again :—

‘The best mutton or beef is sold for about 3d. a pound. Vegetables and fruits are abundant : for a penny or two you can purchase more than you require for a day (supposing you don’t grow your own stock). For another penny or two you can have an ample quantity of fresh milk every day. Fowls are sold from sixpence to a shilling a pair ; turkeys, geese, and ducks are proportionately cheap. The only uncomfortable thing about Mount Lebanon at present is its poor houses ; this, however, is not without its remedy, as there are plenty of masons who will soon put one in order for you, or build you a new one on short notice.

‘The sportsman requires no license here ; and I assure him that game is not very scarce on this mountain. Herds of deer are occasionally met with, and many a wild boar revels in the thickets, forests, and marshes.’—(Vol. i., p. 135.) ‘Pigeons and partridges were beyond number.’—(Vol. i., p. 234.)

Silk and wine are at present the staple produce of the Lebanon. It is singular to find the peaceful production of the silkworm among the chief employment of a people of warriors ; but silk has from time immemorial been the chief resource of the Syrian mountaineer. For probably a thousand years, the silk of Lebanon has been known in the Eastern markets for its rich yellow, and for the fineness of its thread. Of late years, silk-factories have been established in considerable numbers, both by Englishmen and Frenchmen ; and this introduction of European capital and enterprize, so beneficial to the native peasantry, is steadily on the increase. As Beyroot is the chief port of Syria, it is chiefly in the neighbourhood of that town that these factories are established. Describing a ride up to the heights above Beyroot, Mr Wortabet says :—

‘The road is an ascent between gardens of mulberry trees, on the

leaves of which the natives feed their silkworms. . . . It is both pleasing and interesting to hear the people of a summer's evening sing at their *helalé*, where they immerse the cocoons in hot water, and where the smooth thread is wound on the reel,—in other words, where the raw silk is manufactured. There are many of these *helalés* in the gardens about Beyroot, and the traveller will be interested in visiting one of them, as also a silkworm house. They are to be met with plenteously during the season, which is spring. The natives formerly sent their raw silk to be reeled in Europe, but they have awakened to the advantage of reeling it for themselves; and hence the traveller will now meet in the vicinity of Beyroot, as also in Mount Lebanon and other parts of Syria, silk-factories for the purpose.'—(Vol. i., pp. 68–9.)

The vineyards of the Lebanon are remarkably luxuriant. The grapes form an important portion of the peasant's food, and they yield good, in some instances excellent, wine. Mr Wortabet's favourable account of them is amply confirmed by the testimony of other travellers. He says:—

'The vineyards, which rise in terraces one above another till they reach nearly to the summit of Lebanon, abound in the most luscious grapes imaginable, of which there are different kinds: one, called the walnut, takes its name from its size, being as large as that fruit; another is the long grape; and another is small and round; besides other kinds, which it is unnecessary to mention. The English hot-house grape, good as it is, does not bear comparison with our Syrian grapes. The quantity grown is enormous. Did the Syrian know how to make wine, Syria would soon become the wine-mart of the world. What are not used as grapes, the natives dry into raisins; and the process is this: The grapes are gathered in September, washed in a composition of lye, water, and oil; after which they are spread on a mat to dry, and there they remain for about a fortnight in the open sun, sprinkled once or twice every few days with this composition. They are then gathered and put into sacks of haircloth, and sold as raisins. Some grapes are made into a sort of treacle, called *dibs*, whilst the refuse thereof is made into wine and arrak. There is only one kind of wine manufactured in this country, known by the name of Lebanon wine, or *vin d'oro*. It is a light kind, and, although the contrary has been alleged, is intoxicating. A kind of spirit, called arrak, is likewise manufactured from the juice of the grape, and is used by the natives in visits of ceremony and on festivals; on which occasions it is handed round in small *finjars* or wine-cups. In its manufacture ornise-seed is used. . . . The Syrians are by no means partial to liquors of any kind; and drunkenness hitherto has been at a very low ebb in the country.'—(Vol. i., pp. 130–2.)

The favourable climate and excellent natural resources of Syria may recommend it to tourists, or to a few adventurous settlers; but they would have little or no effect in regenerating

the country, were not these favourable facts accompanied by considerations of far more powerful influence. It is her geographical position that will do everything for Syria. For twelve centuries it has wrought her woe, by attracting to her plains all the warring armies of the East,—and we do not say that her trouble from this cause is wholly over; but henceforth her fate will be reversed, and she will be repaid for her past sufferings by the great advantages which her geographical position will in these altered times secure for her. Railways and steam navigation are so diminishing distances, that the ends of the earth are coming together. And the region between the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf—the *umbilicus terræ*, the very centre of the Old World, and approachable on three sides by sea—will be the great place of meeting, the entrepot of nations. It will be the grand ‘portage’ of the world—as far surpassing in importance the Isthmus of Darien as the Old World transcends in bulk and population the New. We shall then see the resurrection of Mesopotamia; and the now desert valley-land of the Tigris and Euphrates, the seat of the old empires of Nineveh and Babylon, will again become the home of a flourishing civilisation.

The region of the Euphrates valley, as history well establishes, is one of the finest and most valuable in the world; and its restoration to fertility would be an immediate benefit to the world at large. What is the great commercial phenomenon of the age in the countries of Europe, but that consumption is outstripping production, and that the products of the soil cannot be had in sufficient abundance for our wants? We can augment rapidly and to any extent the machinery for manufacturing calico, grinding corn, or crushing sugar; but the great problem of the day is, where to get the raw materials in sufficient quantity? Chambers of commerce talk of invading the wastes of Central Africa, to find a new cotton region; and as for corn, the greater part of Europe has already ceased to be self-supporting. But for Egypt, Russia, and the back-settlements of North America, the more advanced countries of Europe could not exist, and civilisation would be starved out at its centres. Owing to the increase of population, and to the gradual drafting of men from agriculture to other kinds of work, which usually takes place in old countries, it appears that the greater part of Europe is becoming less and less able to furnish food for its population, and accordingly must call new regions into cultivation to produce the requisite supplies. Mesopotamia will be the first of those regions. Although now a desert, anciently two of the world’s greatest capitals stood on its plains, containing and surrounded by probably as dense a population as any country has since

witnessed. The entire soil is alluvial, and of the richest kind, extending for hundreds of miles with hardly a stone to be found on its surface. It has lain fallow for centuries; indeed, a great part, renewed or coated over by the deposits of the yearly inundations, has never yet been under cultivation. It only needs a regime of order and enterprise to become again what it was of yore—a garden. We see what marvels irrigation can work in the plains of India; but not even in the most favoured Doab of our Eastern empire is the construction of canals so easy by half, or the produce so abundant, as would be the case in Mesopotamia. So near to each other are the channels of the Tigris and Euphrates, that at Bagdad, 250 miles above their confluence, they are not more than twenty-five miles separate; and the intervening ground, flat, loamy, and unencumbered by stone or rock, might, in the cheapest and easiest manner, be intersected by irrigating canals and rills. In ancient times, the greatest attention was devoted to these means of agricultural improvement. ‘A system of navigable canals, that may excite the admiration of even the modern engineer,’ says Mr Layard, ‘connected together the Euphrates and Tigris;’ and there still exist the remains of many fine lines of canal, which might again be rendered available. As the country is now, so was it at first. It was the art and industry of man that converted the desert plain into a garden, by leading over its bare baked soil the fertilizing waters of the rivers. This was done in barbarous times, when the world was three thousand years younger than it is now. We may be confident that the present century will witness the revival of the old land by the same means,—with the addition of a line of steamers on the rivers, whose banks will also shake under the rush of the steam cars, and be surmounted by the airy lines of the telegraph.

It is strange to feel one’s self standing on the eve of events which will mark a turning-point in the history of the world. It is strange to see the stream of progress, after filling Europe, reversing its course, and pouring back to refill the fountains from which it originally flowed. It is striking to see the seat of long dead empires about to start into new life; commerce to return to its old channels, population to its old seats. Somewhat humiliating, too, to reflect that these great changes must be preceded or accompanied by the downfall of a race that was one of the mightiest of its day. Before the commingled influence of arms and commerce, the Turk will lose his supremacy in Syria, and the country will gradually regain its old religion. The cradle of Christianity will again become its home. The churches in Asia will again lift up their heads. Syria will be made prosperous, and will become Christian. When changes so great

may already be regarded as certain and not remote, may we not venture upon another anticipation, and think hopefully of a scattered people as well as of a fallen country?

We live in an age of marvels, when the ordinary march of affairs is ever and anon interrupted by the occurrence of events for which we seek in vain a parallel in the past. The sublime Providence which rules all, is at present conducting the grand drama of human affairs by a series of surprises. We, the actors in that drama, the creatures and agents of that Providence, are called to assist in startling and momentous denouements, which, unknown to ourselves, our blind and feeble action has been preparing. The analogy between the life of nations and of the individual man long ago arrested the attention of philosophic historians; but the events of the present century, in compelling us to extend that analogy, are bringing us face to face with a truth undreamt of before. The impetuous action and imaginative beliefs of youth—the regulated power and critical judgment of manhood—the calm indifference and epicurean positivism of old age,—these have been recognised as characteristic of the growth of nations. But now a novel spectacle, suggestive of a new analogy, is breaking upon us. Nations which have been dead for generations or centuries are bursting their cerements and rising from the tomb. Henceforth we must revise our opinions, and write ‘RESURGAM’ upon the grave of nations as well as of individual men.

A thousand years have passed since the kingdoms of Europe sprang into existence, emerging from the ruins of the old Roman Empire. Since then, Europe has beheld many changes. Kingdoms have changed their limits, as new powers appeared or old ones disappeared from the scene. The royalty of Greece and Italy fell long ago, sinking from decrepitude into death. Poland, too, politically rotten before it was ripe, totally disappeared from the map of Europe. And never yet had a dead nation been known to come to life again. A Tartar horde had conquered and ruled Russia in her infancy, and passed away. A wave of Moorish invaders, in like manner, had passed over youthful Spain, which never ceased struggling until she again became free. But the resurrection of long-dead nations never entered into the calculations of historians. That new truth was reserved for the present generation. The movement began in the very nation which had been longest, and which seemed most hopelessly dead. Forty years ago, Greece, which had ceased to be living Greece for nearly twenty centuries, suddenly moved with new life—so suddenly,—that the poet whose noblest verses had bewailed her utter decay, himself assisted in the struggle which emancipated her from the tomb. Thirty years afterwards, Italy,

which had only retained her name in Europe as a 'geographical expression,' moved next, and marked her first wild impulse by uprearing a new Roman Republic, when behind the sword of Garibaldi the national flag was unfurled from the Capitol. If the resurrection of Italy has been more protracted than that of Greece, the issue is more complete. From the Alps to Palermo the Italians are now a united nation, and the empty 'geographical expression' has been converted into a formally recognised kingdom of Italy. Even Poland, the last fallen, and the least glorious of the three extinct royalties of Europe, is now agitated with the throes of returning life.

If the sixteenth century was the era of Reformation—a time when Europe revised her beliefs and opinions,—the present century may be called the epoch of Resurrection, when Providence is restoring to their places the lost nationalities of the world. At such a time we may well call attention to a kingdom vanished, a people scattered, but a nationality that has never been lost. When we discuss with deep interest the nationality of Italy, of Hungary, of Poland, or even of the Holsteiners and Ionians,—when we boast or admit that all these have a future before them, and that their restoration to a free national existence will have an important effect, and be a material gain to any Power which may aid them,—are we not too forgetful that there is another nationality, far older and more memorable than any of these, which may yet take its place again in the world as well as they?

We are simply politicians, and we regard things purely from a political point of view. And looking in this practical fashion at the course of events and the moving spirit of the times, two thoughts strike us. The first of these is, that it would be a strange thing, a thing so strange as to be most improbable, if, when every nationality is moving, and succeeding in replacing itself in power, the most remarkable and indomitable nationality of all should be exempt from the impulse or denied the success; all the more, seeing that its old ground is hardly even occupied by a rival. The second is, that if there be one country in the world which is certain within a few years to be regenerated and raised anew into importance, it is the region between the Euphrates and the Levant. Let the reader reflect—if, indeed, reflection be needful,—and while owning the justice of these two simple thoughts, he will not fail to recognise also their significance.

The Jews are the very type of persistent nationality. At the very outset of their career they gave proof of this characteristic. Possessed of no country, subjects of an alien government, or immersed and enclosed amidst a population more numerous and more civilised than themselves, it might have been deemed

certain that their nationality would become merged in that of the Egyptians, and preposterous that they should ever, by a daring exodus from the valley of the Nile, constitute themselves elsewhere an independent nation. But they falsified the expectation : and so it has been with them from that hour to this. For ever menaced with extinction, they show themselves immortal. Persecuted, exiled, proscribed, they have lived through all oppression,—they have lived down almost all opposition. Oldest of the nationalities, that grew up in the shadow of the rising Pyramids, that flourished in royalty on the hills of Judea before Rome was built, and when Greece was still but lisping the language which her sons were to make immortal, we find it alive amongst us at the present day, ennobled by merchant-princes of fabulous wealth, who, like sovereigns, hold the strings of peace and war, and supplying to Europe statesmen, orators, financiers, second to none ; while the busy race penetrate to all lands, prosper under all governments, and affect the currents of trade and political power to a degree unequalled by any people of similar numbers in the world.

Theirs, too, we need hardly say, is the oldest existing religion in the world ; and that religion attracts them for ever to their ancient land. To them, above all other nations, Jerusalem is a holy city ; and Palestine seems still theirs *de jure*,—a land which God gave to their forefathers. That land still exists, now wanting masters, almost wanting population. No strong power is there to exclude, no dense population has supplanted, the ancient masters of the land. Palestine was never so empty as now, never so barren, never so calling for the help of man. Arab, Mongol, and Turk in succession, have desolated it ; and now, the last of these, the Turk, is sick ; his rule is lost in anarchy, and the robbers of Nablous and the Bedouins of the desert maintain a devastating interregnum, until some new power appear on the scene. Palestine is “to let.” Montefiore, it is said, offered to take a bond upon its revenues as security for moneys to be advanced to the Porte. France aspires to seize, or at least control it.

Is there no other destiny for Palestine but to remain a desert, or to become the appanage of an ambitious foreign power ? Syria, we have said, will ere long be the entrepot between East and West. On the Euphrates and along the coast, old cities will revive, and new ones will be built ; the old times will come back on a scale of greater vastness and grandeur, and, bridging the level deserts, the steam-car will run in the track of the caravan. Syria, then, will be a place of trade—pre-eminently. And who are pre-eminently the traders of the world ? Will there, when the coming change has taken place, be any more congenial

field for the energies of the Jew? The country wants capital and population. The Jew can give it both. And has not England a special interest in promoting such a restoration? Russia covets Syria, and desires to have a Greek patriarch supreme at Jerusalem. France, whether under Bonaparte or Bourbon, aspires to the suzerainty of Palestine, with a Latin bishop, or the Pope himself—or rather, *a* Pope—installed on Mount Zion. It would be a blow to England if either of her great rivals got hold of Syria. Her empire, reaching from Canada in the west to Calcutta and Australia in the southern east, would be cut in two. England does not covet any new territories, but she must see that they do not get into the hands of rival powers. She must preserve Syria to herself through the Syrians. Does not policy, then—if that were all—exhort England to foster the nationality of the Jews, and aid them, as opportunity may offer, to return as a leavening power to their old country? Rome persecutes the Jews. Nowhere does oppression and contempt attend the Jews so much as in Rome itself, in the despised Ghetto quarter of the Eternal City. Russia, too, in her Greek orthodoxy, contemns the Jew. But in England he is unfrowned on by the Church, and endowed with the fullest rights of the citizen. England also is the great trading and maritime power of the world. To England, then, naturally belongs the rôle of favouring the settlement of Jews in Syria. And do not the dictates of policy exhort her to the same course? The nationality of the Jews exists; the spirit is there, and has been for three thousand years; but the external form, the crowning bond of union, is still wanting. A nation must have a country. And is not Syria opening to them? They seized it of yore, as a wave of armed and enthusiastic warriors: will they not ere long return to it as pioneers of civilisation, to reclothe the land with fertility, and as the busy agents of a Commerce which will bring together both East and West on the neck of land between the Euphrates and the Levant? The old land, the old people, and commerce flowing again in its old channels. We see strange things now-a-days; may not this also be one of the notable sights of this epoch of Resurrection?

ART. VIII.—*St Clement's Eve: A Play.* By HENRY TAYLOR.
London, 1862.

THE Oxford professor of poetry has declared, with characteristic emphasis, that that which at this moment Europe most desires in literature, is criticism. The incredulity with which this bold assertion was received by some of his own critics would certainly have been justified, if by criticism Mr Arnold had intended reviews of books. But it is not, as we understand his dictum, for more numerous or more indulgent, or even for more discriminating judgments of ancient works, or modern, that a foolish public is supposed to hunger. Criticism, in his sense of the word, implies the sedulous investigation of those general, eternal principles in human nature, which, because they are the source and warrant of all literature, must furnish the ultimate rules by which literature is to be judged. Unbiased by personal predilection, undisturbed by personal caprice, the endeavour of the critical mind is, 'in all branches of knowledge—theology, philosophy, history, art, science—to see the object as in itself it really is.' In an age so restless and so full of change, so prolific of new systems and new modes of thought, and so heavily burdened, if also it be enriched, by an immense inheritance from the ages that have gone before, it is no wonder that the perplexed and wearied student should seek first of all from literature, not fancy, nor cleverness, nor power, but clearness of vision and consistency of thought. It is no wonder that Europe should desire what Mr Arnold means by criticism. And if it be true, as he tells us, that the main effort of the general intellect of Europe for now many years has been in this sense a critical effort, happy indeed are the generations to come, who will be guided, inspired, and moulded by the manly and strenuous literature which this character of intellect must inevitably produce. All the more deeply must we regret, that a writer who thinks so nobly of the general intellect of Europe, should be constrained to place the literature of England, in this respect, last among the three great literatures of the world. Whether English literature is, indeed, at this moment more or less eccentric and arbitrary—that is to say, more or less obedient to the caprice of individual writers, and careless of the truth of things—than the literatures of France and Germany, is a question which we have neither time nor knowledge enough to discuss with Mr Arnold. A man must have taken a very wide survey of literature in general, and of other things than literature, before he is entitled to make such an assertion, or to contradict it. No one has a right to be heard on

such a subject, who is not enabled to speak from a thorough familiarity, not only with all the great and memorable works which each of the three literatures which he brings into comparison has produced, but also with the peculiar traditions and recollections, the institutions, manners, and customs, the floating opinions, the indefinable differences in the mode of looking at life and the world, which form the atmosphere a nation breathes, and which are tacitly assumed in the national literature, rather than expressed with any tangible distinctness. Great writers, no doubt, deal with the passions that are common to all mankind, and address themselves, therefore, to other countries and other ages as well as to their own. But even the feelings that are most permanent and universal, the poet must interpret to himself and others in his own hereditary language; and it is in this interpretation that any arbitrary temper will show itself, if he be really a poet at all. A work, of which the central thought deserves to be called eccentric, can hardly be of sufficient importance to enter into the discussion which Mr Arnold's criticism suggests. Such a work neither expresses nor illustrates, nor by any possibility can it affect the tone of the general mind. But the central idea may be true and obvious; and yet, in expressing it, the manner of the poet may be fantastic, and the thoughts and sentiments with which it is combined and modified, may be the most incongruous and the most erratic. The source of the inspiration, in short, is that which is common to all mankind. The language in which the inner emotion of the poet is expressed, is that which in every nation is peculiar and distinct. And hence arises the infinite delicacy of the task which the critic must undertake, who would compare foreign literatures with one another. The eccentricity or the sanity of literature lies in the degree of harmony and proportion which exists between the emotion and the means by which it is expressed. But in the means of expressing an emotion, common in itself to all mankind, we necessarily include not only language, style, and imagery, but also the peculiarly individual feelings with which it must be combined, before it can become obvious even to the mind that is moved by it. No passion is absolutely isolated in the human breast. Love, for example, is universal. But the love of every individual is modified by a thousand influences of natural and national character, of education, of religion, and of social habits, infinitely complex in their relations with one another, and with the whole nature which they combine to form. It is in the colouring which these secondary emotions give to the primary that the nationality of the poet shows itself. And although there is much in the literature of a foreign country which may be enjoyed very thoroughly by a reader of ordinary education, this is

the very point at which the tact and knowledge of most readers is almost certain to fail them. The labour of a lifetime alone will make a man sufficiently familiar with the manners of a foreign society, and with the principles and powers which move it, to give him the proper point of view from which the more delicate operations of criticism are to be conducted. And criticism has never a more delicate task to perform, than when it judges of that harmony and proportion of means to ends which Mr Arnold desiderates in the literature of our day. That which, to the half-informed stranger, seems most capricious, may, in reality, be most in accordance with the common sympathies of men. We have not far to seek for illustrious examples of the failure which this inevitable defect of sympathy must necessarily occasion. If French criticisms of Shakspeare are apt to be narrow and incomprehensive, even when the critic is M. Villemain; if English and German criticisms of Corneille and Racine are apt to be one-sided, even when the critics are Coleridge and Lessing, it will not be easy to over-estimate the amount of mere knowledge which is indispensable in order to furnish a common standard for measuring the literatures of three nations, and appropriating their true places in the class to England, France, and Germany. And, therefore, while our own partial knowledge does not enable us to dispute Mr Arnold's position, or to discuss it, we are by no means inclined to accept it as conclusive, even from a critic so accomplished as he.

But whatever we may think of the comparative question, we fear it is impossible for any one who reads books at all to doubt that Mr Arnold's criticism is just enough in the main, when he says of English contemporary literature, that it is arbitrary and eccentric. It is a very delicate matter, no doubt, for the critic of poetry to say that, at any particular moment, the poet shall restrain himself, and yield no more to the spontaneous impulse of his genius. But the boundary-line, which is so evanescent, when we are endeavouring to comprehend the spirit of a great imaginative writer, becomes clear and decisive enough when we are dealing with the fancies of inferior genius. When Shelley soars higher than his own sky-lark, the intensity of his passion may become incomprehensible to us, but it does not follow that it ceases to have a true and vital correspondence with nature. When Cowley, to name no smaller men, is conceited and fantastic, we have no difficulty in censuring the extravagance of his fancy, or the falseness of his thought. And the fellows of Cowley are not numerous among the poets of the day. His wildest absurdities bear the stamp of his cultivated and vigorous intellect, and his wildest absurdities are sane and rational in comparison with the incoherent brilliance of some

of the successful poets of the hour. The causes of the fantastic affectation which characterizes these very clever writers, it would not probably be difficult, if it were worth our while, to discover. One of them, at all events, is obvious enough. The great qualities of one or two poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and one or two poets of the nineteenth, seem to have taken captive the fancy of a not uncommon class of persons, whose enjoyment of beautiful words and phrases, and of striking images, is out of all proportion to the general vigour of intellect which they are able to bring to the study of poetry. There are several writers of this kind, by no means deficient in fancy and talent, but destitute apparently of sense and imagination, who make it their business to attend upon some imperial Shelley or Tennyson, after the same fashion in which we are told that professional rhymers used to hang about the person of the Emperor Nero, in order to catch every striking turn of thought or expression that fell from him, and work it into a copy of verses. It is not only poetasters who allow themselves to practise this pitiable trick: many a writer very capable of better things, in prose or rhyme, has been seduced by the same fascination. Among the numerous persons who are scantily gifted with poetical imagination, some are fatally endowed with a very impressible, though not a productive fancy; and in them the sensibility to mere beauty of phrase and imagery is often so keen, that neither in reading nor in writing can they afford themselves leisure to reflect, that even the poets whom they admire and imitate had other faculties besides fancy, and could think as well as feel. Whether the product of such minds is in verse or prose, matters little. In either case it is like the poetry which Nero's rhymers wrote for him,—*non impetu et instinctu, nec uno ore fluens*,—destitute alike of unity and aim.

It is probable, however, that Mr Arnold's strictures were meant to be more extensive in their application. Greater names than any that we have been thinking of, would not probably be absolved by his criticism from the charge of arbitrariness and caprice. In one sense, indeed, it is neither possible nor desirable that absolute harmony should ever again be the characteristic of literature. That can spring only from a perfect correspondence between the aims and aspirations of men, and the circumstances of the career which the world affords them. Whenever a generation shall arise, perfectly healthy and happy—perplexed with no vague fears—worn with no infinite yearnings—tempted to look neither back nor forward for happier conditions of life than their own—gifted with the highest faculties, which there are no external hindrances to repress—aiming at the noblest ends, but at none which are not attainable—when Hamlet and Werther on

the one hand, and Luther and St Paul on the other, shall cease to influence the minds of men,—a perfectly complete and harmonious literature may possibly be produced. In the meantime, a true literature must speak the mind of the age in which it springs; and we, in England, may as reasonably hope for the 'liquid clearness of the Ionian sky,' as for the 'perfect and lovely grandeur' of the Ionian poet.

But if this absolute completeness of beauty be neither possible nor good for us, that is no reason why mannerism, extravagance, and unreality should be the principal characteristics of our literature. They are certainly the characteristics of a certain school of poetry. And therefore it is that we think it the bounden duty of a critical journal not to pass, without some recognition at least, the latest work of an admirable writer whose literary life has been a protest against these very vices. We have no intention of examining in detail, either 'St Clement's Eve,' or any of the earlier dramas of Mr Taylor; but we are anxious to call the attention of our readers to a work which is very unlikely to attain a noisy popularity, and we shall take the opportunity of making one or two general observations on the character of its author's genius.

A striking distinction between Mr Taylor's drama and modern poetry in general, is, that its merit does not consist in detached beauties, either of thought or expression. It is a perfectly constructed poem. Every part has reference to the whole. The idea of the poet is one and the same throughout; and the beauty, of which there is no lack either in style or feeling, is everywhere subordinate to the main design. The misfortune of this kind of writing, as far as the poet's reputation is concerned, is, that the number of his admirers will certainly be smaller than if he had condescended to attract, by mere glitter, readers who are not accustomed to give to poetry that attention which is necessary for the appreciation of higher qualities. But that is an evil for which Mr Taylor must have been prepared before he began to write 'St Clement's Eve.' He was in the minority when he long ago expressed his preference for the intellectual part of poetry over its mere 'luxuries;' and the poetical taste which he adopted, in spite of Shelley and Byron, is not likely, we suppose, to be shaken by the success of Mr Bailey and Mr Smith.

When the noble drama of 'Philip Van Artevelde' was published, Mr Taylor accompanied his poem with a preface, containing a kind of confession of faith in matters poetical. A more elaborate discussion of similar questions was contained in two well-known articles on Wordsworth, originally published in the *Quarterly Review*. These essays expound, with great ability and power of thought, a critical theory which places poetry that is

philosophical and reflective in a much higher rank than that which is merely emotional. This is the theory which the writer has illustrated in his own practice. Sentiment without reason is the poetical sin which he seems to hold most in abhorrence. Images and feelings may be very beautiful and very moving; but thoughts and actions, according to Mr Taylor, are far more worth expressing. The poetry which deals with the realities of life is a higher thing, in his view of it, than that which, 'acting on the fancy, the affections, and the passions,' neither satisfies the understanding, nor even gives it exercise. Poetry, in short, 'of which sense is not the basis,' is not poetry of the highest order. Most students of poetry, we suppose, will be ready enough to accept this last axiom, whatever they may think of Mr Taylor's application of it. For he uses it, as we have hinted, for the discomfiture of Shelley and Byron. And though we believe, with him, that Shelley's imagination was disproportioned to his practical abilities, and that Lord Byron, though gifted by nature with a clear understanding, had fed it, during an idle and reckless life, with such miserable diet, that but for the passionate feelings with which they are associated, and the splendid imagery with which they are embellished, a great proportion of his views and reflections would scarcely have been worth expressing; although the imperfections of these great men are obvious enough, now that their immediate fascination has gone by,—it is impossible not to suspect that their finer poetical qualities are meant, after all, to be included in the strictures which Mr Taylor seems to be directing against their defects. The qualities, for example, of which all who admire him must regret the absence in Shelley, are, properly speaking, extraneous elements *of poetry*. The sound sense, the broad views of character, the knowledge of life and the world, which nobody will find in Shelley, are very desirable endowments, no question; but they are not proper to poetry. They may be thoroughly expressed in prose. It is only when they are 'blended and fused' (in Coleridge's phrase) with all thoughts and emotions of the poet's mind, by that 'shaping spirit of imagination' which in no one was more intense than in Shelley, that they are poetical qualities at all. Poetry in which there is no depth or vigour of thought, is undeniably an inferior kind of poetry. But, without thought, the pervading presence of imagination is perfectly inconceivable. Shelley's poems, in this respect, may be more remarkable for the abstract intensity of their thought, than for the ripe reflections and just judgments in which common readers find the stuff which their own minds can work upon. But, to suppose that his highest flights are unsupported by thought, seems to be inconsistent with any true feeling of their imaginative power. At all events, it is incon-

sistent with such a feeling, and assuredly it is a miserable curtailment of his claims to admiration, to talk as if the 'beauty and exceeding splendour of his diction and imagery' were the prevailing charms of his muse. We cannot help thinking that, in this instance, the tendencies of his own poetical temperament have clouded Mr Taylor's critical discernment. Thoughtful and philosophic himself, he requires that more fervid spirits should restrain their too passionate imagination, and be rational and self-possessed. And it is true, that in the highest elevation of lyrical passion the sober reason of a great poet will not be so far distant as Mr Taylor seems to think is generally the case with Shelley. The pregnant truth of his critical doctrine, we are far indeed from venturing to impugn. But it is a doctrine which, in its practical application, demands the most delicate handling. In the rhapsodies of every unimagi-native writer, the critic may, with a clear conscience and good courage, denounce the absence of common sense. But if he has once assured himself that the finest essence of poetry is the general and all-pervading spirit of particular writings, he ought in all reason to suspect a deficiency of imagination in himself, much more readily than a deficiency of judgment in his author. Now, Mr Henry Taylor's genius is of the familiar earth: and that which 'singing still doth soar, and soaring ever singeth,' has sometimes little relevancy to his understanding. Even Wordsworth, whose greatness he has expounded so nobly, seems to attract him more by his wisdom, humanity, and power of thought, than by any more purely poetical qualities. The impassioned fervour with which he apprehends the influence of nature, seems to Mr Taylor to partake too much of the character of those dizzy raptures which the poet himself tells us passed away with his boyhood. So unwilling is he to admit that the judgment may ever surrender itself without reproach to the deceptions of feeling, that, having quoted from Wordsworth's great ode,—

'The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,'—

he doubts whether so violent a poetical license must not be accounted for by a theory that is ludicrously prosaic.

If this be so, it may be said that we are making a merit of Mr Taylor's deficiencies when we praise him because he is not extravagant. But it is just because he is more reflective by nature, than impulsive and passionate, that the practical protest of his poetry against caprice and affectation is really of value. It is not great writers who are to benefit by such a protest. Shelley is not capricious, because he is impassioned. Tennyson is not fantastic even when he is most subtle. The silly and

affected writer is he who attempts to become impassioned or subtle, not by the inspiration of his own genius, but by imitating the phraseology and affecting the tone of Tennyson and Shelley. These are the people, and we their readers, who ought to reflect how 'unworthy and effeminate' a thing it is, as a great poet has told us, 'to turn away from all effort, and to dwell wholly on the images of another's vision.' There is something almost contemptible in the exclusive devotion of unpoetical people, whether it is displayed in their reading, or in writings of their own, to the mere imagery and musical sweetness even of good poems. Such persons will find a much more masculine diet in poetry like Mr Taylor's; the purely poetical qualities of which are so inseparable from the intellectual, that the ears and senses of those who will not take the trouble of appreciating the latter, cannot by possibility be tickled by the former. The light which Mr Taylor throws on human nature, is owing more to a reflective habit than to intensity of feeling. It was impossible that such a mind should permit itself to be exclusively occupied in the musical expression of personal feelings; and the subject-matter on which his poetical imagination loves best to work, is to be found, accordingly, in the contemplation of the world without, rather than in the flux and reflux of its own emotions. Fulness and depth of mind; a learned observation, not so much of the individual peculiarities of men, as of the essential elements of human nature; a wide acquaintance both with public affairs and with general life; and the manly, practical sense which sound thinking has extracted from this knowledge of mankind and of the world,—are, to our mind, the most valuable characteristic of this poetry. The equable, harmonious, and vigorous verse which are employed for their expression, the dramatic invention, and the imagination which blends those various elements into one perfect and graceful whole, prevent their being characteristics of good prose.

The subject of his dramas Mr Taylor has generally taken from history; and we think he has done wisely,—not, indeed, for the undramatic purpose of reconstructing an age, but because events and persons more striking to the imagination are furnished by the real history of the world, than any genius but the highest is likely to invent. To describe the costume, or even the physiognomy of an epoch, is no part of the task he has undertaken. For, when he has gone to Froissart, or to Gibbon, for the prominent features of his story and of his persons, he feels himself quite entitled to handle both story and person with all the freedom of an original creator. And in doing so he violates no rules of art. To make historical events dramatic, the dramatic poet must himself give them order and movement. And if the

necessities of the action require the compression and rearrangement of historical events, dramatic necessity of a higher kind gives the poet his warrant for bringing the men and women whom he represents within the sympathy of our age, by divesting them, not only of the rudeness that characterized their own, but of the unfamiliar accidents also, of which the strangeness would certainly have diverted attention from the permanent and vital features of the character. Nor is this inconsistent with the preservation of the utmost amount of historical fidelity, which it can serve any wise or useful purpose to preserve. It is a difficult task, no doubt, to retain anything at all of the spirit of the fourteenth century in a drama which expresses the developed intellect of the nineteenth. But the readers of 'Philip Van Artevelde' know that it is not impossible. The object of that drama was to represent a bold, vigorous, effective soldier and statesman, who should combine with the commanding practical abilities that were proper to that character, the contemplative philosophic temperament, with which it seems to be most at variance. This central figure of the drama lives, and rules a revolted province, at a time, as Mr Taylor quotes from *The Leviathan*, of 'no arts, no letters, no society,—and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.' The active leader of a feudal war might possibly have been depicted without the historical and the artistic sense coming into collision. But how was the meditative philosophic intellect to be brought before the mind of a modern reader? Either on conditions destructive of dramatic poetry, or by disregarding altogether the distinctive character of the thoughts of an early and uncultivated age. The latter method is that which Mr Taylor has adopted; and no one but a very pedantic antiquarian is likely to complain of his choice. We should hardly have touched upon the subject at all, were it not one of the 'caprices' of our literature to laugh at a greater poet than Mr Taylor, for dealing in a similar fashion with the themes which he borrowed from antiquity. It is one of the commonplaces of English criticism to ridicule Racine's metamorphosis of Orestes and Andromache, into Seigneur Oreste and Madame Andromaque. A recent critic, for example, accuses that great poet of a monstrous anachronism, because he has represented his Achille as being in love with his Iphigénie; for love before marriage, says the writer, is an unfamiliar theme in a Greek tragedy. It does not seem to have occurred to the ingenious critic, that Racine was not writing a Greek tragedy at all. The Iphigénie, if we think of it, is a French tragedy. In writing a manual of Greek antiquities, such considerations as this may not be disregarded with impunity: but Racine would

never have produced so great a poem as *Iphigénie*, if he had paid them the slightest attention.

Racine was a man of genius ; and just because he was so, he did not try to make his heroes talk and think as they would have talked and thought if they had been heroes of Euripides. The very defect for which the critic blames him, the very defect which Lord Macaulay also satirizes in his brilliant way, is in reality the basis of his merits. The manners of Versailles in the camp at Aulis may seem to be incongruous in the eyes of a scholar ; but far more fatally incongruous in the eyes of a dramatic artist, would have been the manners of the camp at Aulis in the theatre of Versailles. Racine's only business was to move his audience, whether they knew much or little of Greek and of Grecian manners. And therefore, in displaying before them, as no one ever did more delicately or more profoundly, the passions and characters of men, all accidental circumstances of costume and manners were unimportant trifles in comparison with the universal verity of human nature. It is true, no doubt, of a nation as of a man, that the manners are interwoven almost inseparably with the mind and character ; and, therefore, the manners of a man or a nation are an extremely interesting subject of study. A reading public is fascinated with a good description of either. But the office of the ideal artist is to separate these external accidents from the inner and ultimate nature,—‘divinely through all hindrance,’ find the man behind the manner ; and so to make strange nations and distant ages understand and feel how truly they are the same blood one with another. It is a showman's trick to teach us to stare at this strange Greek, and this strange Fleming, as if they were curious monsters. That for which the poet is needed, is the exposition of the human character of Greek and Fleming, in spite of the disturbing influence of those accidents which prevent us—the mass of men, the hearers and readers—from knowing them, or our own neighbours as they are. ‘Truth, narrative and past, is the idol of historians ; and truth operative, and by effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets.’ There are, indeed, occasions where the ideal and catholic truth of poetry may be blended, without injury, with the accuracy of the historian. And when it was possible to be literally faithful to the truth of fact, without shocking the taste, or estranging the sympathies of his audience, no one knew better than Racine how to use the true colours of history. In his play of ‘*Britannicus*,’ the characters, in their minutest features, are the Nero, and Burrhus, and Agrippina of the historian ; and frequently the rhetoric is the rhetoric of Tacitus. But even in ‘*Britannicus*’ there is no such minute reality of costume, of manners, or of phraseology, as to overshadow our sense of the generic, in the

human nature of his savage Romans, by the startling portraiture of their antique features. And Mr Taylor in like manner, in representing Philip Van Artevelde, and his rule in Ghent, has thoroughly imbued his poem with the spirit of the age ; but only up to a point at which no rude simplicity of mediæval manners is allowed to disturb our impression of a noble and strong-minded leader.

Of the imperfections of Lord Byron's poems, Mr Taylor finds the most striking example in the personified passions which do duty there for portraitures of human character. Describing these heroes as creatures abandoned to their intensely selfish passions, and therefore weak of mind, he takes occasion to contrast with them 'that opposite conception of the heroical character which took life and immortality from the hand of Shakspeare :—

‘ Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core ; yea, in my heart of hearts.’

This is the character he has attempted to embody in Philip Van Artevelde. He is neither unmoveable, nor altogether unmoved by feeling ; but his passions are controlled by a strong and temperate will. So thoroughly, indeed, are they subdued, that he hardly forgets his philosophy even in the triumphs of ambition, of revenge, or love. He yields, indeed, to all three, but not without weighing the matter wisely. ‘All my life long,’ he says of himself,—

‘ All my life long,
I have beheld with most respect the man
Who knew himself, and knew the ways before him,
And from among them chose considerately,
With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage,
And having chosen, with a steadfast mind
Pursued his purposes. I trained myself
To take my place in high or low estate,
As one of that scant order of mankind.
Wherefore, though I indulge no more the dream
Of living, as I thought I might have lived,
A life of temperate and thoughtful joy,
Yet I repine not, and from this time forth
Will cast no look behind.’

Nothing certainly could be more unlike the Conrads and Laras: And the equanimity and self-control which is here expressed, continued to be the basis of his character throughout, from the time when we see him first, a meditative idler, angling on the Scheldt, till we leave the great Regent of Flanders lying dead on the field of a lost battle. He rules a famine-stricken city with wisdom and clemency, and puts the leaders of an opposite faction

to death with uncompromising vigour. But whether he is saving life or taking it, his humanity and severity are alike directed to the practical efficiency of his government. And even in the crisis of his fate, his practical energy is combined with a contemplative and speculative turn of mind, which cannot be ideally represented in our age, except by attributing to him a strain of thought much more intellectually developed than was at all characteristic of his own. The point where historical fidelity is preserved, is in reproducing, in the feudal wars and revolutions among which Artavelde lives and moves, the spirit of the fourteenth century. But even in dealing with these, when their effect on his hero is concerned, or the mode in which his hero views them, Mr Taylor has no scruple in sacrificing to his own poetical genius the curious accuracy of the historian. We cannot resist the temptation of quoting, in order to illustrate what we mean, a noble piece of rhetoric from the second part of the drama. How Philip abandons the tranquil retirement of his early youth, and becomes captain of the revolted city of Ghent ; with what fervid energy he inspires his miserable plague-stricken people ; how he leads them to battle under the walls of Bruges, and utterly routs the forces of their Earl ; how city after city yield to his arms, until he becomes Regent of Flanders, and assumes the splendour of a great prince ; how at last the French king takes up arms in support of the Earl, and marches with a great army to crush the rebellious Netherlands, we take for granted that most of our readers will remember. At this crisis of his fortunes, Artevelde, who has sent an embassy for aid from England, learns that the insurrection of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw are deemed in England 'the spawn of his success,' and that the nobles are not likely to be displeased if ill should now befall him. 'Father,' answers the Regent to his messenger, 'so I think.'

'Lo ! with the chivalry of Christendom
I wage my war—no nation for my friend,
Yet in each nation having hosts of friends !
The bondsmen of the world, that to their lords
Are bound with chains of iron, unto me
Are knit by their affections. Be it so.
From kings and nobles will I seek no more,
Aid, friendship, nor alliance. With the poor
I make my treaty, and the heart of man
Sets the broad seal of its allegiance there,
And ratifies the compact. Vassals, serfs,
Ye that are bent with unrequited toil,
Ye that have whitened in the dungeon's darkness
Through years that knew not change of night and day—
Tatterdemalions, lodgers in the hedge,
Lean beggars with raw backs and rumbling maws,

Whose poverty was whipped for starving you,—
 I hail you, my auxiliars and allies,
 The only potentates whose help I crave!
 Richard of England, thou hast slain Jack Straw;
 But thou hast left unquenched the vital spark
 That set Jack Straw on fire. The spirit lives.'

'St Clement's Eve,' as a work of art, is more perfect in many respects than 'Philip Van Artevelde.' The dramatic unity, in which the earlier work was somewhat deficient, is admirably preserved in the more recent. The construction and evolution of the story are exceedingly skilful. The noble blank verse, while it has lost none of its original stateliness and vigour, has gained very perceptibly in simplicity and ease; and the abstinence from mere effect, either in thought or expression, is still more universal and absolute. The completeness of the poet's mastery, in short, over all the instruments of his art is just such as we are entitled to look for from Mr Taylor, in comparing the work of his maturity with the more unequal, but also, we think, the more brilliant, offspring of his youth. For the advantages which 'St Clement's Eve' possesses over its elder brother, consist almost entirely in the manner of its execution. In richness of character and general breadth of interest, 'Philip Van Artevelde' is by far the superior. The subject of the new poem, we think, is chiefly to blame for this inferiority. It affords no single character so great and impressive as Philip: nor is the general interest of the theme within many degrees so universal or so absorbing as that of the tremendous struggle which arose, when the old feudal order of things came first into collision with that fervid spirit of democracy, of which we have just quoted so eloquent an exposition. The story is taken from a miserable period in the history of France. The king, Charles VI., is afflicted with insanity; the people are reduced to the lowest pitch of wretchedness; and the country is torn by the contending factions of the king's brother, the Duke of Orleans, and his cousin, John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy. These features of the time are depicted with singular power, in a very remarkable specimen of dramatic narrative, in the first act of the play. The king, whose lunacy is intermittent, having recovered from one of the attacks of his disease, has called a council, and bidden the rival dukes attend it, 'thinking to put their discords into tune.' The king's affliction is, of course, attributed to the influence of sorcerers; and as two monks have arrived in Paris, who boast themselves skilful in the detection of sorcery, the council, when the scene opens, are debating whether their aid ought not to be resorted to for the discovery of the traitors who have bewitched the king. The Archbishop of Paris, who professes no confidence in the

monks, announces that a man of religious and severe life has been charged in a vision with a message to be delivered to the king, and introduces Robert the Hermit to the council. The Hermit tells his vision. He was sailing from Palestine,

‘ With favouring winds at first ; but the tenth night
A storm arose, and darkness was around,
And fear and trembling, and the face of death.
Six hours I knelt in prayer, and with the seventh
A light was flashed upon the raging sea,
And in the raging sea a space appeared
Flat as a lake, where lay outstretched and white
A woman’s body : thereupon were perched
Two birds, a falcon and a kite, whose heads
Bore each a crown, and each had bloody beaks,
And blood was on the claws of each, which clasped
This the right breast and that the left, and each
Fought with the other, nor for that they ceased
To tear the body. Then there came a cry
Piercing the storm—“ Woe, woe for France, woe, woe !
Thy mother France, how excellently fair
And in how foul a clutch !” Then silence ; then
“ Robert of Menuot, thou shalt surely live,
For God hath work to give thee ; be of good cheer ;
Nail thou two planks in figure of a cross,
And lash thee to that cross and leap, and lo !
Thou shalt be cast upon the coast of France ;
Then take thy way to Paris : on the road,
See, hear, and when thou com’st to Paris, speak.” ’

He did as the voice commanded ; was cast on the coast of Languedoc ; and had since journeyed barefoot to Paris.

‘ Nigh forty days I sped from town to town,
Hamlet to hamlet, and from grange to grange ;
And wheresoe’er I set my foot, behold !
The foot of war had been before, and there
Did nothing grow, and in the fruitless fields
Whence ruffian hands had snatched the beasts of draft,
Women and children to the plough were yoked ;
The very sheep had learnt the ways of war,
And, soon as from the citadel rang out
The ‘larum-peal, flocked to the city gates :
And tilth was none by day, for none durst forth,
But wronging the night season, which God gave
To minister sweet forgetfulness and rest,
Was labour and a spur. I journeyed on,
And near a burning village in a wood
Were huddled, ’neath a drift of blood-stained snow,
The houseless villagers. I journeyed on,

And as I passed a convent, at the gate
 Were famished peasants, hustling each the other,
 Half fed by famished nuns. I journeyed on,
 And 'twixt a hamlet and a church the road
 Was black with biers, for famine fever raged.
 I journeyed on—a trumpet's brazen clang
 Died in the distance; at my side I heard
 A child's weak wail, that on its mother's breast
 Drooped its thin face and died: then pealed to heaven
 'The mother's funeral cry, "My child is dead
 For lack of food; he hungered unto death;
 A soldier ate his food, and what was left
 He trampled in the mire; my child is dead!
 Hear me, O God! a soldier killed my child!
 See to that soldier's quittance—blood for blood!
 Visit him, God, with Thy divine revenge!"
 The woman ceased; but voices in the air,
 Yea, and in me a thousand voices cried,
 "Visit him, God, with Thy divine revenge!"
 Then they too ceased, and sterner still the Voice
 Slow and sepulchral that the word took up—
 "Him, God, but not him only, nor him most;
 Look Thou to them that breed the men of blood,
 That breed and feed the murderers of the realm.
 Look Thou to them that, hither and thither tost
 Betwixt their quarrels and their pleasures, laugh
 At torments that they taste not: bid them learn
 That there be torments terribler than these
 Whereof it is Thy will that they shall taste,
 So they repent not, in the belly of hell."
 So spake the Voice: then thunder shook the wood,
 And lightnings smote and splintered two tall trees
 That towered above the rest, the one a pine,
 An ash the other. Then I knew the doom,
 Of those accursed men who sport with war,
 And tear the body of their mother, France.
 Trembling, though guiltless, did I hear that doom,
 Trembling, though guiltless, I. For them I quaked
 Of whom it spake. O Princes, tremble ye,
 For ye are they! O hearken to that Voice!
 O cruel, cruel, cruel Princes, hear!
 For ye are they that tear your mother's flesh;
 O flee the wrath to come! Repent and live!
 Else know your doom, which God declares through me,
 Perdition and the pit hereafter; here
 Short life and shameful death.'

[*Exit.*]

THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

'Ho, ho! My Lords,
 What say ye to my Lord Archbishop's friend?

A prophet or a railer? Nay, sirs, speak ;
Or have dumb devils entered you ?'

It is thus that Burgundy receives the denunciation ; but the Duke of Orleans, whose character is gentle, courteous, and generous, is conscience-stricken, resolves to rescue his war-wasted country, and asks pardon in the first place, for all the wrongs he has done him, of his cousin of Burgundy. A reconciliation takes place, sincere and permanent as far as Orleans is concerned ; but the good faith of the perfidious Duke of Burgundy is easily shaken by the plots of one of his followers—the villain of the piece—Montargis. Montargis attempts to carry off a pupil from the convent of the Celestines—Iolande de St Remy. She is rescued by the Duke of Orleans, who naturally falls in love with her. Iolande returns his affection, until she learns that he is already married ; and we wish we could extract the scene in which she then rejects his love, and overcomes his passion, by the influence of her purity. It is then that he prays for her a boon. He tells her—for she is still ignorant of his name—how his brother's soul is tortured by the power of evil spirits, which can only be driven out by the aid of a holy relic—a vial containing the tears of Mary Magdalene, enshrined in the Bernardines. A sinless maiden, dipping her finger in the sacred tears, must trace the figure of a cross upon the brow of the possessed, and the evil spirits will leave him. Iolande consents to attempt the cure ; and learns that it is the king whose malady she is to cure. Meantime, by various machinations on the part of Montargis, all of which are brought, with infinite skill, into connection with the main thread of the story, the Duke of Burgundy has been so worked upon, that, in the belief that his Duchess has intrigued with Orleans, he orders the murder of the latter. Montargis accordingly lays an ambush for the Duke. On the morning of St Clement's Eve, which an ancient prophecy has threatened will be fatal to the House of Valois, with solemn religious ceremonial, the cure of the king is attempted.

We have only room for a part of this remarkable scene. The Hermit has warned Iolande, for the last time, to renounce the rite, 'if any breath of earthly passion dim Heaven's mirror in her mind.'

But she has seen St Mary Magdalene in a vision, and she perseveres. The king enters with the Duke of Orleans, and Passac his barber.

‘THE KING.

‘Brother, I prithee bid the sacristan
Leave jangling of those bells.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

I hear no bells ;
 'Tis but your fancy, Brother. I have heard
 The ear hath phantoms, like as hath the eye,
 And men hear sounds that are not. It is common.

THE KING.

True ; once I thought my body was a church,
 My head the belfry ; and you'd scarce believe
 What clangour and what swinging to and fro
 Went on, and how the belfry rocked and reeled,
 Till Death, the knock-kneed laggard, came to church ;
 Then all was peace.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

No more of that. Look, look
 There by the altar is that spotless maid
 On whom the sainted Magdalene drops anew
 Her tears of tenderest love, which, turned to balm,
 With potent touch shall heal and fortify
 This shaken yet majestic soul of France.
 Make no delay.

THE KING.

Oh Virgin fair and pure,
 Thou hast a goodly presence, and thy face
 Is like the face of one who longs for Christ
 And sees Him coming in the clouds with power ;
 And now thou drawest near, thou'rt not of earth ;
 For there's a glory round thee, and thine eyes
 Are as that seraph's which I saw long since
 When God was good and gracious to my soul
 And sent me messages of love. Oh Maid !
 I see a heavenly message in thy face,
 And know thee more than human.

IOLANDE.

Royal Sir,

It is a vision you behold, not me ;
 I see it too ; whichever way I look
 Is light and glory, for it fills the place,
 And angels' eyes meet mine.

ROBERT THE HERMIT.

Let none gainsay
 That angels' eyes behold this work.

.

'IOLANDE.

'I, as divinely called, and by the grace
 I trust is given me, sign thee with this cross ;

And by God's power, and by the cross of Christ,
And by the virtue of these sacred tears
Wept by St Mary Magdalene, enjoin
All evil spirits that inhabit here,
If any now inhabit, to depart,
And I command that none henceforth shall dare
To vex the soul of this anointed king.

ROBERT THE HERMIT.

Amen ! amen ! so be it !

THE KING.

There they go—
That's Astramon, that's Cedon. Get ye hence,
False traitors ! My Lord Abbot, follow, follow,
And sprinkle holy water in their track,
Or they will turn again. Good Hermit, follow.
[Exit, followed by Robert the Hermit,
the Abbot, and Passac.

IOLANDE.

Hear me, Angelic Host ! Seraphic Bands,
And spirits that erst imprisoned here on earth
Have burst your bonds and mounted, list to me
A child of earth, to whose weak hands were given
The spear and shield of Christ,—oh bear me up
Now that my task is done, lift up my heart,
For it is trembling, tottering, fainting, sinking,
And teach it such a song of joy and praise
As, borne aloft toward the mercy-seat,
May mix with hallelujahs of your own !
And O that I were worthier, and that now,
Upspringing from my consummated task,
I might but be released and join your choirs
In endless anthems ! God of boundless love,
Take me, oh take me hence !

Re-enter Passac.

PASSAC.

My Lord, the King,
As hath been sometime heretofore his wont,
Hath bid us take away his sword.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Well, well ;
No matter ; say no more.

PASSAC.

He calls for you.

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

I come. Oh, Iolande, a hasty vow

Was that I vowed, that when thy work was wrought
 I never more would ask to see thy face.
 Once, once again I must. Ere the sun set
 I bring thee tidings of the king.

[*A cry within.*
 My Lord!

DUKE OF ORLEANS.

I come, I come.

IOLANDE.

I fear you now no longer ;
 Christ hath me by the hand and I am safe.'

The experiment has failed ; and the king is more insane than before. Iolande attributes the failure to her own scarce-conquered love for the Duke of Orleans, believing that the sacred charm of the relic has been rendered ineffectual, solely because of the sinful medium through which it was applied. While she is bewailing her imaginary guilt at the Celestines, a council, called by the Duke of Burgundy, sits to judge her. The Duke of Orleans, hastening to the council to save her, is assassinated by Montargis in the street. Almost at the same moment, the mob of Paris rises in fury,—for the king was greatly beloved,—demanding the death of the sorceress ; and Iolande is killed by an arrow from the crowd while she is kneeling beside the body of her lover, which has been carried to the convent of the Celestines.

It is almost unpardonable to give so meagre a skeleton of his play, even for the purpose of rendering intelligible extracts which ought not to have been taken from their context. Even the Hermit's speech, which we have quoted because it is better able than any part of the dialogue to stand alone, loses much of its power and effect, if we are forced to consider it as a poem to be read, instead of a speech addressed to the king and the guilty princes. How well those characters are drawn—the gentle lunatic king, the chivalrous Orleans, and his savage cousin ; how the devotional and fervid spirit of Iolande is contrasted with the gaiety of her friend Flos ; with how delicate a satire the humours of the convent and the mob are handled ; and with how much of picturesque fidelity the spirit of the middle ages is preserved,—our readers must go to the book for themselves, in order to understand. And we think it unnecessary, in directing them thither, to add a further criticism, which must either be an unmixed eulogy, or a still more superfluous complaint of the absence of qualities which never came within the scope of the poet's design.

The limitations of Mr Taylor's genius have been sufficiently indicated already, in the remarks we have made upon his critical

theories. The regions of human nature with which he chiefly deals, are those which are governed by the reason and the will ; and although it would be absurd to say of so excellent a dramatist, that the passions are beyond his reach, he maintains a certain sobriety of tone, even when the fire is at the hottest, which reminds us, perhaps unnecessarily, of the heroic self-control of his own Artevelde. And if the passion which he contemplates in other men is somewhat sparingly exhibited, that which is personal to the poet himself is scarcely perceptible in Mr Taylor. There are very sweet and tender snatches of song in his dramas ; but even in these he is never hurried away by the lyrical impulse. The feelings with which he is moved by the spectacle of life and nature, are probably neither more subtle nor more intense than those which many thoughtful and cultivated men have experienced who have no pretensions to the possession of genius. For poetical feeling, as a great poet has told us, is not so rare an endowment as the active faculty which is necessary for its expression. But if Mr Taylor's writings indicate a sensibility less tremulously acute than is proper to the poetical temperament in general, they display still more unmistakeably a sensibility that is always genuine and healthy, and which, as it springs from no exceptional mood in the poet's mind, demands for its appreciation no singular excitability in that of the reader. And all deficiency of lyrical elevation is amply atoned for, to our mind, by the lofty and wise thoughtfulness, which would certainly have given a permanent value to Mr Taylor's poetry, even if it had been less remarkable for its constant gracefulness and beauty.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Slave Power; its Character, Career, and probable Designs.* By J. E. CAIRNES, M.A. Parker and Son.
 2. *Six Months in North America.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
 3. *De l'Abolition de l'Esclavage.* Par AUGUSTIN COCHIN. Paris.

WHETHER, with the greatest of living cynics, we regard the American conflict as simply the burning of 'the dirtiest chimney that was ever set on fire;' or, with more grave and sympathizing spirits, deplore it as the saddest outburst of human folly and passion that our day has seen, there can be no doubt as to the absorbing interest which it excites in every English mind. Its consequences are profoundly felt in all our great centres of industry; its details are listened to with eagerness at every English hearthstone; it is the one topic of every public speaker and writer. All other subjects beside it seem dull and vapid; and even the dashing freak of Garibaldi, and the imminent danger to which it exposed the new kingdom of Italy, could only divert attention for a few days from the struggle going on at the other side of the Atlantic. Even the patriotic egotism of the Americans ought to be satisfied with the monopoly of the thought and feeling of the Old Country which they have for the last eighteen months enjoyed.

The position of affairs has greatly changed since we last addressed our readers on the subject, now nine months ago. In February of this year, the numbers and resources of the Northerners were beginning to tell most effectually on their antagonists. The defeat at Bull Run had early taught them a salutary lesson. Then, for the first time, they seemed to awake to the real magnitude of the contest, and they girded up their loins to meet it with a unanimous and concentrated energy which called forth the admiration of Europe. They created vast armies, and spent immense pains in disciplining and equipping them. They availed themselves of their unquestioned supremacy at sea to import every sort of munition of war in boundless quantities, and to close the ports of their enemies to the commerce of the world. They issued paper money in a profusion never known before, and it circulated with little or no depreciation. For a while everything seemed to smile upon them. Slowly, but steadily, and along their whole frontier, they pushed back the Confederate armies. They were often defeated, but they always advanced. They obtained possession of the chief part of the Border States of the West, approached in great force close to the capital of Virginia, and appeared at

one time on the point of capturing it. Their gunboats descended the Mississippi from Cairo, and ascended it from the sea ; and, to the surprise of nearly every one, they succeeded in seizing and holding New Orleans, the great commercial city of the South. They established themselves in several important positions along the coast of the Slave States, and even went so far nominally as to proclaim three ports open to trade as usual. The nearly universal impression last June was, that the Confederates would be reduced to a desperate and defensive war, carried on on the guerilla fashion ; and that, if they were still determined not to yield, they must be content to tire out their foes by a sort of dogged and passive resistance, and trust to the ultimate resource of European intervention. This was Mr Seward's conviction evidently, when he penned his triumphant despatch to Earl Russell, to which the latter replied two months later with such quiet irony. This was apparently almost the impression of Jefferson Davis, in his manly address to the Confederate Congress on the accumulation of disasters which had befallen them, though he spoke of them only as motives to renewed and more desperate exertions. We ourselves never believed in the conquest of the South, for we felt all along that submission was to them a simple impossibility, and that, unless they did submit, the war must go on for ever ; but the best we anticipated was, that Europe would at length interfere for the sake of humanity, to end a conflict which had become simply one of extermination and desolation, and would obtain the independence of the *Gulf States*, with the Mississippi as their western, and North Carolina as their northern boundary, as the best bargain that could possibly be made with a triumphant foe.

Now, everything has been reversed. In June the tide began to turn. Intimations of terrible losses by disease and desertion in the several *corps d'armée* reached the public ear from time to time. M'Clellan's army did not advance on Richmond, and met with some serious checks. After the desperate two days' battle at Pittsburg Landing, Beauregard's army suddenly disappeared, and left his antagonist utterly bewildered and alarmed. Soon after came the seven days' fighting near Richmond, which decimated and disheartened the Federal army, and drove it back into a swamp. Then followed its difficult escape, and the various battles in the valley of the Shenandoah, and about Manassas and Centreville, which were all terrible defeats for the Northerners,—the advance of the Confederates into Maryland, and the alarm at Washington, and the recovery of much of their lost position in the Border States,—leaving it doubtful for some time whether they were not in a position almost to dictate the terms of separation, as well as to enforce their independence.

We were prepared for Federal failure, because we knew that they had undertaken an enterprise in which success was hopeless ; but we were not prepared for reverses so rapid or so overwhelming. The ultimate issue is no longer doubtful : the mode in which that issue may be brought about, and the period of its accomplishment, are almost as much matters of conjecture as they ever were. Instead, therefore, of risking any prediction, we will confine ourselves to the safer and more profitable task of sketching some of the inferences which may be confidently drawn from the few facts of the wonderful drama we have been watching, as to which we can feel tolerably certain.

We appear to have caused much irritation, both among Americans in their own country and their friends here, by the expectations and animadversions which we ventured to express in our February number. We appeal for our justification to the entire series of events which have since occurred. We are sure that no impartial observer will be able to point to a single expectation which has been falsified by the result, or to a single animadversion which has not met with the most signal and repeated confirmation. The failure of the Federals has been even more complete than we anticipated, and the peculiar faults which we attributed to them have come out in even darker colours than we used in their delineation. It seems to have been thought that we, as liberal politicians and friends of free institutions, should have been more lenient to the defects and errors of a Republican people ; and that, as philanthropists and abhorers of slavery, we ought to have been anxious for the success of those who were fighting against a nation of slaveholders. We cannot give in to a sentiment of this sort. It appears to us erroneous and shallow, and by no means worthy of men who ought to have been trained, in the civil struggles of a country like England, to look at realities and to emancipate themselves from watchwords and from names. We cannot understand how those who love liberty, and contend for constitutional law as its upholder and security, should not feel deep moral indignation against a people who have done so much to discredit both, who have exhibited parliamentary government to the world in its least inviting shape, and have so misused and travestied the doctrine of popular sovereignty, as to warn the world against it almost as effectually as France did in the last century. We are amazed at the unquestioning passiveness of mind among our Liberals, which permits them to accept the Americans at their own valuation, and to regard them, not only as free and great, but as the models *par excellence* of true freedom and real greatness, on the sole plea that they have always represented themselves as such, and that they possess democratic institutions and occupy a whole

continent. We can conceive nothing more unwarrantable or absurd than the assumption,—which lies at the root of the views of those who blame us,—that the Federalists are fighting in a good cause, because they are fighting against foes who have a terrible blot on their escutcheon and a terrible cancer in their civil polity; that they are in arms for the negro, because they are in arms against the negro's master; that we ought to wish them success in their attempt to subjugate the South, because the South is the scene of a sad and fatal system, which both South and North have hitherto concurred in maintaining. If anything had been needed to make clear the groundlessness of this assumption, it might be found in the recent declaration of Mr Lincoln,—who is always honest and sincere, and knows exactly what he means, even when he is least skilful in expressing it. He said, 'My business and desire is to uphold the Union. I will do whatever I deem best for that purpose. If the Union can be best secured by emancipating the slaves, I will emancipate them. If by emancipating some, and retaining the others in thralldom, I will do that. If by keeping them all in slavery, *then I will do that.*' After this, who can deny that the North are fighting solely to restore the Union,—that is, to establish their dominion over an unwilling people. To do this is to fight, not in the cause of liberty, but in that of tyranny; and when one nation endeavours to subjugate another, that nation is fighting in a bad cause; and the fact that it cultivates its soil by free labour, and its adversary by slave labour, in no way invalidates this conclusion. If the Austrians were Protestants, while the Italians were Catholics, would that affect the *rights* of the question at issue between them one iota? The Russians are Christians and the Turks Mahometans, and Mahometanism is a fatal faith and a desolating and unimproving polity, which includes slavery among its errors; but does that even *enter* into our consideration of the claims of Russia to deprive the Ottoman Power of its dominions? If, indeed, the North were labouring to subdue the South *in order* to emancipate four millions of oppressed blacks, then all who deem it right to 'do evil that good may come,' might honestly applaud and aid an enterprise which would be grand and beneficent, though lawless; but who, either in America or England, can for a moment pretend that this is the aim or motive of the Federals? Even if the ultimate and unintended issue of the success of the Northerners were to be the emancipation of the negro,—which, in our conviction, it cannot be,—still, while rejoicing over the incidental result, we should still maintain their cause to be a wrong one;—since they are fighting for dominion over a reluctant people, which Republicans have no right to exercise or to desire; for the preservation of a

Union which has been demoralizing to all the purer and nobler elements of their national life ; and for the continuance and aggrandisement of an inordinate power, which is as injurious to their own real progress as it is to the security and the rights of other nations.

A great crisis never fails to throw light on the collective character of the people which undergoes it. It tries their strength, and unveils their weak places and their unsound parts. Let us see what this crisis,—one of the greatest that ever overtook any people,—has taught us of the peculiarities of the Americans, and the influence of American institutions. And in doing this we shall have to speak chiefly, if not exclusively, of the Northerners, for of the proceedings of their antagonists we know comparatively little.

The first point which comes out in strong relief is the marked contrast between the energy of the people and the incapacity of their rulers. The vigour, determination, and indomitable perseverance displayed by the mass of the nation, in every state and in every class alike, have deservedly called forth the admiration of Europe. As soon as the real magnitude and difficulty of the task before them became apparent, all citizens girded up their loins to meet it. They put aside all other thoughts and occupations, enlisted in the ranks as if the war was a pleasant business as well as a patriotic cause, raised regiments with unexampled celerity, equipped them with unusual completeness, paid them with unheard-of liberality, and poured them forth to the frontier in numbers which announced a resolution to terminate the contest by one overwhelming blow. No disasters seem to operate as the slightest discouragement. Never for an instant, since the commencement of the struggle, have the citizens, especially in the North and West, appeared to entertain the faintest doubt of ultimate, easy, and entire success, even when repeated defeats must have staggered the authorities, and might well have daunted any people. Those who had lost sons and brothers in the fight, sent, without hesitation, others to succeed them ; the most dreadful slaughter, even the wholesale return of the sick and wounded, never (at least till very recently) materially hindered the progress of enlistment ; and life was lavished quite as liberally as treasure.

The next point is one that strikes us with a feeling almost of surprise. We never doubted the energy of the American people, or that what they did they would do with all their mind and with all their strength ; but we were not prepared to find them more governed by passions and ideas than by interests. They had acquired, rightly or wrongly, so much the reputation of being slaves to the 'almighty dollar,' that it is with a mixture

of astonishment and admiration we have seen that slavery promptly cast aside for another far loftier and nobler, if not more reasonable. They now present the spectacle of a whole people possessed and nearly maddened by a wild patriotism, forming a distinct and vivid conception—though, in our judgment, a strangely mistaken one—of what the grandeur and dignity of their country demand, and pursuing that conception with a reckless sacrifice of every other consideration. The most commercial people in the world have seen their commerce half destroyed; the most industrious and ingenious have allowed their industry to be suspended, and the fruits of their ingenuity devastated and swept away in the most wholesale fashion; the most methodical and enterprising have almost welcomed a conjuncture which upset all their regular habits and disturbed all their accustomed undertakings,—and all this without one murmur of complaint, without one instant of hesitation, and with scarcely a single expression of regret. We do not think their patriotism is either very pure or very rational; but of the sincerity and the paramount force of the sentiment there can be no doubt whatever. Neither Northerner nor Southerner, neither the New England Puritan, nor the Illinois farmer, nor the Pennsylvanian banker, nor the Carolinian planter, appears to be troubled with the faintest doubt, either that his cause is just and holy, or that the God of battles will fight on his side, or that his country's claim upon him is more imperative than any other. He has left his business and gone to the war; and, after the fashion of his people, has made the war his business. Neither wealth, nor comfort, nor industrial progress, nor life itself, are counted as of any concern, in comparison with the one great object of national triumph and success. There is something wonderfully captivating in this spectacle of a whole people permeated, inspired, intoxicated with one *idea*,—and that an idea the realization of which concerns them collectively much, but individually not at all;—for there is scarcely a man among them who will not have suffered far more in property, in person, and in friends, than he can hope to gain by the re-constitution of the Union on any conceivable terms. There is something, moreover, strangely instructive to the philosophic, and curiously fascinating to the cynic, mind, in the sight of two nations, or sections of one nation, each consisting of many millions of the cleverest and most vigorous people upon earth, assailing each other with the wildest fury and inflicting on each other the most frightful slaughter, desolating each other's homesteads, annihilating the fruits of each other's industry,—both perfectly persuaded in their own minds of the righteousness of their aim,

both fighting in the name of liberty, of law, of justice ; both contending, as they say, for everything that man holds dear and sacred,—one party denouncing its antagonists as rebels, and the other replying by the epithet of tyrants.

While the astonishing energy and intense zeal displayed by the people bear honourable testimony to the sterling qualities of their race, the incapacity of nearly all their public men, and the shameful corruption of too many, testify, in the loudest and clearest tones, against their democratic institutions. Such at least is our reading of the moral taught by the events of the last two years. On the Northern side not a single man has appeared whose abilities soar above the merest mediocrity. Never before in all history did so great a crisis fail so deplorably to bring to the surface any great men. In the military career, perhaps, this ought not to surprise us. The Americans have had few opportunities of learning the art of war ; and war of late has been made so much of a scientific profession, that mere untaught talent is both far less effective and has far less chance of displaying itself than in ruder times. Most of the officers, too, who, after being educated for the regular army at West Point, had gained some experience, such as it was, in the Mexican and Indian Wars, embraced the cause of the South. Among the Southern generals, unquestionably, there has been no lack of able and successful leaders. The very size of the *corps d'armée* was unfavourable to the eliciting of military skill. Many clever commanders who could have handled two or three regiments with efficiency and talent, and might then have gradually taught themselves their profession, were utterly unequal to dealing with 20,000 or 30,000 men. The uniformly wretched character of the regimental officers is explicable enough when we remember the mode of their election and the class out of which they rose ; but that no man should have appeared who decidedly soars above his fellows, and has already made his superiority manifest, may well astonish us. M'Clellan *may* turn out a great general, and has assuredly shown some qualities which augur well : that is, he has shown much patience and skill in disciplining raw recruits ; and he has succeeded in obtaining the confidence of his troops, though, during the first year of his command, he lost many battles, and did not gain one. Still, the fact remains, that neither a Dumouriez, nor a Moreau, nor a Pichegru,—to say nothing of a Napoleon,—has yet appeared among the 600,000 men who constitute the Federal army. This, however, as we have said, is not so inexplicable. But that among their civilians no first-rate—not even a second or third-rate—administrator should have come up, may well surprise us. It is true, that for long nearly all the great places have been in the hands of

Southerners or of Southern sympathizers, so that they had monopolized official experience almost as completely as the Tories did during the long exclusion of the Whigs previous to their advent in 1830. It is true that the crisis was a sudden and a singular as well as a great one; and that the Federal authorities, whose work had hitherto been comparatively trifling and whose power had been comparatively limited, were thus, for the first time, called to deal with events of startling magnitude, and to direct transactions of unwonted complexity, difficulty, and extent. But, on the other hand, we must bear in mind that every American, especially every Northern American, is a born politician, and a possible, not to say probable, official; that a far larger number of persons are called upon habitually to take part in public affairs in that country than in any other; that in vestries, in meetings, in State chambers, they are peculiarly and incessantly a self-governing people; and that their faculty of organization has long been a matter of boasting and of admiration. America ought, as far as first appearances can warrant the conclusion, to supply a larger number of citizens competent to take the management of every Government department, and to discharge its functions with facility and mastery, than any other country. Yet, from the highest to the lowest,—from Mr Lincoln, through his whole Cabinet, down to the ordinary *chef de bureau*,—not one man of even moderate capacity has shown himself, or has been placed in office. What is the explanation of this remarkable result,—a result as discreditable as it has been fatal?

We believe it to be twofold. We believe it is traceable to an inherent vice in democracy, or rather in that peculiar form and intensity which democratic institutions have assumed in America. The people have neither valued nor rewarded the most essential qualities in their public men; and the higher minds and abilities of the country have sought other careers than that of politics. The nation has never offered either a position or a recompense which should tempt great and good men into public life; and the concerns of Government have, in consequence, been left to, and managed by, the corrupt, the low-minded, and the half-educated,—those whose views were all personal, whose talents were all flashy, and whose conceptions were all coarse. Neither a nation, nor any other master, can hope to command and profit by, in its hour of need, those virtues or those talents which it has systematically suppressed or discouraged in its days of smooth prosperity and sunshine. In America, more especially in the Free States, the legislators, leaders, and governors are chosen by the numerical majority of the people—most frequently, indeed, by the votes of that numerical majority acting under the direction of a set of professional electioneers, than whom a more unworthy

and pernicious class of men do not infest any land. Now, we may admit at once that this numerical majority—the mass of the nation—are, as a rule, more intelligent, more respectable, and better educated in the United States than in any other country in the world, except, *perhaps*, Switzerland and Norway. But the United States is the only country in the world where this numerical majority really constitute the governing, guiding, and electing body; and though more intelligent than the same classes elsewhere, they are not even there as intelligent as those above them, nor as intelligent as the governing classes ought to be. Their ingrained error, and that of those who manipulate and direct their votes, is to insist upon selecting as their administrative chiefs, not the men best qualified by talent and instruction for the task, but the men who will most faithfully reflect their prejudices, and most cringingly obey their behests. Naturally enough, they find that able and honourable men,—men gifted with the original resources and the force of character which alone are fitted to cope with a crisis like the present,—will not serve them on such terms. The submissive clerks, who are competent enough to do their ordinary work, to transact the routine official business of the day in a tolerably decent and roughly efficient fashion, are utterly incompetent when called upon to deal with a great and perilous conjuncture; and in such a conjuncture, incompetence in high places is simply and immediately fatal. There is nothing offered, in the way either of power or fame, to tempt the great minds or the commanding characters of the nation into public life in America; and, accordingly, such minds and such characters have habitually abjured it, and left it to the Lincolns, the Swards, the Camerons, and the Stantons,—among the whole list of whom not one man of even ordinary administrative ability is to be found. This result, it seems clear to us, is directly attributable to the political institutions of the United States, in conjunction with that democratic temper which those institutions foster and place in power. Mr Lincoln, far the most respectable of the whole set, has shown considerable strength of purpose, and an earnest, semi-articulate, groping desire to see straight and to do right; but he has no political experience, and no insight into character. His election, too, was a mere accident—as, indeed, as we have before explained, the election of President must now always be. Mr Seward has been one of the most signal failures ever known: according to Mr Trollope, no one, even in the United States, has a good word to say for him. Of Mr Cameron we need say nothing. The measure of his character and his capacity has been taken long ago, and never was dismissal more richly earned than his. Mr Stanton has made up for want of real vigour and talent, by a lawless, fitful, ineffective violation of

the civil rights of every citizen whom he fancied he could oppress with impunity; and he has aroused, by his scandalous and feeble outrages, a degree of animosity which must soon drive him from power, and which may not improbably ultimately lead to his impeachment. In a word, looking over all the heads of departments, and all the chief Federal authorities, we are compelled to say that never was a great country so miserably served. The Americans say so themselves, and say it and feel it with angry bitterness;—only they will not, as we do, trace the sad fact home to its obvious cause.

But incapacity is not the only fault which these unfortunate victims of unchecked democratic institutions have to charge against their most eminent ministers and rulers. Never, perhaps, was such a saturnalia of political and pecuniary corruption witnessed, as has disgraced the central Government from the very outset of this contest. We bring no charges against Federal administrators and contractors—we merely echo those brought and made good by the Americans themselves. Mr Trollope has given us some specimens of this, mainly drawn from the Report of the Committee on Contracts, familiarly known as the Van Wyck Committee. Political corruption is no new thing in America, but in this crisis it has been displayed more outrageously, and brought more to the surface than before.

‘Men, in their pursuit of intelligence, had forgotten to be honest; in struggling for greatness, they had discarded purity. The nation has been great, but the statesmen of the nation have been little. Men have hardly been ambitious to govern, but they have coveted the wages of governors. Corruption has crept into high places,—into places that should have been high,—till, of all holes and corners in the land, they have become the lowest. No public man has been trusted for ordinary honesty. It is not by foreign voices, by English newspapers or in French pamphlets, that the corruption of American statesmen has been exposed, but by American voices and by the American press. It is to be heard on every side. Cabinet ministers, senators, representatives, State Legislatures, officers of the army, officials of the navy, contractors of every grade,—all who are presumed to touch, or to have the power of touching, the public money,—are thus accused. For years it has been so. The word “politician” has stunk in men’s nostrils.’

The instances of this, proved or universally credited, have been countless. Colonels of regiments, and even higher officials, are said, and *believed*, to have received large gratuities from railway companies for bringing their troops over special lines, and allowing the companies to charge for imaginary numbers. One member of the Cabinet, the Secretary of the Navy, most needlessly and irregularly employed his wife’s brother-in-law to buy

ships,—the gentleman so employed knowing nothing of the business, but pocketing L.20,000 in six months by the agency. Nor was he the only corrupt and incapable agent signalized by the Committee as having been employed by the same minister on similar errands, and having robbed the public liberally in the process. A Captain Comptock, and a Mr Starbreck, are denounced as well as Mr George Morgan. Yet none of these gentlemen, we are assured, have been called on to refund their ill-gotten gains, and Mr Welles is still Secretary of the Navy. Mr Cameron, Secretary at War, deserting the recognised official channels of doing business, employed an old political ally and crony of his own, a Mr Cummings, to buy army stores, and gave him L.400,000 for the purpose. Knowing nothing of the business, he entrusted it to a clerk from Albany, recommended to him by Mr Thurlow Weed, the special friend and unofficial ambassador to England of Mr Seward, Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The mode in which these gentlemen contrived to waste the L.400,000, to supply the army with articles that were not wanted, and were too bad to use, and at the same time to profit largely by each useless transaction, constitutes the rich comic part of the Van Wyck report, but it is too long to quote. Mr Cameron is, indeed, no longer Secretary at War,—his incapacity, rather than his jobs, compelled the President to dismiss him ; but instead of disgrace or forfeiture, he is sent to St Petersburg to represent his Government—which he is well qualified to do. But perhaps the jobs perpetrated by the officers on General Fremont's staff, with his connivance, and sometimes by his personal direction, are the most monstrous and scandalous of any on record. They may be read at length in the seventh chapter of Mr Trollope's second volume. It does not seem clear whether or not Fremont himself shared in the pecuniary spoil : we are inclined to believe not. But his recklessness, incapacity, and utter want of all decency or delicacy in the matter, are sins almost as worthy of condemnation in a man of his position, as if he were himself the robber. He evidently had not the least idea that he was called upon to check his *aides-de-camp* in their raids upon the public purse. All these things were amply exposed, and General Fremont was for a time removed from his command ; but he has since been restored, and is still the favourite general and hero of New York and of the Western States.

The remarkable feature in all these transactions is, that the detection and publication of the most flagrant jobs and corrupt practices among chiefs and rulers, does not appear in the slightest degree to damage them in public estimation, or to impair their prospects or position. Indeed, the most outrageous accusations are perpetually brought against both civil and military servants of the state,

which in this country would, if borne out, be fatal to the accused, and if proved baseless, would be fatal to the accuser; but which, in America, appear to be regarded by both parties and by the public as mere ordinary and permissible expressions of animosity and dissatisfaction. No one appears to feel that such charges are very villainous, if recklessly made; that, if false, they ought to be publicly refuted; and that, if true, the offender ought to be publicly punished. An officer of General Fremont's staff sent to Washington a number of very serious charges against his chief,—apparently well-founded in the main. The General placed the officer under arrest. Mr Cameron, Secretary at War, directed his immediate release. He repeated his charges in a more formal shape, and in still stronger language. The Secretary at War investigated them in person, but left both the General and his accuser in their old positions. After a time, General Fremont's conduct became so insubordinate and dictator-like, that he was recalled, but was too great a favourite with the Western States to be brought to a court-martial; and he has since that been once more—though unwhitewashed—appointed to a high command. Secrets of the most important character have been repeatedly betrayed to the enemy. At last, the President's wife is denounced as the delinquent, both in common conversation and by a posted placard. The lady retires to her country seat in Illinois, but no one thinks of pursuing the inquiry, and punishing either the betrayer or the calumniator. General Pope accuses two of the generals under his command of disobedience; General M'Dowell is openly accused of treachery. He asks for a court-martial; but, by M'Clellan's advice (it is said), none is held either on him or on the generals attacked by Pope,—only Pope is voted incapable, and is relegated to the backwoods. We fancy the truth is, that none of these atrocious charges are seriously believed, even by those who make them; they are merely the sort of strong, bad language which angry slanderers in the States are considered by common custom justified in using; which means little, and is scarcely listened to, and which is, in fact, only an original form of cursing and swearing in vogue in that great country.

Another ominous feature in the character and habits of the Americans, which, though by no means new, has been brought out into very strong relief by the present crisis, is the deplorable scarcity of anything like *individuality*—as shown either in the power of forming an opinion different from that current among the masses, or in courage to express one. The Northern States, the New England ones especially, contain many men of sober minds, of wide instruction, of deep political insight,—men who

can see truth even when it tells against themselves,—who understand and can discern law and justice, even when the popular passion has obscured both to ordinary eyes,—who can look coolly at inevitable consequences, even when popular fury prevents the mass around them from doing so,—sagacious politicians, sound jurists, thinkers worthy of the name of statesmen. In a free country such men ought to have availed themselves of their freedom to moderate passions which their reason told them were both dangerous and excessive, to defend principles which were about to be trampled down in the fury of civil strife, to utter warnings both of morality and prudence, which are never so apt to be neglected as when people are maddened by their wrongs, and confident in their strength. They ought to have availed themselves of their reputation to induce, and of their eloquence to compel, an excited populace to listen to them. Unhappily they have done neither. We have looked in vain for a single eminent orator, writer, or public man in any State—with the one exception of Mr Emerson—to whom be all honour—who, on the grand and critical topics of the day, has dared to utter any sentiment that was not a mere echo, embodiment, and envenomed expression of the prevailing passion or delusion of the audience he was haranguing. Whether the subject was the Trent affair, the conduct of England in conceding the belligerent character of the South, the enormity of the slaveholders, or the diabolical iniquity of the rebels, the sole aim and thought of every governor, author, judge, or minister of the gospel appeared to be, not to enlighten or to guide the citizens before him, but first to find out what those citizens thought and felt upon the question, and then to put that thought and feeling before them in the most pungent, most gilded, most seductive form that their oratorical tact enabled them to furnish. When a nation is thus served by its leading minds, how can we wonder at either its excesses or its self-delusions?

We may admit at once that it is not easy to be courageous or outspoken in America, and that of late it has been even less easy than usual. The people have always set themselves against the mental freedom of individuals. To think differently from the majority on political and social questions, has never in America been reckoned among the natural and inalienable rights of man; and of course the more important and exciting such questions become, the less likely is universal freedom of speech or thought to be recognised or tolerated. The majority, too, has always had, by the very nature of the case, almost boundless power of enforcing conformity to the prevalent opinion. It is not only the irresponsible executor of its own decrees, but it is the omnipresent witness of all offences against them. It can not only

exclude the offender from all chance of public influence or reward, but can make him very uncomfortable in his social position. Still, we cannot admit this plea as any justification of the moral cowardice on which we are animadverting. The very despotism against which it now requires so much spirit to make head could never have grown up, if thinking men had possessed a befitting sense of their personal title to liberty of thought, and had steadily resented as unwarrantable oppression the attempt of the public to interfere with it. No freedom has ever been conquered or secured except by men willing to be martyred for the sake of it—**mental freedom** less than any other. The descendants of those who braved exile and imprisonment, the rack, the stake, and the scaffold, to assert their right to think as they pleased upon religious matters, ought not to shrink from the minor inflictions of the hustings and the mart, in order to secure liberty of speech in political concerns. In most cases of social tyranny, and certainly in this, the victims who submit are more culpable than the oppressors who inflict.

We have read many of the despatches written by the Government of the United States on matters arising out of this unhappy business; we have seen their newspapers; we have perused the speeches of their orators at public meetings and in Congress; and we have conversed with all the intelligent Americans we have been able to meet with; and the most notable and uniform impression made upon our minds by all alike, has been that of an *unreasonableness* almost amounting to unsoundness of mind. There seems to be a universal inability to see straight,—an abeyance or obscuration of the logical faculty on all subjects connected with the civil war, which is really a startling psychological phenomenon,—a series of optical delusions whenever the vision is turned either inwards or upon any people that come into relation with themselves and their affairs. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion, that vanity, passion, and national danger together, have for a time affected the brains of twenty millions of the shrewdest and most argumentative race on earth. When they speak of the rebels, they seem to regard them almost as ‘fiends in human shape.’ When they denounce the rebellion, they describe it as the most heinous and unaccountable crime ever committed among men—as an offence so monstrous, and of so deep a dye, as scarcely to be mentioned without horror, and as something that far transcends the ordinary bounds of human wickedness. That any one can wish to split up so great a country; that any citizen can dream of casting off so mild and so beneficent a rule; that even the worst and the silliest of men should be so silly and so bad as voluntarily to forego his position as a member of the proudest commonwealth on earth,—fills them

with the most unfeigned amazement. They seem to have no power of looking at the case for an instant from a Southern point of view, or of giving a moment's consideration to arguments on the other side. Their political sagacity, their sense of justice, their notions of morality, their power of estimating probabilities and consequences,—all alike seem to have given way and suffered shipwreck in the immensity of the crisis. They remain to this day unable to perceive that England had no other decent or possible course open to her when the war broke out, than to admit the Confederates to the status of belligerents. They cannot and do not pretend to argue the matter, but continue to declaim against it as a shameful act of partiality, and an unmistakeable intimation of hostile feeling. They persist to this day—and, we fear, will continue to persist—in regarding our quiet determination to demand reparation for the Trent outrage, as an ungenerous advantage taken of their difficulties,—a proceeding so mean and shabby, as scarcely to have a parallel in the annals of human baseness. They persist in accusing us of unwarrantable partiality and active partisanship for the South, though it is notorious that many hundred thousands of our operatives are suffering the severest privations from the blockade, yet that scarcely a voice has been raised, even among those operatives, in favour of interference with it; though we have submitted in silence to proceedings on the part of Federal cruisers, which, from any other nation, and under any other circumstances, we should have promptly resented and put down; though our perhaps over-scrupulous respect for the right of blockade has, in its practical operation, been almost equivalent to positive assistance rendered to the North; and though the Southerners, in consequence, have complained of our neutrality as one-sided and unjust to them. In the face of every fact that comes before them, notwithstanding the notorious and unanimous hostility of the population wherever they penetrated—notwithstanding the universal complaint that their generals could obtain no information of Confederate movements, while their own plans were constantly communicated to the enemy—they continued to believe that they should find a large Union party in the South. In spite of the overwhelming evidence of the rooted animosity of the Slave States to the Northern connection, in spite of the increasing virulence of feeling on both sides, in spite of repeated proofs of Southern energy and skill,—they persist in believing not only that they can conquer their antagonists, but that they can re-annex them, can hold them, can blend them again into one State, can sit with them again at the same Council Board and in the same Congress, can share with them the same legislative labours,—in a word, can once more make them into co-operating fellow-

citizens. They believe not only that they can subjugate them and force them back, but that it is worth while to do so. To us all this seems to indicate that their power of measuring probabilities and values must be at an end. To be inordinately confident in their military prowess, in their boundless resources, in their irrevocable determination, is no symptom of irrationality; but to believe that any powers or any genius can achieve impossibilities, is simply and undeniably the indication of an unsound mind. Now, to conquer, to desolate, to subdue the Southerners, may be practicable enough; but to re-embrace them in a fraternal hug, or to hold them down by military occupation, is surely one of the most hopeless and unfeasible of aims.

This disturbance of the reasoning and perceiving faculties has been shown in nothing more than in the last proceeding of the Washington Congress—the Confiscation Act. This, it must be remembered, was the deliberate expression of the collective wisdom of the Northern Republic, of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, sanctioned by the President, and embodied in a legislative measure which must have been read three times in each Chamber. It is a well-considered statement or utterance of what they thought it right to feel, and just, wise, and permissible to do. It is directed against their late fellow-citizens,—men who had sat with them in the same assembly,—who, like them, believed in the inalienable right of every man to choose his own rulers and to follow his own career,—who owed allegiance each to his own State,—who, by the very assumption which lay at the foundation of their whole civil polity, were entitled to have and to maintain their own political opinions on all questions of government and law,—and who at this very moment were in arms to assert all these rights, and were, to all appearance, not far at least from being a fair match for their denouncers. Yet it reads, for all the world, like a penal enactment against ordinary ruffians and criminals, outlaws for whom no language could be too strong, and no punishment too severe. It denounces the penalty of death against office-holders among the Confederates, and of confiscation against all who aid and abet them,—that is, against about eight or ten millions of their fellow-countrymen. It proclaims the determination of the Federals to treat their adversaries, not as political opponents who take a diametrically opposite view of a great national (or international) question, but as criminals who are the enemies of all government and society whatever. To our minds, the whole tone and language of the act are simply atrocious; but the purpose for which we cite it here is, as showing how utterly incapable the Northerners at present seem to be of looking at matters as other men look upon them. They evidently had not a conception that, in passing such

an Act, they were doing that which would revolt all civilised spectators, which would rouse in every Southern breast a sentiment of burning indignation and a fierce thirst for vengeance, and which, according to all ordinary human judgment, might almost justify both emotions.

There is a curious inconsistency in the apparent bad passions of the Americans. They denounce, as in this instance, the fiercest vengeance against their enemies. They act, if we are to believe the accounts we hear, with ferocity enough in actual fight, and in promiscuous campaigning. Their newspapers and orators gloat over the sufferings inflicted on the cotton operatives of England by their blockade, in language which is absolutely fiendish. Yet, withal, their habitual conduct, even in a crisis like this, seems quite to negative the supposition that they are a *vindictive* people. Mr Buchanan—who is universally believed to be, and to all appearance was, as thorough a traitor to his trust while President, guilty of as complete treason, either through weakness or deliberate villany, as Marino Faliero, the Doge of Venice—resides in obscure peace within the grasp of the Federals, and has never been even menaced or disturbed. The corruption of Mr Cameron, the lawless arrests and insults of Mr Stanton, the supposed treason, disobedience, or dishonesty of military officers of rank (of which we spoke a few pages back), have all been quietly condoned, as if they were unavoidable accidents to be deplored, not great crimes to be visited with signal retribution. From the commencement of this struggle, so fertile in the most disgraceful offences, so provocative of the fiercest passions, no single civil or military delinquent, so far as we remember, has met with the punishment he deserved. Yet these are the very same men—many of them—who have no scruple in exciting the slaves to rise against their masters; and who, to gain a victory, or to determine the fate of a campaign, would not hesitate to arm some millions of semi-savages, and give them *carte blanche* to pillage, devastate, and slay. There may be strange illogicality here; but at the bottom of the American character there must be a wonderful fund of good nature—a sort of boundless pachydermatous indulgence both to their own sins and to the kindred ones of others. During our Crimean disaster, the prevalent sentiment of the nation was well expressed by the title of a pamphlet which appeared at that time, called ‘Whom shall we hang?’ If half the public offences had been committed by our leaders that have been, or are believed to have been, committed in the United States, we should have hanged a whole cabinet, and shot a whole staff.

Perhaps the fact which has been made most prominently and

surprisingly clear by the events of the contest up to the present time, is the superior *governing* and *acting* capacity of the Southerners. We confess we were by no means prepared for this. We were well aware that the South had furnished by far the greater number of presidents and leading statesmen to the Union; and that, in fact, nearly all the eminent political names known in Europe, with the exception of Adams and Webster, were Southerners. We knew, too, that the advantage of official and administrative experience, so far as Federal operations were concerned, naturally lay with the slaveholders,—just as it lay with the Tories before the Whig advent in 1830. We thought it not unlikely that their freer and more active life, and their early and universal habits of command, might make them both better generals and better soldiers than their adversaries; while, perhaps, also a somewhat higher standard of taste and education among the upper classes might communicate a more dignified and decorous tone to their State papers. We thought it probable, in the last place, that union, determination, and patriotic zeal would be found to be purer, stronger, and more general among the Confederates than among their foes, inasmuch as they were a more homogeneous and (so to speak) a more *native* people, and as their country was the one invaded. But we were wholly unprepared for the *extent* to which all these influences have operated. We had no conception that they could have so completely neutralized and overridden all the advantages of the North—its greater wealth, its overwhelming numbers, its free communication with Europe, its entire command of sea and rivers. We need not say much as to the comparison of the messages and proclamations of President Lincoln and President Davis. We cannot profitably contrast the ministerial action of the Confederate functionaries with that of Seward, Cameron, and Stanton, because we know nothing of the former, except by the results they have achieved. The most remarkable inventions and achievements in the naval line have proceeded from the Confederates, who had no dockyards, and no marine arsenals. *All* the victories of the North have been won by their gun-boats, or with the aid of these excellent auxiliaries. Indeed, wherever the conflict has been exclusively a land one, the Federals have been worsted,—without, we believe, a single important exception before the battle of Antietam. Both armies were hastily levied, and were composed of volunteers. The officers educated at West Point were divided among them in much more equal proportions than was at first reported. The Northern soldiers were tempted into the field by vast bounties; they received liberal pay, admirable rations, and full equipment. The Southerners have often had no pay at all; many thousands of them supported,

not only themselves, but whole companies of their comrades, at their own expense. They were from the first very deficient in the *materiel* of war; and to the last have depended much upon the arms, and ammunition, and military stores which they could capture from the enemy. They have been often both ill fed and ill clad. Yet the great preponderance of victories has lain with them. Partly, no doubt, this may be attributed to the comparatively miscellaneous and mercenary character of the Northern armies; but chiefly, it is traceable to the very inferior discipline of the latter; and this in its turn is traceable to their wretched officers and generals, and to the political and social organization which brought such men to the surface and placed them in high command. We hear nothing among the Confederate armies of captains and colonels elected by their men from political fancies, or as an electioneering job;—of officers absent from their regiments, and dining quietly some miles off, while their regiments were actually under fire;—of shirkers of all ranks, who had to be driven back to their corps by the provost-marshal;—of one general shooting another through the head, because his treatment and language became so foul and insulting, that neither discipline nor temper could stand the test;—of a commander-in-chief accusing his generals of treachery and disobedience, and being himself relegated to the Indian frontiers for hopeless incapacity;—of the hundred instances of ludicrous incompetency, reckless disregard of duty, corruption, and cowardice among Northern officers, with which Northern newspapers have made us so familiar. The strategic movements of the Confederate generals, and their handling of their troops in action, have often been most masterly and always creditable; while M'Clellan, so far as we can learn, is the only Federal commander who has displayed even average ability. The consequence has been, an amount of carnage on the Federal side which is never seen except where obstinate courage on the part of the men is combined with thorough unskilfulness on the part of their leaders. Numbers and valour are of literally no avail when mismanaged by such ignorant and stupid officers as have hitherto infested and disgraced the Northern armies. Never was the superiority of science and capacity over brute force and material resources shown in a more striking manner. We do not know that the Federals could have avoided much of this, constituted as they are, politically and socially; for officers of experience and military talent did not exist for one-tenth of the regiments that they insisted upon raising, and could not by possibility have been extemporized. It was natural, too, that men should be appointed to command troops which they had raised; and natural also that professional politicians, who had always been foremost in elec-

tionering, should put themselves forward in recruiting and embodying as well, and should naturally be chosen by acclamation to lead to the field mobs whom they had often driven to the poll. The result only shows how deplorably the qualities which make a popular demagogue break down, when tried by any test of efficiency either in the cabinet or in the field. These men failed, for the most part, because they had no *character*; their soldiers could not respect them; and men will not either obey, or trust, or follow those whom they do not respect.

The Southern officers, on the contrary, were usually men of some station in society; those whom they commanded and led to battle were either personal friends and associates, or dependents accustomed to obey them, or neighbours accustomed to look up to them. The soldiers felt that they were in the hands of men of superior education and position to themselves, whose capacity and integrity they could trust, and whose patriotic feelings, they knew, were identical with their own. They seem to have been obedient because reliant, and because those who commanded them had never been looked upon as their equals. The truth is, we believe, that it requires as strong a military instinct as that which pervades the French to replace the national influence of an aristocratic body of officers. In the Southern army, thousands even of the privates were gentlemen by birth and character. In the Northern army, thousands even of the officers were neither.

It is too early in the day to do more than hint at a speculation, which yet may soon become one of overpowering and even dismaying interest,—the inquiry, namely, whether such a social organization as that of the Southern Confederacy, which we have been accustomed to regard as rotten to the core, and carrying in its bosom the sure seeds of decay and dissolution, may not be, for most purposes but that of the accumulation of wealth—for empire, for aggression, for government—one of the most effective and the most formidable that modern times and advanced civilisation could contrive;—whether a nation, where the upper and educated classes rule, where a race of slaves supply all the menial and all the industrial occupation needed by the State, and where a class of poor, rough, hardy, and brutal, but proud and courageous men, offer admirable material for an army, though bad material for anything else, may not be permanently and intrinsically more than a match for a people far richer, more ingenious, more numerous, and as a whole better instructed,—but where nearly every man is engaged in commerce, in manufactures, or in the cultivation of the soil, and where the science of government is neglected and its administration mismanaged, because the mass of the people, and not the competent and cul-

tivated few, legislate and command. If it shall indeed prove so, then the advocates of democracy will have to abate somewhat of their admiration and their confidence; and the foes of slavery, while hating it no less, may learn to respect it and to dread it more.

We have now to make a few remarks in reference to a complaint often brought against us by the better and higher order of American minds—those whom we most cordially admire, those with whom we could most readily sympathize and fraternize. They are aggrieved by our criticisms on ‘the Americans. They protest against being judged by, or confounded with, the lowest specimens of their citizens. They aver that our animadversions are only just, and that our descriptions only apply, when understood of those whom it is monstrously inequitable to regard as representatives or embodiments of the national character. They say, and say with truth, ‘When you come among us, and see us in our homes, and converse with us in the freedom of social intercourse, or when you meet us in your own country, you do not find us the insolent, irrational, ruffianly, unfriendly people you describe us in your books. You ought to estimate and characterize us by our best and not our worst specimens.’—Now we take leave to say that this remonstrance, coming as it perpetually does from the best-mannered and most able and cultivated men and women of Boston and New York—than whom, we gladly acknowledge, more courteous or superior gentlemen and ladies are nowhere to be found—is not fair, however natural and excusable. In endeavouring to delineate and judge a NATION, we must not look much at the *exceptional* individuals or classes, whether above or below the average, but at the mass of the people. Nay more, we have a right to judge the nation—we are in a manner compelled to judge it—by that portion of the mass which *appears in public*, which is put forward by the mass, or allowed by the mass to put itself forward, as representatives and rulers of the whole; which, either in the government or in the press, comes into contact with the rest of the world; which speaks without contradiction or rebuke in the name of the nation and for the nation; which is nominated by free election in order to do so; which is paid for doing so. When we point to the outrageous language of the daily organs of the public press, which have an enormous circulation and a profitable trade, and signalize their wonderful ignorance, their inflated bombast, their reckless calumnies against all that are eminent and good, their ludicrous canonization of many that are mean and bad, and their insane and malignant animosity against Great Britain,—we are met by the reply, ‘Oh! you must not consider what the

newspapers say; they have no influence here at all; no one minds their tirades; we read them only for the advertisements and the news. Moreover, most of them are written by Irishmen—often by Irish rebels—who, of course, hate England and try to make us hate her. How would you like as Englishmen to be held answerable for all the blunders, the bad feeling, the narrow prejudices, the daring misrepresentations of the *Times*?' We believe there is much truth in all this. We believe that, as a rule, the American journals exercise far less influence there than English ones do here. We believe that many of them are conducted by Irishmen, and breathe Irish sentiments and passions rather than American ones. But who choose Irishmen to be their journalists? Why are no truly American, and moderate, and creditable newspapers established to supersede these? Why, if any such are established, do they not succeed so well as the more disreputable and violent ones? No doubt, we should be sorry to be judged by the *Times*; but we do not judge Americans by the *New York Herald*; and we should *not* object to be judged by our daily and weekly press *as a whole*. Moreover, it cannot be denied that American journalists use the language they do, spread the calumnies they do, vituperate England as they do, because they believe that, in doing this, they are echoing the sentiments and pleasing the bad passions of the people; that, if they thought otherwise, they would, even though they are Irishmen, at once change their tone; and that they of all men ought to know what their readers, who are the mass of the nation, wish for and relish. No doubt, the reading public in America extends far lower in the social scale than with us, and that lower class of readers must therefore be the class pandered to and pleased. But what is this but the necessary consequence of that more widely-spread education, and those more popular institutions, which constitute the chief boast and (as we are assured) the great superiority of the American people? It lies in the very essence of a democracy to be judged by the mass, because in a democracy the mass govern, and give the tone to the nation. And to complain of being so judged, is to condemn by implication the institutions of the land, and to concede the justice of our animadversions.

In like manner, when we point, in pleading a warrant for our strictures, to the language of public speakers, both in monster meetings and in both Houses of Congress, we are told, 'Oh, but it is notorious that our politicians are the worst class among us. They are jobbed in by professional electioneers; they have to spout and stump, and to pander to the lowest prejudices of the mob. They have little influence or power; for government is

not with us, as with you, the highest function of a citizen, but a very secondary one. The rewards of public life in America are so few, and its *disagrèmens* so great, that only inferior men, or coarse men, or unscrupulous men, will enter it. You must not judge us either by our statesmen, or our orators, or our presidents, or our ambassadors.' We admit the truth of the alleged facts; we entirely deny the justice of the proffered plea. A nation must be measured, acquitted, or condemned by its national feelings and its national acts. A free nation acts through its government; a reading nation expresses its sentiments through its most popular authors, and its most widely circulated journals. If America had a despotic government, or were ruled by foreign conquerors, it would be unfair to draw any inference against the people from the conduct of its Government, except that it was a weak and subjugated, and possibly a timid people. But the Americans choose their own legislators and their own ministers; they choose them very often; they choose them unreservedly; they criticise them with the utmost freedom; they keep them, directly or indirectly, in very tight leading-strings. No American Government would venture to act in any manner which the nation did not dictate, or which it was not believed the nation would sanction and approve. Assuredly, a people so individually energetic and independent has many ways of manifesting its character, otherwise than through its administrative authorities; but it is only through them that it manifests itself *as a nation*—it is only in their persons that it comes into contact with other States, and with the world at large—it is only by their intermediation that it displays itself in a collective capacity. It cannot, at one and the same time, elect men to represent it before the world, and then repudiate them as its representatives. The very plea urged is self-contradictory and self-condemnatory. It implies the most fatal of reproaches, either to the character of the people, or the nature of their institutions. If democratic institutions throw to the surface bad men, either the institutions or the national character must be in fault. If the bad men thus thrown to the surface do not represent the aggregate sentiments and capacities of the people, the institutions are inherently defective. If they do, then the national character stands self-condemned. We prefer the former horn of the dilemma. We condemn the institutions. Americans usually condemn themselves.

We have one word also to say in reference to another plea, very commonly and confidently put forward by the Northerners. 'That hostility to England, that insolent language, that overbearing action, which you have so constantly charged upon our Government, were entirely due to the influence of the South, and to Southern politicians. Hitherto the supreme power and

the administration of the United States have been almost exclusively in the hands of statesmen from the slaveholding portion of the Union ; and yet you hold us—who have just succeeded in overturning those very men—responsible for their sentiments and proceedings.’ We wish most sincerely that we could recognise this plea as either valid or candid. Unfortunately, we cannot but remember that the newspapers which vituperate and insult us are all Northern ones—for a Southern journal we scarcely ever see over here ; that every affront and encroachment directed against England is welcomed with frantic exultation by these Northern organs of popular feeling ; that when Captain Wilkes committed an act which had no merit whatever except as an outrage on the British flag, it was as an agent of the Northern Government, and it was by Northern ministers, judges, orators, and ex-ambassadors that he was fêted and applauded ; that when the Morrill tariff was passed by a Congress from which the Southern members had seceded, it was welcomed almost more as a blow at England than as a boon to native manufacturers ; that it is now Northern journals which exult in the sufferings which this civil war inflicts on our unoffending artisans ; and, finally, that the first act of the Republican party of the North, when it assumed power, was to send forth to Europe, as its representatives to foreign states, three of the most rabid haters of England whom it could find among its ranks—Cassius Clay among the number—and who so little understood the decencies of diplomatic life, or were so mastered by ungovernable passion, that they inaugurated their ambassadorial functions by attending a public meeting in Paris, and giving full vent to their envenomed animosity in words which we believe have no precedent in the annals of the foreign office of any civilised country. In the face of these facts, we cannot, though we fain would, believe that the Northern people love or understand us one whit better than their Southern brethren and predecessors.

We must now say a few words in reference to Mr Cairnes’ book, a portion of which is devoted to a refutation of some speculations of ours on the probable issue of the contest, which appeared in the number issued in February last. With by far the greater part of Mr Cairnes’ facts and reasonings we agree, and his book is a very able and valuable one. No one has brought out into clearer and stronger light the inherent evils of American slavery, its ruinous effects on agriculture, on industry generally, and on social well-being and development. Slave-labour, he shows, has three fatal defects. It is essentially *reluctant*, *unskilful*, and *unversatile*. Being given *reluctantly*, it can

be relied on only as long as, and as far as, the slave works under his master's eye: the slave has no motive for doing more than he can help, or for improving his capacities of work. It is his cue to do as little as he can, and to be able to do little, in order that little may be exacted from him. His interest is the precise reverse of his master's: his master would wish him to be as diligent and as capable as possible; but he knows well that diligence and capacity would only increase the amount of daily toil demanded from him; and therefore it is his object to conceal and to minimize both. 'His ambition is the reverse of that of the freeman (says Bentham): he seeks to descend in the scale of industry, rather than ascend.' Again: Slave-labour, in America at least, is essentially *unskilful*. The intelligence of the negro is very low, and is purposely kept low. He cannot be employed to co-operate with machinery; he can only be trusted with the rudest tools; he can only be engaged in the commonest and easiest form of culture. Slave-labour, finally, is deficient in *versatility*: the difficulty of teaching a slave anything is so great, that when one thing has been taught him, you must keep him to that one thing. From these peculiarities it follows, that you can only profitably employ slaves on fertile soil, in monotonous production, and in the growth of articles which require no neat manipulation, and which concentrate the labour of a number of hands in one spot, so as to admit of easy and not too costly supervision. Slave-labour, therefore, can scarcely be made available on a great scale for anything, except cotton, sugar, and tobacco; and can grow these profitably only on the best soils, and in the most favoured localities.

Mr Cairnes further paints in strong, but scarcely extreme colours, the secondary effects of slavery,—the discredit it casts on honest industry, and the consequent growth of the class of 'mean whites,' too poor to own slaves, and too proud to become hired labourers in a slave State,—the arrogant, and overbearing, and violent temper of the slaveholders, and through them of the population generally, arising from the existence of a race whose members they are from infancy and through life accustomed to oppress, and whose rights and feelings they are daily habituated to outrage,—the necessity for constant expansion and encroachment on their neighbours, consequent on the ceaseless demand for fresh virgin soil on which to employ the rude and unintelligent labour of their slaves,—and, finally, the impediments placed in the way of civilisation and progress by the *nomad* habits thus enforced on the planters and their servants. Nothing can be better than Mr Cairnes' exposition and development of these points, but also nothing can be less original or new. In that very paper of ours which he criticises, we *assumed* them all as proved and notorious,

and based part of our argument upon them. Nevertheless, we are sincerely grateful to Mr C. for having reproduced and enforced them all so admirably. We never doubted—we never concealed our conviction—that a social system based on negro slavery is most disastrous in its character and influences, and can never be permanent in duration. We, like Mr Cairnes, believe it to be doomed, and earnestly desire its end. Our only difference with him regards the mode and the date of its extinction. We agree with him in the facts of the past. We differ with him only as to the probabilities and the desirabilities of the future. Nay, when we come to reconsider the chapter in which he assails our conclusions, we are astonished to find how little real discrepancy there is between his wishes and expectations and ours. It reduces itself practically to a mere question of boundary. He does not believe in, or desire, a reconstruction of the Union, any more than we do. He holds, as we do, that the ultimate extinction of slavery must be sought, and is involved, in the limitation of its area, and that, as soon as the area is limited, mitigated conditions of slavery will precede its extinction. He would limit the area to those *districts* of each State in which slaves are already actually established. We would draw the line along the Alleghanies, and near the Tennessee river, to the Mississippi, and thence across and downwards, so as to include Eastern Virginia, South Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana (and possibly Texas), in the Southern Confederacy. Either plan would give up to slavery what is now really or virtually slave, and no more. Either plan would so limit the area of slavery as to secure its speedy amelioration and ultimate strangulation. But this Mr Cairnes thinks is so obvious, that the South never will agree to either, except when utterly exhausted and subdued. Of course, we know well they will contend, and contend to the very last, for the best boundary they can obtain. But some boundary they must have; for even Mr Cairnes does not anticipate their re-absorption, and he admits that it will be better and safer to begin by emancipating the million or half million slaves of the Border States, than to try the experiment on a grander scale at once.

Mr Cairnes demurs to our opinion, that the separated South, hemmed in between the hostile North and a suspicious Mexico, morally at least sustained by Europe, would be incapacitated thenceforth from territorial extension by conquest or encroachment. He conceives that if the Confederates come out victorious from this conflict, their career of conquest and expansion will thenceforward be unlimited, inasmuch as they will have overcome the only Power that could effectually bar their progress. If, indeed, the continuance of the war should have the

accumulated consequences of exhausting both the men and the money of the North, of displaying still more clearly the inferiority of their troops, their commanders, and their civil administration, and of developing and perfecting those formidable means of becoming a great military Power, which the Confederates have begun to show,—if the *North* should come out of the conflict subdued as well as baffled,—then we might be inclined to agree in the dark foreboding. But to anticipate this, is to believe that twenty millions of the richest, shrewdest, vainest, most ingenious, and most obstinate people in the world, will succumb to ten millions of the same race, far poorer and worse armed. Nay more, it is to scatter to the winds, as disproved assumptions, all the elaborate arguments and facts which Mr Cairnes has heaped up to show the inherent and incurable vice and weakness of the whole organization of a slave empire. How can a people, with such a cancer preying on its vitals, such a *bar in limine* to its civilisation and its progress, ever be either wealthy or powerful enough to be an overmatch for a people twice as rich and numerous, and free from all these fearful weights and disqualifications? *Non noster hic sermo*. If the South really come out of the struggle so victorious as to dictate terms as well as to achieve their independence—if they not only make good secession, but establish supremacy—then half Mr Cairnes' book will be disproved. In any case, however, the argument we maintained last February is unanswered—viz., that a nation of ten millions will be far less able to annex, encroach, and despoil, than a nation of thirty millions; and assuredly not one whit more anxious,—especially when, in the former case, they will have the balance of twenty millions as jealous foes, instead of passionate auxiliaries. Mr Cairnes draws an alarming picture of a vast slave empire, spreading not only from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, but rapidly embracing Cuba, the Antilles, and the whole tropical region of the New World, as a consequence of Southern independence once achieved and recognised. We entertain no such apprehension. But if such a future is at all probable, what becomes of all Mr Cairnes' delineations of the rapid degeneracy and intrinsic weakness and poverty of the Southern States, as consequent on the institution of slavery? If slavery has in truth developed material resources and intellectual qualifications among the States and the statesmen formed under its influence, which can enable ten millions of poor men, not only to beat twenty millions of rich men and resolute men, but in their despite to found, in the nineteenth century, one of the widest and most magnificent empires the world has ever seen,—then slavery cannot be the fatal blunder, the self-destructive institution, which Mr Cairnes

has proved it, and which we believe it. If injurious to the accumulation of wealth, if inimical to the development of prosperity, if inconsistent with many elements and forms of what we are accustomed to regard as civilisation, if calculated to foster many evil passions and many social vices, it must yet contain within it some mighty counterbalancing elements of national superiority and strength which philosophic politicians ought to study with unusual care.

Mr Cairnes is of opinion that one of the first and most certain consequences of the establishment of an independent Southern Confederacy, would be the reopening of the African slave trade. This, again, is a matter of conjecture as to future probabilities, respecting which no absolute certainty can be arrived at. We can only refer to the opinion we expressed and the arguments we urged on a previous occasion. We fully admit that there are men in the South, one or two even holding high station, who have avowed their desire to recommence that abominable traffic, and who perhaps would be quite capable of doing so.¹ But two points appear to us indisputable,—viz., that the motives to revive the slave trade will be diminished, and the obstacles to it increased, by the severance of the Union. One of the most urgent reasons felt by the slaveholders for a rapid and sudden increase in the African population, was that they might be enabled to push their settlements into fresh territory as fast as the Northerners colonized such territory by free labour, and might thus create new slave States so as to maintain their equality or superiority in the Senate of the Union. European immigration, aided by originally superior numbers, gave a vast advantage to the free-soilers in peopling and settling the outlying districts of the West, and the

¹ Of the existence of any general or even common desire on the part of the Southern whites to import negroes from Africa, there is, however, we feel satisfied, little evidence, nor much probability. The prevalent interest and the prevalent feeling indeed are, and necessarily must be, in the opposite direction. The small farmers and proprietors, who have already one or two negroes, and desire more to enable them to lead the life of lazy debauchery to which they are accustomed, may perhaps wish for an influx which would make slaves cheap. But these 'mean whites' are the only class which does desire the reopening of the traffic, and it is a despised and uninfluential class. The white labouring population of the Southern States, the artisans and the small tradesmen, are far indeed from desiring an immigration of semi-barbaric labour which would swamp and depreciate their own. And the planters—the men of wealth, leisure, and education, who really govern and manage all state affairs, and determine almost absolutely all legislative action—are preponderantly and naturally hostile to any such scheme. They are interested *on the other side*, both as statesmen, and as aristocrats, and as monopolists. They would deprecate in the strongest manner a proceeding which would destroy their monopoly of slave-labour; which would strike off at one blow two-thirds (probably) from the value of their property, by reducing the price of adult negroes from 1000 to 300 dollars; which would rebarbarize all their half-civilised slaves; and which would expose them inevitably and justly to the abhorrence of all the great nations of the modern world.

Southerners found themselves distanced in the race by the absence of any such extraneous resource; and they, therefore, mooted the question of a fresh importation of Africans, in order to put them on an equal footing in this respect. But as soon as their independence is acknowledged, and their boundaries determined, they will have no further motive to create new States: they will therefore be content to proceed more slowly, to regard only economic considerations; and, when they have exhausted one district, will move, not as formerly to a distant region with a political aim, but merely to the *nearest* fertile land within their reach. The *economic* motive to push forward will remain: the *political* one will be removed. The planters will seek to form new *plantations*, not new *States*; and for the former object their old slave population, with its natural increase, will suffice. At the same time, and by the same act of separation, the efforts of Great Britain to put down the slave trade will be relieved from their chief impediment, and will be reinforced by the most effective of allies. In a word, the whole weight of the Northern States, which has hitherto been passively exercised on the one side, will be actively exercised on the other. Had it not been for the steady opposition of the United States, and their refusal to our cruisers of the right of search, it is probable that we should long since have been able to extinguish the traffic. Certain it is that we have always felt their jealousy and hostility to have been the chief barriers to our success, and that Northern money and Northern-built ships have been the principal agents in the trade. Henceforth, as soon as the severance shall be complete, we shall have the North on our side. Partly out of decent consistency, partly out of right feeling, partly out of hostility to everything desired by, or likely to contribute to, the prosperity of their new rival, we have every reason to expect that they will be our most vigorous assistants in suppressing the trade, which then could scarcely survive our joint assaults. Moreover, though the mighty and overbearing Union, in its old completeness and its enormous pride, was not ashamed to stand before the world as the underhand promoter of the traffic, a new State, and one far less powerful, will scarcely choose to encounter in the same cynical fashion the moral reprobation of the civilised world. The 'Union' might, and did, dare many things which would never be permitted to the 'Southern Confederacy.'

In conclusion, it only remains to us to say a few much-needed words on the great question of emancipation, and on Mr Lincoln's recent strange but decided step in that direction. Viewed in connection with his antecedent proceedings, his proclamation throws a curious light upon the character of the President. Viewed as a

measure of political and belligerent policy, it appears to us as singularly injudicious, and even indefensible. Viewed as an adoption of anti-slavery principles, it is perhaps the most grotesquely illogical and inconsistent decree ever issued by a government. Mr Lincoln comes from Illinois—a State, perhaps, more purely and angrily *free-soil* than any other—strongly anti-slavery, but at least as strongly anti-negro. All blacks, whether slave or free, are, we believe, by an Act of the Legislature, excluded from that inhospitable district. Mr Lincoln was chosen as the Republican champion—as the embodiment of the policy which, while fully recognising and sanctioning slavery wherever it existed, and wherever the citizens of a *constituted State* might choose to establish it, forbade its introduction into territories which were still *Union* property, and sought to prevent the future multiplication of slave States. He, of course, at once accepted the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia as a natural corollary of the Republican doctrine, as soon as the Republican party had gained the ascendancy. But he does not appear to have shared, in the faintest degree, in the feelings or opinions of the Abolitionists. From first to last he applied his own unassisted intellect to the difficult problem before him, with meritorious simplicity, honesty, and patience; and that intellect, though originally shrewd, vigorous, and sagacious, is wholly untrained in ratiocination, uneducated, and ill-informed. He first brought out his plan for giving compensation to the owners of slaves in those States which would consent to liberate them, by which plan he hoped to gain over the Border and wavering States, such as Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland. There was much sagacity in the scheme, and a really honest practical design; but it was not calculated at that particular time to produce much effect, and up to the present moment it has been purely inoperative. The further workings of his bothered brain were shown in his vetoing the unwarranted steps of Fremont and Hunter towards the partial emancipation and arming of the slaves in the quarters into which they had penetrated, and in his naïve and outspoken announcement to Horace Greeley, that he would deal with the negroes, and act for or against them, precisely as in his judgment would be, not the most just and benevolent towards them, but most conducive to the restoration of the Union. The notions of the old exploded Colonization Society then for a while took possession of his mind; and he endeavoured to organize a scheme for expatriating the negro population, under the leadership of free coloured men, to some remote and *unacquired* district in Central America,—for getting them out of the way, in short,—a plan which any reading, any knowledge of the feelings and character of the people, and

almost any arithmetic, should have sufficed to negative at once. Then, on the 13th of September, he told the Chicago deputation that their plan of proclaiming emancipation in the rebel States would be simply inoperative because it could not reach the slaves; and that their plan of arming them would merely and practically be to arm their masters; and, finally, a fortnight later, he adopts this very condemned plan, and declares the slaves of rebels and in rebel States free after the first of January 1863. That he does this with the saddest misgiving, is plain from his speech to the serenaders a few days after, when he said he 'trusted in God he had not made a mistake.' A stranger spectacle of an earnest, well-meaning, simple, but feeble mind, striving to grapple with a problem which might well baffle the subtlest intellects, and to discharge functions to which in such a crisis scarcely any genius would be equal, has seldom been given to the world.

That the Constitution gives the President no authority whatever to issue such a decree as the emancipation proclamation, and that the decree, legally regarded, is simply null and void, is a minor consideration, since it must be looked upon as a measure of war, and not of civil policy. But is it, in any point of view, a wise or a warrantable measure? Hardly, we think. It may gain him the more active and cordial co-operation of the New England Abolitionists; but they are not a very numerous though an increasing party; and they are for him peculiarly dangerous allies, because their objects and his are altogether distinct, and only casually and not necessarily connected. They would sacrifice the Union to extinguish slavery. He would perpetuate slavery to restore the Union. They can only act steadily or loyally together so long as abolition measures offer, or are thought to offer, the best chance of subjugating and reannexing the South. The great majority of people in the North are no friends to emancipation, and no partisans of the negro: they may ultimately consent to go in for abolition, but they will do so only as their last card, and as an evil only less than acknowledging the independence of the South. The proclamation, therefore, at first sight, seems as likely to divide as to reanimate the supporters of the Government. But this, time will show. As to the actual operation of the edict in the South, we ourselves believe that, except in a few districts near towns or ports in the neighbourhood of the Federal camps, it will prove a mere *brutum fulmen*; that the slaves dare not rise, do not wish to rise, do not hate their masters, and, except for the sake of idleness and on special occasions, do not desire freedom. But this cannot have been Mr Lincoln's conception. He must have believed that it would be the very strongest and most effective measure of hostility which he could adopt towards the Confederate States; that it

would terrify some back to their allegiance ; that it would weaken the armies of his antagonists by the detachments which it would render necessary to keep down the 'blacks ;—in a word, that it would rouse against the slaveholders a formidable force of domestic foes. He must have designed, one would suppose—if he had any definite design at all—and expected—if he had any distinct hopes of benefit from his decree,—that his proclamation would raise the black race against the white ; would turn the arms of four millions of half-barbarous Africans against their former masters ; would, at the very least, disorganize the entire social system in the South, and put a stop to the usual processes of industry and culture, and introduce a fearful state of anarchy and chaos. He must have *hoped* this ; he must have *been prepared for* much worse. At the best, he must have *hoped* to create confusion and paralysis : at the worst, he must have *been prepared for* massacre, rapine, and devastation. We confess, that in our eyes few crimes can be greater than that, the guilt of which he has *possibly* incurred, voluntarily and with his eyes open. The deed appears to us a step beyond the limits of civilised warfare. As against the slaveholders, it is something very like fighting with poisoned weapons ; and as such will certainly be regarded and retaliated by the South. But passing over this view, in which many anti-slavery men will not agree with us, and looking at the decree as regards the negroes only, it is difficult to conceive any proceeding more wickedly selfish and cruel. It is urging an excitable, and ignorant, and helpless population to an outbreak either of violence or of insubordination, where they can neither be aided nor protected. It is exposing them at once to the suspicion of their masters, to further precautionary fetters, possibly to forecasting severities *in terrorem* ; and, if they do rise or strike work, to the harshest and most merciless retribution. It indicates a more utter want of regard for the safety, the welfare, the simplest rights of the negro, than we could have conceived possible. It shows how little in reality those who promulgated and those who advised such a proclamation care for their nominal clients. In order to create a possible diversion in favour of his arms, Mr Lincoln and his Abolitionist friends have not hesitated to take a step which, if it produces any effect at all—if it produces the effect the hope of which must have been the only motive to it—must result, as its first and necessary consequence, in the most crushing and terrible inflictions on the feebler race whom it is sought to rouse against the stronger. They have not scrupled to bring upon the slaves, whom they profess to pity, and declare to be free, a vengeance which they well know will, if need be, not stop far short of extermination. How any man, or body of men, *dare*,

for their own selfish ends, for their own success in war, to lay upon their consciences the sin of goading ignorant and helpless thousands, whom they cannot sustain or save, into insurrection against a class far more powerful, well armed, and in such a case utterly relentless, would be simply inconceivable, if we did not know too well, and had not seen too often, how infuriated passion can obscure the plainest truth, and trample down the most solemn obligation.

As a 'negrophile' proceeding, as a bid for the anti-slavery sympathies of Europe,—if the hope of obtaining these was one of the motives for the measure,—Mr Lincoln's proclamation is as singularly *Irish* and illogical, as from other points of view it is unconstitutional, hasty, impolitic, and criminal. The confusions and inconsistencies it involves are very curious. In the first place, the slaves in the rebellious States are to be free on the first of January next, *unless those States shall before then return to their allegiance*. The emancipation of the negroes, therefore, is made to depend not on any action of their own, but on a decision of their masters; not on their just claims, but on their owners' disloyalty. If the slaveholders in South Carolina and Mississippi can, by the 31st of December, be coaxed or forced back into their allegiance, the emancipation decree becomes a dead letter, slavery is re-consecrated and perpetuated, and the fetters of the negro are again riveted by the entire force of the whole united Republic! The boon to the slaves is withdrawn, because the penal sentence pronounced against their masters is revoked. The signal act of justice,—the great assertion of moral principle,—the grand concession to humanity,—is whistled down the wind, because the 'heinous offenders,' the 'ruthless tyrants,' the 'traffickers in human flesh,' the 'torturers of God's image cut in ebony,' have been worsted in the conflict or bribed back into submission! How is it possible to speak with respect or patience, or with anything but laughter and contempt, of such 'anti-slavery' proceedings as these?—In the second place, Mr Lincoln's decree liberates the slaves who lie beyond his power and out of his jurisdiction, but retains in bondage those whom his emancipating wand *might* reach and set free, if he were really in earnest. The slaves in Kentucky and Maryland, where his armies are—those belonging to Federalists, whom he might command and compensate—are to be slaves still, so long as their owners choose. The slaves in Louisiana and Georgia, where his authority is null, and where his voice cannot be heard, are mocked, tempted, and betrayed by the impotent assurance that they are free.—Thirdly and lastly, by this unrivalled decree, the privilege of possessing slaves is henceforth to be exclusively reserved for loyal subjects, and for those States

which have adhered to the Free-soil North in this contest. Loyalty to a Union professing to be in arms to fight against slavery and to limit its area, is to be rewarded by a monopoly of slaves. The slaveholding section of the Republic, being the rebellious portion, and as such to be punished, is to have no slaves; but that section which has cast in its lot with the Free States may continue to have as many as it pleases. The burden and the sin of slavery is in future to be confined exclusively to that half of the Union which rose, and has been combating to throw it off. Such are some of the incongruities and absurdities into which men land themselves when they act from animosity and not from principle, when they strive to do harm instead of striving to do justice.

There are still several other reasons which render Mr Lincoln's proclamation a blunder and a crime, and which should especially condemn it in the eyes of all true friends of the black race. We can touch upon only one of them here, and that but briefly. But we would entreat all who, in their zeal for the well-being and elevation of the negro, applaud or defend what may seem to them in its essence a good thing, however imperfectly and clumsily done, to consider well the only possible conditions under which the emancipation of the slaves,—that is, their existence in a state of freedom,—can practically be achieved in America, *bearing in mind the actual data for the solution of the problem*,—viz., that there are four millions of negroes to be dealt with, and that the whites among whom their lot is cast are about the most energetic, pushing, intolerant race on earth; one-half accustomed to regard these unfortunate creatures as inferior animals, to treat them like horses, and to value them as property; and a great proportion of the other half loathing them personally, despising them intellectually, and jealous of them as competitors in the labour market. The equals of the whites they are not, and with their antecedents could not be; nor, if they were, would they ever be recognised as such either in the North or in the South. Let us each ask ourselves how, if we had authority and power, we should set about the solution of the problem; and probably our unanimous reply would be, that the very last solution we should adopt, or dare the responsibility of, would be such a sudden, inconsiderate, *penal* liberation as Mr Lincoln has decreed.

The idea of expatriating them either to Liberia or to Central America, or even to the neighbouring Antilles, every one feels to be futile and impracticable. They love their country and their locations; they would not go unless driven; and to drive them would be to exercise against them one of the harshest rights and one of the cruellest inflictions of slavery. Moreover, their

removal would be physically impossible, in consequence of their numbers. *Their mere annual increase* would be probably the utmost number that could be colonized away, leaving still four millions on our hands, for they multiply at the rate of eighty or ninety thousand a year.

If immediately set free, with or without compensation, the problem is no nearer its solution. The four millions, soon to become five, *would still be there*. How could they, and how would they, be dealt with? They are unaccustomed to take care of themselves; slavery has made them helpless, far more helpless than the Red Indians, and far more likely to be victims of bad men, either in the way of excitement or oppression. If they remained where they now are, idle, as most of them would be,—for both their nature and their antecedents would render labour hateful to them,—they would be soon crushed or virtually re-enslaved by the ‘knavery and strength of civilisation’ (as Lord Erskine well expressed the resistless combination). For who believes that a race like the Americans would tolerate among them, around their homes, skirting and infesting their plantations, the nuisance of hundreds of thousands of lazy vagabonds, if even they were *only* lazy and not ill-disposed? They would in some way or other be compelled to labour for hire; they would never be suffered to acquire land or to become squatters, for their labour would be wanted, and their indolence would be a social evil; they would again virtually be enthralled—with this difference, that no one would own them, and therefore no one would protect them when no longer useful. There would be compulsion without care or guardianship, and their last state would be worse than the first. No one who knows the Americans can believe that the negroes will ever be allowed to live among them as real fellow-citizens and equals; or that they could ever hold their own with a race so far ruder, abler, and more instructed.

Suppose another plan adopted, which has been suggested, and is not without its *prima facie* recommendations. Suppose one or two States—Florida, for example—set apart for the emancipated negroes, whose presence among them, *when* emancipated and if *really* free, neither their former masters nor their former despisers would probably endure. Suppose them driven into that fertile though swampy corner of the Union. How long would they be suffered to remain there in peace? How long have the Indians been suffered to retain the territories guaranteed to them for ever by the most solemn treaties? Not one hour after they were coveted by the white man, and stood in the way of his westward deluge. Could Florida be a Black Republic without constant collision with its overbearing neighbours? How would the negroes fare in such a strife? And when the

four millions become five and ten, what prospect could be looked forward to except ceaseless and desolating wars?

Since, then, the emancipated negroes would never be suffered to live *among* their former masters as free and equal, nor alongside in peaceful independence (and though this might be very wicked, yet it would be very certain), what programme for their future can be laid out by sober and practical statesmen as really feasible (and statesmen will aim at nothing that is manifestly unattainable), except that they shall continue in the meantime to be the lower classes, the labouring population, of the Southern States, under such conditions and securities as can be arranged;—working as labourers work with us, because they cannot otherwise obtain a living; protected by the law from wrong, secured by law in the right of rising if they can; prepared for greater liberty and higher destinies by such instruction as may safely be afforded them when there are no longer abolitionist tracts to read or abolitionist emissaries to dread; happy,—for the lower classes and the labouring classes of a community may be as happy as any other, if they are filling their natural avocations, and sheltered in their natural affections and desires;—the mass remaining labourers like the mass in other countries, the exceptions having full liberty to develop and profit by their exceptional capacities and wants? Surely a future of this sort is the one which their best friends must look to as the most hopeful within their reach; and what could so fatally interfere with such a future as an emancipation *thunderbolt* like Mr Lincoln's, which leaves their upward progress entirely to their own resources, and bases it on an act which secures the bitterest hatred on the part of those to whom alone they could look for direction, assistance, or control?

What will be the probable issue of the conflict,—or rather, in what form and at what date the certain issue will arrive,—it is vain to conjecture. When angry passions or when material strength shall be exhausted, or when reviving reason may reassert its sway, we have no elements which can enable us to calculate. Everything about the affair is problematic, because everything is unprecedented. What will be the destiny and career of either the new or the residual Republic; what projects each may form for the hazy future; what lessons each may learn from the pregnant past; whether the capacity for government of the one, or the small need for government of the other, may prove the best security and the richest gift; and how far either may redeem that early promise which seems broken and blighted now,—we will not attempt to prophesy, but we shall watch with eager interest to see. But whatever may result from the crisis

in the end, the crisis itself offers about the saddest spectacle that our generation has beheld. It is sad, because it has belied the fairest promise with which any young nation ever set forth to run its course, and turned its joy into mourning and shame. It is sad, because it seems to indicate that the easiest path, the smoothest sea, the most favouring wind, though they may do much for the material progress and well-being of a people, can do little for its true greatness, and nothing for its public virtue. It is pre-eminently sad to those who believed in the doctrine of popular sovereignty, as not only the sound creed, but the panacea for all social ills; for it has shown that the delirium of peoples is at least as frantic, as sanguinary, and as devastating, as that of kings. It is sad to those who had taught themselves to look to the New World, not to 'redress the balance,' but to redeem the blunders, to avoid the errors, to put to shame the vices and the shortcomings, of the Old. It is sad, because, while falsifying the boasts, it does not appear to have chastened the boasters; and because it looks at present like a terrible chastisement, inflicted only to harden the hearts and seal up the intelligence of the sufferers. It is sad, finally, because it tends to shake our faith in humanity, in its great destinies, in its mighty progress, in the magnificence of its ultimate goal, in the capacity of even the most hopeful race, placed in the most advantageous circumstances, to solve the central problem of political science;—because, in a word, but for our belief in the Power that brings good out of all evil, we should almost be disheartened into echoing the melancholy and despairing inference of the Preacher—'The thing which has been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun.'

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